

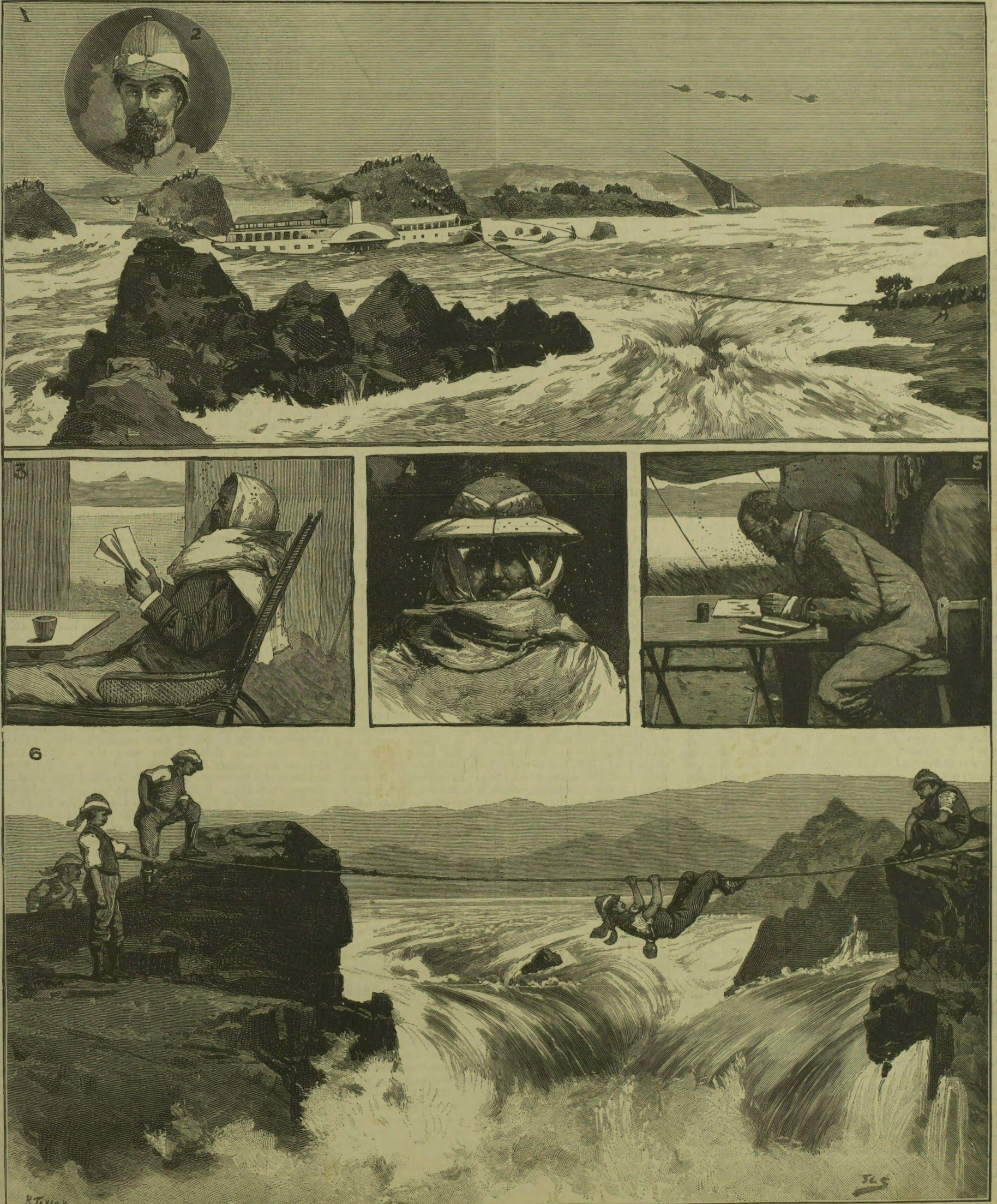
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2376.—VOL. LXXXV.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1884.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS! By Post, 6d.



1. Final and successful attempt to get the steamer over the second "gate" of the Cataract.
2. Mr. Webber (boatswain), one of the Cataract party.

3. Mr. A. Pigott (the day after) reading of "Another Failure at the Cataract."
4. The Plague of Flies—Enduring it!

5. First day off duty—R. de Lisle trying to sketch.
6. Crossing a rope bridge to look out for hawsers from the steamer.

SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER OF THE NILE EXPEDITION: AT THE SECOND CATARACT.

OUR NOTE BOOK

Many are the admirable institutions; but can any be more admirable than the National Life-Boat Institution? Between 1854 and 1883 there were 62,730 wrecks, with a loss of 29,651 lives; which loss would have been almost doubled but for the Life-Boat Institution, since, during the same period, that institution was instrumental in saving 21,167 lives. Since its foundation, in 1824, the society has assisted in saving 41,105 lives; and it would assist in saving more, if the public would exhibit the appreciation in which they cannot fail to hold the work by coming forward more liberally with subscriptions.

At Newmarket, last week, three brothers, jockeys, C. Loates, T. Loates, and S. Loates, rode the first, second, and third horses for the Stand Handicap; and this was thought remarkable. But history repeats itself, sometimes with a diminution of remarkability; for the Oaks is a greater race than the Stand Handicap, and in the memorable year 1828, when the first dead-heat for the Derby was run between Cadland and The Colonel, the first three fillies in the Oaks, Turquoise, Ruby, and Rosetta, were ridden, respectively, by John Day, William Day, and Sam Day (whether brothers or other very near relatives), inasmuch that the Oaks was said to have been "the work of three Days, though it was over in 2 min. 40 sec., or thereabouts."

The International Health Exhibition by general consent has been an unprecedented success, so far as the number of visitors is concerned: what do the enterprising promoters think of an International Diseases Exhibition? The suggestion is hereby freely presented to all whom it may concern. Depend upon it, the success would be more unprecedented than ever: there is nothing like horrors to "fetch" the British public. Then the scientific gentlemen might exhibit all sorts of grotesque curiosities, from a "protoplasm," if they could catch one, to a "bacillus," or a "microbe" on its way to become a "cholera morbus." Then the surgeons and makers of surgical instruments would have a rare chance of advertising themselves; and the gentry who form the outside "fair" in the road could make a congenial livelihood by selling all sorts of ingenious models after their kind. It is really worth thinking about.

The poet is of all men the least in need of a monument. If his living words do not keep his memory green, stone or marble will be of no avail. For our sakes, however, if not for theirs, it is fitting we should do honour in every way to the writers "On whom the Muses smile." There is no poem in the language better known than Gray's "Elegy;" and it is well that Cambridge—whose undergraduates did not treat the poet as they ought to have done when living—should, even at this eleventh hour, raise a monument to one of her most distinguished sons. Mr. Edmund Gosse, who receives subscriptions for this object, is about to honour Gray still more effectively by the publication of a complete edition of his works, in four volumes. Everybody knows, or might know, that a box full of Gray's MSS. is carefully preserved at Pembroke College. Mr. Gosse has had free access to it, and the value of his research in this precious depository will be soon known to the public.

Mr. John Bright's arguments in favour of a Sunday delivery of letters in London seem to us irrelevant. That some young men might receive good advice from their mothers on that morning, and spend the day better in consequence, is possible; but it is obvious that the great mass of letters received would be by no means of that edifying character. It is not the postman only who would suffer from a change which would unprofitably disturb the business life of England. Indeed, the whole force of the argument lies the other way. If this mighty city loses nothing or next to nothing by the non-delivery of letters on Sunday, why should a Sunday post be essential to the well-being of country villages and provincial towns? It must be remembered that in the frequent week-day delivery of letters our great towns nowadays are nearly, if not quite, as well cared for as the metropolis itself.

An amusing book might be written about fashions in medicine. At the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, people flocked to Welwyn to drink the waters there, and the poet Young, who was Rector of the parish, writes in 1746, "We have a physician now near us who drinks them himself all the winter, and a lady comes seven miles every morning for the same purpose." At the same period, Tunbridge Wells was in its glory. The Bell, as it was called, was the centre of fashion and gout, and Hampstead and Epsom had no mean reputation as watering-places. Those were the days of four-post bedsteads, and an eccentric and popular physician recommended his consumptive patients to sleep with cows in their bed-rooms, the heads of the animals being placed within the curtains. Another curious prescription, due to Dr. Graham, brings us to our own century. He buried some of his patients up to the neck in the earth, leaving them in this position for some hours. Thereby hangs a tale of Lamb's friend, George Dyer, who, not being able to get anyone to listen to his verses, was mean enough to inflict them on these unfortunate patients. Dyer was a good fellow, but in this instance his ambition got the better of his charity.

When the art schools of Berlin were rebuilt, a great many pictures were stowed away for future consideration. Experts have now been selected as a species of hanging committee to choose those which are to have places of honour on the walls, while the residue will be sold in a lump or consigned to oblivion. These gentlemen have made a grand discovery, for among the paintings they have found a "Resurrection," by Leonardo da Vinci, dated 1480. Berlin is to be congratulated on the possession of such a treasure.

Professor Ruskin surpassed himself when lecturing on the Pleasures of Faith, last Saturday. After exhorting his hearers to set to work daily to do something for the help and honour of their country, neither joining in the world's iniquities, nor turning aside from its miseries, he added: "But . . . if you allow yourselves to be hindered by the wishes of your friends or the interest of your families, or the bias of your genius, or the expectations of your college, or any other bow-wow-wow of this wild dog of a world, then for very shame give up all title to be free or independent, and recognise yourselves for the slaves you are, with your thoughts put in ward to your bodies, and your hearts bound in manacles to your hands." It is evident that the great art-critic's eye for pretence has not grown dim, nor his natural force of invective abated, with advancing years.

It is, perhaps, little known beyond the limits of his family that Comte Duchâtel, the French Minister at the Court of Sweden, is the owner of a château near Charenton, which is an exact model in miniature of the Tuileries. Now that the latter is destroyed, the former has an additional value.

Pussy is very much at a premium among our troops in Egypt, and happy is the man who has contrived to secure a feline pet. The tents are infested with rats and mice and creeping things innumerable, but they all seem equally welcome to a cat with a taste for game. One young officer, who has a snowy white favourite with a tortoise-shell tail, is considered a valuable acquisition by his companions and is much sought after. Perhaps the omnivorous appetite of cats for small creatures which do so much to make life unendurable points to the reason why they were held sacred in the land of the Pharaohs in ancient times.

Madame Marcella Sembrich, the *cantatrice* who has taken Paris by storm, at the Théâtre Italien, is by birth a Pole, and as superstitious as the rest of her countrywomen. Wherever she goes she insists on appearing first in the rôle of Lucia, and whenever a stranger is presented to her, she folds her hands so as to bring the thumbs uppermost, in the firm conviction that she thus secures good luck in the new acquaintance. It is said that she originally made her début as a singer at Athens, and that no sooner had she entered the hotel on her arrival than it was struck by a thunderbolt. She was terribly alarmed, but her husband assured her that the ancient Greeks regarded such an occurrence as a good omen; so she took heart of grace, and has found favour in the eyes of the public from that day forward.

We have heard a good deal of late years about the fabrication of modern antiques, and "Blackwood" some years ago gave a marvellous account of the painting of an "old master" in a mansion not a hundred miles from Hampstead Heath. That the game is not yet played out has just been shown in Paris, where a leading journal last Saturday announced an important sale of pictures belonging to an American gentleman. On that very day the pictures arrived via London, and an expert speedily unpacked and inspected them. His horror, on discovering that the so-called ancient canvases were false, and that most of the modern ones bore the forged signatures of prominent French artists, may be better imagined than described.

Art students in northern Russia labour under difficulties which almost pass our comprehension. During the long winter, clear daylight only lasts from an hour and a half to two hours, and the Academy of Arts at St. Petersburg is about to devote a considerable portion of its funds to sending its *laureats* southward, where their opportunities of work and study are greater. It is hoped that, by adopting this plan, much progress will be made, and Russia will be well represented, both in painting and sculpture, at the Universal Exhibition of 1889.

Our French neighbours are not altogether satisfied with their own prison discipline, and contemplate adopting the system of Louvain, in which each convict lives and works quite alone in his own cell, and never leaves it without wearing a hood which conceals his face even from the officials, and theirs from him. A curious custom is that the inmates are not called in the morning by the ringing of a bell, but at six o'clock the doors are thrown open, and the convict who acts as organist is conducted to the instrument, which is in the chapel and quite central. Here he plays, for a quarter of an hour, fragments of hymns, operas, dance music, or whatever comes into his head; and during that time the beds are converted into tables, and the cells prepared for the day's work. It is rarely that the prison is without the services of an efficient musician, for the science of sweet sounds does not act as a deterrent from crime.

Parliamentary language seems to be in danger every Session of growing less Parliamentary. The Autumn Session is scarcely more than a week old, and already honourable members have applied their knowledge of natural history in a way that, to say the least, is more pointed than polite. Sometimes a speech or a question which, as far as words go, seems eminently courteous, is so contrived as to convey a sarcasm in every word; sometimes a sharp attack on a political opponent is wound up by what seems like a generous admission. We do not, however, praise the hungry man who cut off his dog's tail and cooked it, for his kindness in giving the dog the bone.

The "farewells" and "last appearances" of actors and singers are not always to be depended on; and it is to be hoped, for the sake of the Americans, that Madame Patti will not keep her word. The gifted prima donna left Queenstown for New York on the 26th inst., to make, as she announces, her last visit to America. That her phenomenal voice should be laid at rest so soon seems pitiable, for the *diva* is only forty-two years of age, while Madame Grisi sang almost as well as ever when she was past fifty. However, if Madame Patti does not alter her mind, many of the Transatlantics will doubtless take a journey across what they call "the big drink" to hear her again.

Sir Moses Montefiore, whose centenary has been so gloriously celebrated this week, was not the first Jewish Sheriff of London; Mr. (afterwards Sir) David Solomon preceded him by two years in 1835. To enable him to take that office, a special Act of Parliament was passed, without anything like the opposition that was raised when the first Hebrew member of Parliament was elected. While the agitation was going on about the Jewish Oath Bill, Baron Lionel Rothschild, who was returned for the City of London in 1849, but not permitted to take his seat until 1858, endeavoured to enlist the great mind and giant pen of Thomas Carlyle on the side of the Israelites. But the sage of Chelsea declined, and observed that "he could not conceive why the Baron and his friends, who were supposed to be looking out for the coming of Shiloh, should be seeking seats in a Gentile legislature. But," added Carlyle, repeating the conversation to Mr. Froude, "he seemed to think that the coming of Shiloh was a dubious business, and that in the meanwhile, &c., &c." It is curious that Sir Moses never sought legislative honours.

Sir John Norman was the first Lord Mayor who went by water to be sworn at Westminster, and who instituted the Lord Mayor's Show. This was in the year 1453, and the magnificence of the pageant increased so greatly that in 1685 the cost had become so enormous that all the more extravagant features of the show were henceforth abandoned. Coming to later times, we find that there has been a growing inclination to moderate the glories of the annual civic pageant; but the Lord Mayor-Elect, Mr. Alderman Nottage, will have nothing to do with such retrenchment, and promises an entertainment this year that will only be second in splendour to a Drury-Lane pantomime. He applied to a theatrical manager for the loan of dresses for all the Kings and Queens of England, but the scheme was found to be impracticable, and had to be abandoned. However, we are promised other extravagant attributes; and Mr. Sanger, the circus proprietor, is to supply a thousand pounds' worth of his wares. If everything at the Mansion House, during the ensuing year, is to be carried out on the same lordly scale, Mr. Nottage will rank in magnificence with a predecessor, Sir Henry Pickard, who, in 1857, sumptuously entertained in one day four monarchs—Edward, King of England; John, King of France; the King of Cyprus; and David, King of Scotland; besides the Black Prince, and a whole host of nobility. That must have been a Lord Mayor's banquet worth remembering, although the succulent turtle had not yet been introduced.

"Winning jockeys" seem to occupy a great deal of attention in these days, as indeed a "winning" anything or anybody does. And certainly it appears to be a good thing to be a successful jockey. Here is Mr. F. Archer, the "leader" of his profession, whose "mounts" for this year are not yet finished, but last year they numbered 631, of which 232 were "wins." Now, at the rate of pay recognised by the Jockey Club, which is five guineas for a "win," and three guineas for a "lose" (besides two guineas for every private "trial"), this would bring in more than the income of a Colonial Bishop, or "gig-bishop," as the irreverent speak; but the custom is to pay at least twenty-five pounds for a "mount" in the Derby and St. Leger, and other "big" races; and to a jockey of such standing (or riding) as that of Mr. F. Archer, an owner would not offer less than from a hundred to a thousand guineas for winning a race, according to the importance thereof, or would expect to have the offer "declined with thanks." Besides all this, there are "retaining fees" and presents. So that a very successful jockey may make a comfortable fortune in a short time. On the other hand, an unsuccessful jockey may easily come to the workhouse, of which many instances might be mentioned; and a very successful jockey, when he behaves as "a beggar on horseback," may die in debt and misery, like the celebrated Sam Chifney, senior, and others.

Mr. John Hammond, who began life as a stable-boy, must agree with the adage which says that "it never rains but it pours." At the beginning of the season he seemed to have no very bright look-out with St. Gatien and Florence; and now the former has won half the Derby, the Queen's Vase at Ascot, the Cesarewitch (with the highest weight ever carried to victory), the Free Handicap Sweepstakes and the Jockey Club Cup at Newmarket Houghton meeting, and the latter has won the Summer Cup and De Trafford Cup at Manchester, the High Weight Plate at Ascot, the Jubilee Prize (upwards of £2000) at Baden, the Queen's Plate at Lewes, and the Cambridgeshire (with the highest weight ever yet carried to victory). That in itself would be pretty well; but Mr. Hammond also bets "some." The performance of Florence was, of course, brilliant, but not so brilliant as that of the American Foxhall, who was but three years old when he carried just a pound less than Florence at four years of age, even if allowance be made for sex.

The library at the British Museum has recently acquired a clean and perfect copy of the original edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress." It was published in 1678, six years after John Bunyan was released from prison in Bedford, where he wrote his masterpiece. There are only three other copies of this edition known, and of these one is imperfect.

People who are fond of variety may be glad to learn that "the number of different hands which any single [or married] player at whist may obtain from a pack of fifty-two cards, without ever repeating the same combination of cards, is 635,013,559,600"; and people who doubt this statement, and in whom is the spirit of the late Mr. Babbage, or of "the Calculating Boy," may be recommended to verify it for themselves.

A certain man, having listened until he was weary to a certain eloquent exponent of "women's rights," was heard to say afterwards: "Well, I know that *Lex* was Latin for *Law*, so I suppose *Jez* is Latin for *Jaw*." It is not everybody who will understand this "goak," as Artemus Ward wrote the word; but it is not a bad "goak," if received with understanding.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

An amiable friend of mine was once so good as to remark to another amiable friend (may their shadows never be less!) that my delight in these "Echoes" was to "get among a lot of old books" (thus did he elegantly put it), and indite concerning those ancient tomes matter about which nobody cared a halfpenny. That may be. Thought is free; and there is a gold as well as a silver side to every shield. But, for once in a way, I have made some atonement for getting among the lot of old books and writing things concerning them for which nobody cares a halfpenny by the perusal of some brand new books, about which, I should say, the reading world will care a good deal. Yes; I have been reading new books this week until my eyes have ached; reading early in the morning and late at night; and, in defiance of peptic precepts, reading at meal-times likewise. Item, Lord Malmesbury's "Autobiography"; item, "Thomas Carlyle: a History of his Life in London, 1834-81" (Longmans); item, "The Correspondence and Diaries of the late Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, F.R.S., Secretary to the Admiralty from 1809 to 1830" (3 vols., John Murray).

These are the "Croker Papers" for which polite society has been waiting so eagerly and so long. Mr. Croker died in 1857; thus a respectable length of time has been allowed to elapse before the publication of the revelations of the quondam editor of the *Quarterly*. The diaries and correspondence are edited by Mr. Louis J. Jennings, author of "Republican Government in the United States," and whilom editor of the *New York Times*. This accomplished publicist has, in a temperately written introduction and an able running commentary on the leading incidents of his hero's career, done his best to whitewash the memory of Croker. He has succeeded better, perhaps, than Mr. Forsyth succeeded in whitewashing Sir Hudson Lowe (of whom J. W. C., by-the-way, had no very great opinion).

Macaulay hated Croker, and vilified him. Lord Beaconsfield disliked him, and lampooned him, as Mr. Rigby, in "Coningsby." Thackeray both disliked and despised him, and has drawn a despicable picture of him in the Mr. Wenham of "Vanity Fair." Miss Martineau had a strong aversion to him; Lady Morgan, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, of course, had no love for the trenchant editor of the *Quarterly*. He was, it may be hinted, violently abused for writing a good many articles of which he had not penned one line. In Mr. Jennings' volumes we see quite another John Wilson Croker—a cheery, sympathetic, kindly-hearted man, eminently upright and incorruptible; a place-man, but no jobber; "in private life free from blame or reproach, devoted to his home, overshadowed as it was by the death of his only son; deeply attached to his kinsfolk, and never turning a deaf ear either to friends or strangers who came to him for help, and could prove that they deserved it."

He was the trusted friend of George IV., of Canning, of the great Duke of Wellington, of the second Sir Robert Peel (with whom he eventually, for political reasons, broke), and of Sir Walter Scott. He was kind to Theodore Hook: lent him money and got him out of prison. He was kind to Thomas Moore (who used him rather ungratefully). He obtained from Peel a Civil List pension for Mrs. Somerville; and successfully besought pecuniary succour for Dr. Maginn—speaking, however, of that distinguished Conservative journalist in cruelly contumelious terms. He was mainly instrumental in persuading Parliament to purchase the Elgin Marbles for the use of the nation; he was anxious to bring Cleopatra's Needle to London; he tried to give that which he questionably thought to be good advice to Haydon the painter; and he was, throughout his long and militant life, savagely, vindictively, and shamefully unjust to Napoleon the Great, whom he vituperated while living and traduced when dead.

As a proof of the cowardly and unmanly manner in which he could speak of a fallen foe, I quote the following (vol. i. p. 89), from a letter from Croker to Peel, dated Aug. 8, 1816:—

George Cockburn is come back in good health and spirits: he gives us no hopes of Buonaparte's dying. He eats, he says, enormously; but he drinks little, takes regular exercise, and in is all respects so very careful of his carcass that he may live twenty years. Cockburn and he parted bad friends; but I believe he wishes he had Cockburn back again; for Sir Hudson Lowe is as strict as Cockburn, without any of his liveliness and little of his activity and talents. I think Buonaparte must feel himself like Don Juan, *tête-à-tête avec la statue du Commandeur*.

Every line here quoted is disgraceful to Croker, both as a politician and as a man. "He gives us no hopes of Buonaparte's dying" induces the inference that the British Government deliberately sent Napoleon to St. Helena in the hope that the climate would kill him. Observe that when Croker expressed to Peel his disappointment that Napoleon was not moribund, the Exile of Longwood had barely been twelve months in captivity. The statement about his eating enormously is simply false. He was invariably as temperate in eating as he was in drinking. That Croker's chagrin at the apparent good health of the illustrious prisoner was no momentary impulse, is shown by his writing, later in the same year, to the Père Elisée, the medical adviser and nurse of Louis XVIII., "The Man of St. Helena is pretty well—or rather, I ought to say, too well." Humane hyæna! Of course, I am speaking figuratively. And I may hint to the anti-Bonapartists who will surely write to me that I have not by any means forgotten that Napoleon, in his will, left a legacy to Cantillon, the sub-officer who was tried and acquitted on the charge of attempting to assassinate the Duke of Wellington.

But Nemesis overtook the ferocious politician who was so sorry that his enemy was not at the point of death. On April 21, 1854 (vol. iii. p. 313), Mr. John Murray writes from Albemarle-street to Mr. Croker, then an old gentleman considerably past seventy:

My dear Sir,—I had forwarded to Mr. Elwin your notes containing your resignation and your subsequent rider to it, and have delayed answering the latter until I should hear from him, which I have done to-day. He and I are quite of one mind with regard to the value of your contributions to the *Quarterly Review*; but we have also come to an unanimous decision which it is necessary to impart to you in reference to the subject of King Joseph's Memoirs, which you have chosen,—that the *Quarterly Review* shall on no account give admission to abuse of Louis Napoleon directly, nor to indirect attacks conveyed in condemnation of the First Emperor:

The italics are mine. Bravo, John Murray! Bravo, Mr. Elwin (a worthy gentleman: I have met him at John Forster's)! And three cheers for Nemesis!

For the rest, the "Croker Papers" frequently exhibit their author in a really amiable light. He had "Boney" on the brain, and could not help being frantically malignant towards him. There is a good deal of hard reading which the ladies may not find very interesting, in the three volumes; but this is relieved by a multitude of good stories, as a rule brilliantly told. There is a most terrible picture (drawn by George IV.) of the death-bed of Sheridan, which will provoke controversy, and on which I therefore abstain from enlarging. The Iron Duke comes out splendidly in his conversations with Croker; and we have the pleasantest glimpses of young Mr. Robert Peel, almost a dandy and frequently a wag. George IV., too, in public and private life, is conspicuous, and very agreeably so. His Majesty is made to tell some capital anecdotes, among which the following may be cited as a sufficiently racy (and not scandal-mongering) specimen:—

The Harringtons have a passion for tea-drinking. Whether it be taste or insanity, I cannot say; but the drinking of tea in that house was most extraordinary. It began, naturally enough, at breakfast; but it extended very unnaturally through the whole day and night. I have seen them drink tea just before dinner. I have even seen them drink tea after supper, and the whole family, old and young, were possessed with this slip-slop propensity.

As yet, I have not come across, in the "Croker Papers," any notice of Charles Dickens, whose name, even, does not occur in the index to the three volumes. Of course I am looking for the singularly unfortunate prediction, long attributed to J. W. Croker, that "Boz had gone up like a rocket, and would come down like the stick." Thomas Carlyle, to judge from utterances which I have come upon in his "Life in London," seems to have held anything but an exalted opinion of the illustrious novelist. The Sage of Chelsea considered "Pickwick" to be "trash." To be sure, he was not an infallible guide as to the merits of novelists, classing, as he did, the powerful but coarse and profligate melodramatic romancier, Eugène Sue, with the subtly analytical and philosophical Honoré de Balzac—"Les Mystères de Paris" and "La Cousine Bette"! "Le Juif Errant" and the "Peau de Chagrin"! Heliogabalus and Jack the Painter!

Carlyle's word-picture of Dickens, as he met him at a grand dinner party in 1840, is not ill-natured. "He is a fine little fellow, Boz, I think. Clear blue, intelligent eyes; eyebrows that he arches immensely; large, protrusive, rather loose mouth; a face of most extreme mobility, which he shuttles about—eyebrows, mouth, and all—in a very singular manner while speaking. Surmount this with a loose coil of common-coloured hair" (it was, in reality, a most beautiful silky brown), "and set it on a small compact figure, very small, and dressed à la D'Orsay rather than well—this is Pickwick. For the rest, a quiet, shrewd-looking little fellow, who seems to guess pretty well what he is, and what others are." The Sage, however, is unable, *more suo*, to dismiss Pickwick without a slight "back-hander." The dinner was a very gorgeous one, at Lord Holland's; and among the company at table and in the drawing-room afterwards were Lords Normanby, Lansdowne, Morpeth, "French" Guizot, the Queen of Beauty (afterwards Duchess of Somerset), &c. "Nay, Pickwick, too, was of the same dinner party, though they do not seem to heed him overmuch." It strikes me that about the year 1840 Charles Dickens was being tremendously lionised in London society, and that the aristocracy "heeded" him very much indeed. But opinions—as I have already remarked—differ. The elder Mr. Dombey found Paris cold and dull.

"Lady Holland" the Sage depicts as "a brown-skinned, silent, sad, concentrated, proud old dame," with something of a falcon's face, and showing much of the whiteness of her eye. Good. When I was last in town I found on my hall-table the just-published (Nimmo) and sumptuously-embellished *édition de luxe* of the "Characters of Jean de Labruyère," a new English translation by Mr. Henri Van Laun. I shall have something to say about that notable volume next week; but cannot Mr. Froude or Messrs. Longmans see their way towards bringing out a companion volume to Mr. Henri Van Laun's, entitled "The Portraits of Thomas Carlyle:" each of his terse word-pictures to be illustrated by a portrait of the original, say by Mr. Hubert Herkomer and Mr. James Whistler?

Lady Holland would do excellently well to begin with. Then Adolphe Thiers, "talking immense quantities of watery-enough vain matter—a lively little Provençal figure, not dislikeable, very far from estimable in any sense"; then Prosper Mérimée, "a wooden pedant, not without conciseness"; then Cardinal Newman, "destitute of the intellect of a moderately sized rabbit"; John Keble (of the "Christian Year"), "a little ape"; Bishop Wilberforce, "shifty and cunning"; Margaret Fuller, "a strange, lilting, lean old maid, not nearly such a bore as I expected"; Harriet Martineau, "broken into utter wearisomeness, a mind reduced to these three elements—Imbecility, Dogmatism, and Unlimited Hope"; Macaulay, "a Niagara of eloquent, commonplace talk. . . essentially irremediable, commonplace nature; all that was in him now gone to the tongue; a squat, thickset, low-browed, short, grizzled little man of fifty"; Charles Babbage (of the calculating-machine, and who so hated organ-grinders), "eminently unpleasant, with his frog mouth and viper eyes, with his hide-bound, wooden irony, and the acrid egotism looking through it." "Odds fish!" as Nell Gwynne once exclaimed, mimicking King Charles II. to his Royal face: into what queer company has Thomas Carlyle introduced us!

And to think that we poor, ignorant, benighted Philistines should have been in the habit of admiring, and looking up to, and revering, the famous men and women of whom he speaks as though they had been so many black-beetles!

From all this, however, there is thus much that is consoling to be gathered. Sir H. Drummond Wolff has been in the dismallest of dumps and Lord Randolph Churchill in the hottest of wrath because the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, in the course of an unseemly squabble in the Commons about the Aston Park riot, spoke disdainfully of Sir Henry as Lord Randolph's "jackal." Now, noble and honourable gents, just think of the names which Thomas Carlyle applied to people more famous than ever you are likely to be. How would you relish being likened to apes, frogs, vipers, and "moderately sized rabbits"? Mr. Chamberlain, however, seems to have been wrong *ab initio* in speaking even figuratively of his opponent as a "jackal." He should have said "lion's provider," instead. Never call a foe a "laughing goose." That would be unpardonably rude. But you might, without much offence, speak of a bird known to naturalists as *anser albifrons*. It would be truly shocking to call an adversary a "wild ass" when "onagra" will do just as well. Literature, I regret to find, after many years' experience, is but a poor trade. Should I better my condition by setting up an Academy for Teaching Members of Parliament the Art of Applying Abusive Epithets in a Polite Form?

"Sir," writes "W. F." (Inniskillen), "I do not think flannel underclothing should be washed. I never wash mine." I am sorry for it, "W. F." May difference of opinion never alter friendship; but we are as opposite poles asunder as regards the virtues of soap and water. There may be cases, of course, in which the washing of garments may be injurious and even fatal to health. When I was young, the soldiers of the Foot Guards (as did also the New Police) wore white trousers throughout the summer. I remember, when I was a very small child, living in a tall old London house (in or near North Audley-street, I think), the back windows of which commanded a distant view of the now long-disestablished Portman-street barracks. I can see, now, long-lines of the gallant guardsmen's white trousers hanging up to dry in the side-yard of the barracks. My nurse used to tell me that these trousers were washed, customarily, once a week; but they were damped and thoroughly pipe-clayed (for the sake of making a fine show on parade) every morning. The consequence must have been that the garments could never have been properly dried. What seeds of rheumatism and consumption may have been sown among the brave fellows by these pipe-clayed galligaskins!

Mem.: The gallant guardsmen used on Sundays to attend old Quebec-street chapel. Their thunderous psalmody rings in my ears as I write. What big, strong, serious-looking men they were to be sure; large-whiskered, shaven-chinned—*les bons bourgeois*, as Erckmann-Chatrian have described them at Waterloo. You would see privates of forty and five-and-forty, and grey-headed sergeants of fifty and upwards in the days of which I speak.

The American Exhibition. That is, the display of Arts, Manufactures, Products, and Resources of the United States, which promises to be among the most brilliant attractions of the London season of 1886, "precisely one hundred and one years since John Adams, the first Minister of the United States who came on a friendly mission to Great Britain, presented his credentials to George III."

And what, the unthinking may ask, will be the principal items in the American Exhibition? Clams (excellent edibles, clams: I have had many long letters about them), soft-shell crabs, leviathan oysters, terrapins, corn-cobs, sewing-machines, clothes-wringers, india-rubber over-shoes, wooden hams and nutmegs, buck-wheat cakes, pumpkin pies, watches made by machinery, elevated railways, rocking-chairs, brandy-smashes, egg-noggs, mint-juleps and cocktails, porter-house steaks, Saratoga trunks, Californian gold nuggets, petroleum, pork and beans, Bourbon and Old Rye whisky, Catawba champagne, Drake's Plantation Bitters, cotton-gins, maple-syrup, molasses candy, the Night-Blooming Cereus, and the Scent of a Thousand Flowers? Awaunt, envious and invidious Britisher! There are more things from Maine to St. Paul's, Minnesota, and between Communipaw and the Seal Rock at the Golden Gate, than are dreamt of in your bovine philosophy. The American Exhibition should be a singularly interesting and comprehensive display, and should teach multitudes of untravelled English people much of a really surprising nature touching the art, the industry, and the resources of the Great Republic.

Mem.: Among the features of the Exhibition will be an American theatre, in which performances will be given by American artists, and by "the negro singers who keep alive the reminiscences of plantation life and minstrelsy."

Long and painful experience of the press has confirmed me in the belief that metal types, although technically composed of so much inanimate lead, antimony, and tin, are, albeit inarticulate, sentient and thinking entities, and that they are endowed with a bitter hatred of all human kind, especially of authors and editors. My idea is that these types, resenting the outrage of continued distribution and re-distribution without enfranchisement, and of being "set-up" when they want to lie down, to say nothing of their being locked up in "formes" when they wish to go free, conspire among themselves to form unholy combinations, and thus to bring about the shocking disasters known as misprints.

But I must acquit the types of having conspired against me in the matter of a recent curious slip of the pen to the effect that the first bride who was married at the new English Church at Moscow was presented by the churchwarden with a "Beautiful new Bridle." To my horror I subsequently found that I should have written that the Moscow Beatrice had been presented with "a beautiful new Bible"! The drollest thing in connection with this preposterous blunder is that at least half a dozen of my correspondents see nothing at all strange in it. "T.S." (Deptford) writes as follows:—

There is in the venerable church of Walton-on-Thames a "Gosop's Bridle"—a curious instrument presented by a person of the name of Chester. It was intended to be worn as a punishment by the fair sex whose tongues had engendered mischief. . . . It bears this inscription: "Chester presents Walton with a bridle to curb women's tongues that talk too idle.—1613." The presentation is said to have been due to the circumstance of the person whose name it bears having lost a valuable estate through the instrumentality of a gossiping woman.



MAJOR KITCHENER,
ON SPECIAL SERVICE IN THE SOUDAN.



THE LATE MAJOR SHERRARD,
DIED IN EGYPT.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

We present additional Sketches, by several Artists and Correspondents, of the difficult operation of getting steam-boats up the Second Cataract of the Nile, above Wady Halfa; the personal movements of Lord Wolseley and his Staff when in the neighbourhood of the First Cataract, and among the famous ruined Temples of Philæ; and other incidents of the preliminary bustle pertaining to the British military expedition. The portrait of Major Kitchener, the very active and energetic officer who is employed in the Soudan to gain intelligence of the conduct and intentions of the Arab tribes, and to conduct negotiations with their chiefs, is also placed before our readers, and likewise that of Major Sherrard, the first officer connected with this expedition whose life has been lost, dying of fever at Assouan on Sept. 9. We learn this week that, on Saturday last, the first of the small rowing-boats, sent out from England for the conveyance of Lord Wolseley's troops up the river, was hauled up through the torrent of the great cataract. No appliances whatever were used except its own gear and some short towing-ropes. The operation occupied a quarter of an hour, and was more successful than even the most sanguine officers had expected. The second boat was hauled up by means of Captain Hammill's cleverly-arranged tackles. This was done even more rapidly and safely. Fourteen other boats were taken round by

portage, which is still used as an additional aid to expedite transit. The Semneh extension railway is still in a backward condition, and not likely to be ready for traffic next week, as was promised. The steamer Ghizeh has been wrecked on a rock near Tangur. The Canadian boatmen, three or four hundred in number, are encamped five miles above Wady Halfa, and were inspected there by Lord Wolseley on Monday last. His Lordship next day left Wady Halfa on his way to Dongola, while Sir Redvers Buller, Chief of the Staff, remains at Wady Halfa with General Earle. The Camel Corps, the Gordon Highlanders, the 19th Hussars, and the Essex Regiment, which was at Assouan, have been ordered up to Wady Halfa; and dépôts are being formed all along the banks of the Nile, to Dongola, to Debbah, to Ambukol, and to Merawi, preparatory for the advance of the whole force in November. We regret to state that the most recent information obtained above Dongola seems to confirm the first report of the fate of Colonel Stewart and his companions. It is now said that the steamer was towing two barges, after Gordon's attack on Berber, and came down from Abu Hamid, within seventy miles of Merawi. Being pursued, and fearing to be overtaken, the steamer cut the barges adrift. These were captured, and the natives on board were made prisoners. The steamer continued on her course until she struck upon a rock. All on board were massacred, with the exception of two natives. One, a fair man, is said to have been among the killed. It

appears likely to have been Colonel Stewart. He, however, would certainly have refused to abandon the boats. Three Europeans are stated to have been put to death. The steamer was armed with one gun, and had ammunition and rifles, which have been seen at the wreck.

The expedition of Lord Wolseley, so far, has been chiefly a matter of transport; and it is at Assiout, says a correspondent, "that one begins to realise the magnitude of this undertaking by seeing the miles of trucks standing there laden with all manner of stores. If you watch only for half an hour the coolies unloading and reloading at the riverside, accompanying themselves all the time with their monotonous, tuneless repetition of about four words, without which they seem unable ever to work at all, you cannot fail to wonder what is to become of such a vast quantity of food." Mr. Cook has the superintendence of the whole transport, and is responsible for the safe conveyance of the boats and supplies up to Sarras. The former, painted white, are packed in a framework of three tiers on barges, each tier carrying ten boats, the whole protected from the sun by matting. One steamer tows two barges and carries itself thirty boats, so that there are ninety in each shipment. At Assouan the boats are placed on the river and towed in strings up to Sarras, where it is expected the troops will embark in them and sail or row to Dongola. There appears to be no regular contract drawn out between the Government and Mr. Cook, except that he is to receive £40 for each sailing-barge

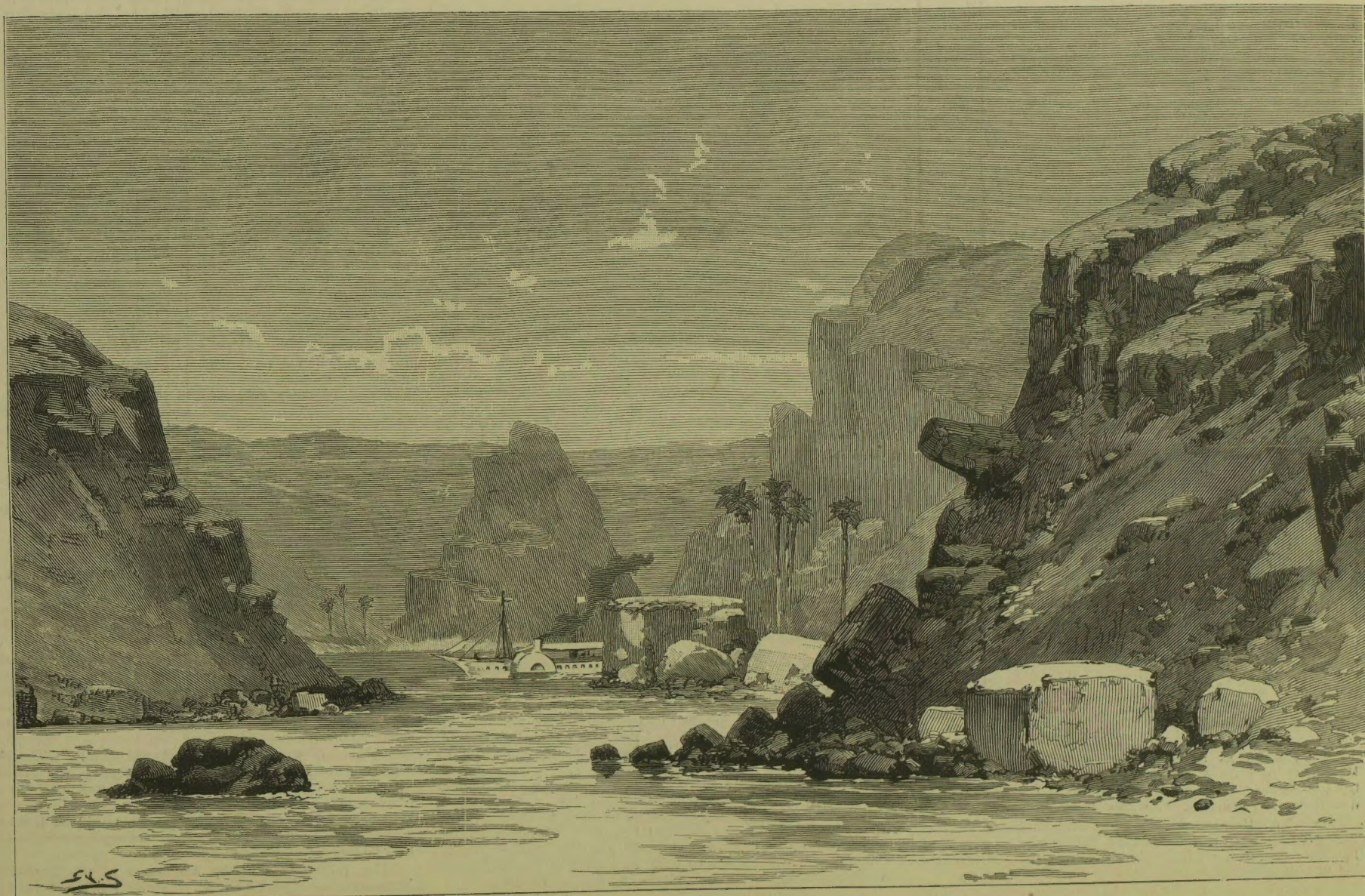


CHINESE PICTORIAL VERSION OF THE CONFLICT AT FOO-CHOW: REPULSE OF THE FRENCH GUN-BOATS.

T H E N I L E E X P E D I T I O N .



LORD WOLSELEY AND STAFF AT THE TEMPLE OF PHILÆ.



LORD WOLSELEY'S YACHT AT THE HEAD OF THE FIRST CATARACT.

carrying stores to the base, and various sums for the different steamers employed, according to their size. The estimate of the total cost of this is half a million, and is the largest tender ever accepted by the War Office. Large coaling depôts have been established at different points along the banks, an agreement being made that Mr. Cook is to be indemnified in the event of the coal not being required for the expedition. It has run short lately at Assiout, and prevented the steamers starting for some days, but they are going again now. There has been some misunderstanding, Mr. Cook not holding himself responsible for the gear belonging to the row-boats. Consequently, it has been removed in some cases from the boats and conveyed separately, which causes much confusion at Assiout and delay in getting it distributed to the different boats to which it belongs. With little exaggeration, there is almost a procession of barges under sail, carrying sacks of all kinds of provisions. It is quite certain that without Mr. Cook's co-operation the expedition by the Nile would never have been carried out. He expects that the first batch of 400 rowing-boats will have been placed at Wady Halfa by the end of this week, and the whole of them, to the number of 800, by the end of next week; the last hundred were forwarded from Assiout on Saturday last.

We have to thank Mr. H. S. Peard, special correspondent of the *Daily News*, for the sketch of Lord Wolseley and his staff, Sir Redvers Buller, Colonel Swaine, Colonel Brackenbury, and Lieutenant Childers, on the 2nd inst., standing upon the roof of one of the temple buildings at Philæ, and looking up the Nile towards the First Cataract; also for a sketch of Lord Wolseley's small steam-yacht waiting at the upper end of the Cataract, which has already been described. From Lieutenant Rudolph De Lisle, R.N., who has been employed several weeks at the Second Cataract in hauling up the Nassif-Kheir and other steam-boats, we have received many sketches, some of which appeared in our recent publications, and to these are now added the six engraved for our front page this week. One of the most striking represents an officer, apparently, in the perilous act of crossing a branch of the stream, above the raging rapid, by a rope to which he clings with hands and feet, intending to get to the opposite rock, where a comrade is already posted, and there to catch a hawser which will be thrown from the steam-boat, to assist in guiding her passage. The upper Engraving shows the final and successful attempt to get the steamer through the "second gate" of these rapids. A portrait of the boatswain, Mr. Webber, appears in the left-hand corner. On the day after this arduous and satisfactory performance, Lieutenant Alfred Pigott, R.N., an officer of the Cataract party, seems to be "off duty," having well earned a brief repose, and sits at ease reading in some newspaper, with peculiar relish, the latest published report of "another failure at the Cataract." The few intervals of rest, however, permitted on the Upper Nile at this season, are grievously disturbed by the plague of noxious insects; and our clever Correspondent himself, while occupied in drawing his sketches, has to suffer a painful amount of molestation.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, has supplied us with a batch of interesting sketches, which are being engraved for our publication next week.

Major H. H. Kitchener, R.E., whose name has so frequently been given as the able informant of the War Office concerning the situation of affairs on the Nile between Dongola and Berber, was born June 20, 1850, received his first commission in the Royal Engineers Jan. 4, 1871, and was promoted to the rank of Captain on Jan. 4, 1883. He was engaged in 1877, for the Palestine Exploration Fund, in completing the topographical survey of Western Palestine, previously conducted by Major Claude R. Conder, R.E., and thirteen hundred square miles of that survey were executed by Major Kitchener. He has not yet received the distinction of any medals or orders, but will have amply deserved them, and higher military or official preferment, by his present work. The Portrait, which shows him in his Egyptian cavalry uniform, is from a photograph by O. Schroeffer, of Cairo.

Major J. O. Sherrard, of the 2nd Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment (formerly the 80th Regiment), whose death is much lamented by his comrades, entered the Army in 1868, served in the Perak campaign against the Malays in 1876, and in South Africa in 1878 and 1879, leading the left attack against Secocoeni, in the Transvaal, under Lord Wolseley's command; and, in the column under Colonel Rowland on the Swazi border, he was Acting-Adjutant of his regiment. He served in the Zulu War, and was at the battle of Ulundi, for which campaign he received the medal with clasp, and was specially mentioned in the despatches. In 1882, he volunteered for service in the Egyptian Expedition, and having taken part in it, was promoted this year to be Major of the battalion of his regiment then at Cairo. He joined the present expedition up the Nile, but has not been spared to have a share in the active operations. The Portrait is from a photograph by H. S. Mendelssohn, of South Kensington.

CHINESE VICTORY AT FOO-CHOW.

It had been generally supposed, from the accounts which have reached Europe, that the gun-boats of the French naval squadron in the Min River bombarded the Foo-Chow Arsenal and the adjacent forts, driving out their garrison with little difficulty, and sinking all the Chinese junks. But a Chinese Special Artist, in the sheet from which we have copied this Engraving, represents a very different scene, the valiant defenders of the place pouring forth a terrible cannonade and fusillade, sending a French vessel to the bottom, while multitudes of the enemy are drowned or shot, the fire of the batteries and troops on shore being assisted by that of a Chinese force afloat on the river. In the aerial region above, the Chinese Governor condemns prisoners to death. Contemporary history, at least in that region of Eastern Asia, seems liable to a considerable degree of variation, according to the point of view occupied by its reporters and chroniclers; and we should not be surprised to learn, from some Chinese book, that the allied British and French armies were once utterly defeated and destroyed in marching towards the city of Peking.

Mr. Ruskin, as Slade Professor of Fine Arts in the University of Oxford, gave last Saturday the second of his lectures on the "Pleasures of England," in the theatre of the new University Museum, which was again densely crowded.

The eleventh annual Polo and United Counties Hunt Fancy-Dress Ball is arranged to take place at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, on Thursday, the 20th inst. A numerous list of lady patronesses and stewards has been secured.

Tuesday's *Gazette* announces that the Queen has appointed the Right Hon. the Earl of Dufferin, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., to be Governor-General of India. His Lordship, who will take his departure for India on the 12th inst., has taken reception-rooms and offices at Brown's Hotel, Dover-street, where he will transact urgent business prior to leaving for Calcutta to enter upon his duties as Governor-General of India, in the room of the Marquis of Ripon.

MARRIAGE.

On the 23rd ult., at Westminster Chapel, London, by the Rev. William Jackson (Bournemouth), Miss Lancaster Brocklehurst, of Swythamley Park, Staffordshire, to Annie Lee, elder daughter of the late Samuel Dewhurst Southfield, Handforth, Cheshire.

DEATH.

On the 21st ult., at his residence, Askew House, Bedale, Yorkshire, the Rev. Richard Anderson, M.A., son of the late John Anderson, Esq., of Swinshawate Hall, Wensleydale, aged 93.

•• The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERY, 105, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 105, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W. LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce. EVERY EVENING, at a quarter to eight, the *Pageant* in Twenty Minutes, called SIX AND EIGHT PENCE. At a quarter of eight, a New Play, written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. For cost see daily papers. New scenery and costumes. Doors open at half-past seven. Carriages at eleven. No fees. Box-office open daily from eleven to five. MATINEE OF CALLED BACK, SATURDAY, NOV. 8, at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW PROGRAMME. All the new songs and all the new and screaming comic sketches received with the greatest enthusiasm by houses crowded to repletion. Return of the infatigable and justly popular comedian, Mr. G. W. MOORE. For ornaments all the year round. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT: DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE, as well. Doors open for Day Performance at 2.30; for Night at 7.30. Omnibuses run direct to the Exhibition to the doors of St. James's Hall. Prices of Admission: 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s. No fees.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.

Art Loan Exhibition at Royal Pavilion open every week-day. Freequent Trains from Victoria and Brighton. Also, Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK-DAY (except Brighton Race Days, Oct. 28 and 29).—A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria, 10 a.m. Day Return Tickets 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car; available to return by the 5.15 p.m. Pullman Express-Train, or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 1s. A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.5 p.m., calling at East Croydon. Day Return Fare—First Class, Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE.

VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Cheap Express Service Week-days and Sundays. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 3s., 2s., 1s.; Return, 5s., 4s., 3s. Powerful Paddle steamers, with excellent cabins, &c. Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at Brighton Company's West-End General Office, 28, Regent-street, Piccadilly, and Grand Hotel Building; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-church, &c., also at Victoria and London Bridge stations. (By order) J. P. Knight, General Manager.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK.

Now Ready.

The Illustrated London Almanack for 1885, containing Six Coloured Pictures, by F. De Neck, F. H. Pavy, and G. O. Harrison, enclosed in a Beautifully Coloured Wrapper, printed by Leighton Brothers' Chromatic Process; Twenty-four Fine-Art Engravings; Astronomical Occurrences, with Explanatory Notes; and a great variety of Useful Information for reference throughout the Year, is published at the Office of the "Illustrated London News."

Post-Office Orders, &c., payable to Ingram Brothers.

Price One Shilling; Postage, Twopence-Halfpenny.

HEALTH EXHIBITION AWARDS.

The Health Exhibition, after a brilliant career, has been brought to a close. The list of awards of medals, diplomas of honour, &c., made by the International Juries, was issued on Monday, and published in a supplement to the *London Gazette*. Altogether, 1432 names of individuals or firms appear, exclusive of those of recipients of the special prizes given by the Society of Arts. Many of those who are exhibitors in different groups or classes take more than one award. In this case they take but one medal, and receive certificates of the other awards made them. The total number of gold medals awarded is 278, of which 242 will be presented. Silver medals are awarded to the number of 572, and bronze medals to the number of 670; but as some gained in more than one class, the actual number of medals to be distributed is 526 silver and 594 bronze. To foreign Governments and departments, municipalities, and corporations, 187 diplomas of honour will be presented; and to contributors of literature bearing on the objects of the exhibition 110 special certificates of thanks. The Society of Arts present eleven medals. To Monday night the number of visitors to the Health Exhibition had exceeded 4,000,000. The *Morning Post* says that the expenditure incidental to the International Health Exhibition has been very considerable, but so far as can be ascertained at present the surplus will be about £30,000.

Under the auspices of the London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Lord Mayor on Monday opened a shelter for children at Harpur-street, Holborn. The Baroness Burdett-Contt expressed her sense of the importance of the work.

On Monday the honour of knighthood was conferred by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland upon Mr. Samuel Lee Anderson, who for some years past has discharged the duties of his father, Mr. Mathew Anderson, Crown Solicitor for Dublin. Sir Samuel Anderson retains the office of Crown Solicitor for the counties of Kilkenny and Waterford.

Presentations were made on Monday evening to Police-Constables Chamberlain and Miller, of the N Division, in recognition of the courage displayed by them in attempting to arrest, at midnight on June 25, in Park-street, Islington, the armed burglars Wright and Wheatley, now in penal servitude. Chamberlain was presented with an illuminated address and £140, and Miller a similar address and a purse of £35.

Several disasters to shipping are reported to have occurred during Sunday's gale. The most serious was the wreck of the *Little Beck* at the entrance of the Channel to Rotterdam, by which fourteen lives were lost.—Several gales were again reported in the middle of the week from all parts of the country, attended by a heavy rainfall, which has been of great service in replenishing the exhausted reservoirs in the north. Around the coast many accidents to shipping have occurred.

THE COURT.

The Queen enjoys good health, and walks or drives daily. Her Majesty went out yesterday week, attended by Lady Southampton, and Princess Beatrice rode, attended by the Hon. Evelyn Moore. In the afternoon her Majesty, attended by Lady Southampton, went out driving with the Countess of Dufferin. The Duchess of Albany and Princess Beatrice also drove out. The Earl and Countess of Dufferin had the honour of being included in her Majesty's dinner party. Last Saturday morning the Queen went out, attended by Lady Southampton, and in the afternoon her Majesty drove with Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany to the Lim of Munich. The Earl and Countess of Dufferin left the Castle, after having taken leave of the Queen, on their departure for India. Divine service was conducted at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, in presence of the Queen and the Royal family. The Rev. A. Campbell officiated. The Queen and Princess Beatrice will leave Balmoral about Nov. 21 for Windsor, and will remain there until the departure of the Court for Osborne for the Christmas season. The Duchess of Albany, who has been residing for several weeks with the Queen at Balmoral, left on Tuesday for London, accompanied by her children. The Queen and Princess Beatrice accompanied her Royal Highness to Ballater, driving back to Balmoral in the midst of one of the fiercest gales that has been felt in the district for years. Mr. Trevelyan, accompanied by the Right Hon. J. G. Dodson and Mr. C. L. Peel, Clerk of the Privy Council, arrived at Balmoral in the afternoon, having travelled to Ballater in a special saloon carriage attached to the mail.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud were present at Divine service at Marlborough House on Sunday. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, visited the Prince and Princess and remained to luncheon. Prince Waldemar of Denmark, brother of the Princess, arrived at Dover in the Danish sloop *Fylla*, from Copenhagen, and left in the afternoon for Marlborough House on a visit to the Prince and Princess. The Prince and Princess and Prince Waldemar visited the studio of Mr. Boehm and Mr. Sydney P. Hall on Monday morning. Lord Suffield had an interview with the Prince of Wales on his return to London from attending the funerals of the Landgrave of Hesse and the Duke of Brunswick. On Tuesday his Royal Highness was present at a meeting of the Royal Commission on the Dwellings of the Poor. Further progress was made with the consideration of the chairman's report, and several paragraphs were agreed to. The Duke of Cambridge visited the Prince and Princess of Wales on his return from Brunswick. His Royal Highness, attended by Captain Stephenson, arrived at Babraham Hall in the evening, on a visit to Lord and Lady Cadogan. Acting on the advice of the Duchy of Cornwall authorities, the Prince has determined to lay out in building-plots all his property at Roche, immediately opposite Padstow, on the north coast of Cornwall. The property will be disposed of on such terms that every one desirous of building will be able to erect his house and make it his own freehold.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

In the Wellington Barracks Chapel, last Saturday afternoon, the Hon. Henry Charles Legge, Adjutant 1st Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, second son of the Earl and Countess of Dartmouth, was married to the Hon. Amy Lambart, late Maid of Honour to the Queen, eldest daughter of Mr. Gustavus W. and Lady Fanny Lambart, of Beau Parc, county Meath. Prior to Saturday there had never been a wedding in the chapel. Princess Christian, Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and the nearest relatives of the contracting couple, occupied the choir stalls on each side of the chancel, and that part of the chapel was decorated with white flowers. The centre aisle was lined with the non-commissioned officers of the 1st Battalion of Coldstream Guards. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Horace Stopford as best man. The six bridesmaids were Miss Cecil and Miss Violet Lambart, sisters of the bride, Lady Georgiana Legge, sister of the bridegroom, Lady Blanche Conyngham, Hon. Emily Ormsby Gor, and Miss Ponsonby. The bride wore a dress of rich white duchesse satin trimmed with crystal and orange-blossoms, and her jewels included a sapphire bracelet, the gift of her Majesty; a tiara of diamond stars, the Countess of Dartmouth's present; a diamond necklace, the gift of the Earl of Dartmouth; a sapphire and diamond bangle and diamond Coldstream Guards' brooch, the bridegroom's presents. The service was fully choral. Mr. Lambart gave his daughter away. The wedding presents were over three hundred in number. The Queen presented the bride with a diamond and sapphire bracelet, a valuable Indian shawl, and some prints. Her Majesty also graciously sent a bouquet arranged by herself, and expressed a desire that the bride should take it with her on leaving town. Princess Christian sent her a tea-service, Princess Beatrice a diamond hasp-brooch, and the Duchess of Albany ruby and diamond pins. The presents sent by the Patshull tenantry consisted of a valuable silver bowl, two candleabra, and a diamond bracelet. The bride-cake was made by Messrs. Buszard.

Major Ravenhill, of the 85th Light Infantry, was married on Tuesday morning to Miss Lacon, the eldest daughter of Sir Edmund Lacon, Bart., M.P., at St. James's, Piccadilly. Owing to the wish of the contracting parties, the wedding was of a strictly private nature, the bride being accompanied by her father only.

Captain William Henry Cuning has been awarded the good-service pension of £150 a year, vice Captain J. W. East.

The number of live stock and the quantity of fresh meat landed at the port of Liverpool during the past week from the United States and Canada amounted to 1965 cattle, 1559 sheep, 7638 quarters of beef, and 700 carcasses of mutton.

Hyde Park was the scene on Sunday of a great demonstration against the House of Lords. Contingents marched thither in eight processions from different districts of the metropolis, assembling in the Park late in the afternoon. Speeches—many of them strongly denunciatory of the House of Lords—were made from nine platforms.

In London 2694 births and 1463 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 77, and the deaths 135, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 15 from smallpox, 16 from measles, 22 from scarlet fever, 22 from diphtheria, 12 from whooping cough, 12 from enteric fever, and 27 from dysentery.

The following will be the route of the Lord Mayor's Procession on the 10th inst.:—From Guildhall-yard along Gresham-street, Prince's-street, Mansion House-street, Queen Victoria-street, Budge-row, Cannon-street (Mansion House Station), Queen Victoria-street, Queen-street, Cheapside, Newgate-street, Holborn Viaduct, Charterhouse-street, Farringdon-street, Fleet-street, to the Royal Courts of Justice; and returning by way of Strand, Charing Cross, Whitehall-place, Thames Embankment, Queen Victoria-street, Queen-street, King-street, to Guildhall.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"From information I have received," the revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Lyceum to-night, for the purpose of presenting one of the most beautiful women of our time in the fascinating part of the heroine, will vie in grandeur and novelty of scenic effect with Mr. Irving's memorable production of Shakespeare's incomparable love-story on the same stage. Miss Mary Anderson has been greatly aided in the adequate representation of "Romeo and Juliet" by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, who has designed the costumes. The charming American actress has had a whole week in which to complete the elaborate arrangements, for which Mr. Henry E. Abbey has given *carte blanche*; and a most brilliant and alluring spectacle will, at least, be realised when all the world and his wife troop to the Lyceum this evening and for the rest of the autumn season.

On the unimpeachable authority of the clubman who knows everything and everybody, I also gather that the Avenue Theatre, on the Victoria Embankment, is to be reopened next Thursday with an exceptionally exciting drama in "Just in Time," by Mr. F. C. Burnand. The remarkably strong company engaged by Mr. George Wood for this new play comprises Mr. John S. Clarke, Mr. William Farrer, Mr. William Rignold, Mr. Robert Soutar, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, and Miss Eva Sothorn, the pretty young daughter of "Lord Dundreary."

The handsome theatre built on the site of the Islington Philharmonic, and christened the Grand, has secured in Mr. George Darrell's Anglo-Australian drama of "The Sunny South" a sensational piece as stimulating as could be desired. "The Sunny South" may be an El Dorado eminently deserving that inviting appellation, and I may avow I have certain personal reasons for sincerely wishing "The Sunny South" to be as sunshiny and golden as the title implies; but it must be confessed the dramatic personages enlisted under the banner of Mr. Darrell have, in the play, to wait until a considerable number of dense, thunder-laden clouds have "rolled by, Jenny," before Vice is punished and Virtue rewarded in "The Sunny South" in North London. Opening at an English country house, where the free-and-easy Australian hero comes to the rescue of a Mr. and Miss Chester from the hands of an adventurer, "The Sunny South" next presents the audience with a series of stirring Australian situations, comprising the rejoicings at the discovery of a huge nugget valued at £7000, and the bold but frustrated attempt of a gang of Bushrangers to carry the prize off from the bank; followed by the villain's abduction of a girl known as "Babs Berkeley," the hero's rescue of his lady-love from a burning log-hut after he had been tied to a tree and fired at; and crowned by a final fight, in which the Bushrangers are at length settled as they richly deserve to be, seeing that their last plot has been to upset a train on the Zigzag Railway, and murder the passengers. It will be admitted that there is plenty of sensation, and to spare, in "The Sunny South," which is vigorously enacted by Mr. Darrell as Matt Morley, by Mr. H. M. Clifford as the Bushranger Dick Duggan, and by Miss Alice Raynor, Mr. Wilmot Eyre, and other members of a very numerous company.

G. A. S.

MUSIC.

The Monday Popular Concerts entered on their twenty-seventh season this week, with a programme of varied and substantial interest, although devoid of absolute novelty. The performances opened with Beethoven's string quartet in E flat (op. 74), which was finely led by Madame Norman-Néruda, who was associated with Mr. L. Ries, Mr. Holländer, and Signor Piatelli. The lady violinist also played a sonata by Tartini, and an adagio by Spohr, with finished execution and style. Herr Barth, who was the solo pianist, gave Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" with great effect, and Mdlle. Barbi (in the absence of Mr. E. Lloyd on account of indisposition), contributed vocal pieces with much success. Other items call for no comment. Mr. Zerbin was the accompanist.

The first of an autumnal series of three Richter concerts took place at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, when the programme presented no novelty calling for detailed comment. Herr Hans Richter was warmly greeted on his appearance.

The Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts have entered on their twenty-ninth season. The programme of the first concert, although interesting, calls for but brief notice. Herr Brahms's third symphony was given for the first time here, with the same success that attended its earliest performances at the Richter concerts, as already noticed. Smetana's lively "Lustspiel-Ouverture" ("Overture to a Comedy") was likewise a novelty here, and was heard under the disadvantage of being played at the end of the concert, while the audience were departing. Mynheer Werner made a first appearance here, and played Beethoven's violin concerto and a solo by Ernst. He was well received. Of his merits, however, we must await another opportunity for judgment. The concert included vocal pieces rendered by Madame Valleria with her usual artistic taste. Mr. Manns, the conductor, was warmly welcomed on his reappearance. The second concert of the new series, last week, included three extracts from Mr. Mackenzie's new oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon"—the successful production of which at the Norwich Festival was recently recorded by us. The pieces given on Saturday were the expressive song of the Beloved, "Rise up, my Love," (finely sung by Mr. E. Lloyd, as at Norwich), and the characteristic orchestral movements illustrative of "Spring morning in Lebanon," and "Sleep" (the Sulamite's Dream). Mdlle. Kleeberg made a highly favourable impression by her artistic pianoforte playing in Beethoven's concerto in E flat (the "Emperor") and some unaccompanied solos, other items of the programme calling for no specific notice.

The Royal Academy of Music gave the first of a new series of chamber concerts, by the students of the institution, at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) week; when several pupils distinguished themselves in the departments of composition, and vocal and instrumental performances.

A concert was given last week at the Royal Albert Hall, in connection with the Health Exhibition, by about one thousand board-school children, selected from the south of London. The tuition is on the Tonic Sol-Fa system, and their vocal performances gave good evidence of its efficiency.

Herr Peiniger, a skilful violinist, has begun a series of three recitals at Steinway Hall; his programmes consisting of violin music, in the classical and brilliant schools—solo and concerted.

Mdlle. Carlotta Desvignes, the esteemed vocalist, gave a matinée at 84, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, on Wednesday.

Madame Christine-Nilsson was announced to sing at St. James's Hall in "The Messiah" (conducted by Mr. W. G. Cousins) on Thursday evening—her only appearance in oratorio this season.

Mr. G. H. Betjemann, well known as a skilful solo violinist and as conductor of the ballet at the Royal Italian Opera,

has organised four concerts of classical chamber music, to be given at the Highgate Literary and Scientific Institution. The names of Mr. Betjemann's coadjutors and the arrangements announced give promise of performances of sterling interest, that should meet ready appreciation in the locale selected. The first concert was announced for last Thursday.

Her Majesty's Theatre is to open on Nov. 4, under the direction of Mr. Samuel Hayes, for a series of performances of operas in Italian, at greatly reduced prices. The list of engagements includes the names of Mdlle. Bianca Donadio, Mdlle. Arnoldson (both first appearances), Mdlles. Albu, Desvignes, Lebrun, Franchi, and Bellocca, and Signori Frapollini, Padilla, Castelmari, Zoboli, and Foli. Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" is to be given on the opening night. Mr. G. H. Betjemann, Signor Tito Mattei, and Signor Bottesini are announced as conductors.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

We learn by a telegram from India last Tuesday that "the Afghan Boundary Commission has crossed the Helmand river, and is now proceeding on its way, in charge of Afghan officials." This information probably refers to the military escort, commanded by Colonel Ridgway, which marched from India, crossing the desert north of Belochistan, to meet the Commissioner, Major-General Sir Peter Lumsden, who would travel from Teheran, the capital of Persia, in a direct easterly course through Khorassan, by way of Meshed, to Sarakhs, on the Tjend or Hari-Rud, the point whence he will trace the northern boundary of Afghanistan to the Oxus, dividing it from the Merv Tekke Turcoman country, recently annexed by Russia. Our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, who accompanies Sir Peter Lumsden's party, having reached Persia from Europe by crossing the Caspian Sea, was at Teheran on Sept. 24, and has sent us Sketches of the ceremonial reception of the British Commissioner by his Majesty the Shah (a well-remembered visitor to London), and of the pleasant villa at Gulahek, six miles from the city, which is the summer residence of the British Embassy in Persia. The British Legation there consists of his Excellency Sir Ronald Thomson, K.C.M.G., C.I.E., Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary; Mr. W. J. Dickson, Secretary of Legation; Mr. A. C. Stephen, C.M.G., Second Secretary (now Assistant Commissioner of the Afghan Boundary Commission); Mr. Jenner, Oriental Secretary; Sir Joseph Dickson, M.D., Physician; and Mr. H. L. Churchill, Translator and Vice-Consul. There are English ladies and children at Gulahek, and it is pleasant to see the little toy-boat in the marble cistern of water; the garden, with its trim lawn, seats, trees, and flower-pots, and the architecture of the villa, have quite a European aspect. It is situated at the foot of the extremity of the Elburz range of mountains. The other Sketch represents Sir Ronald Thomson in the act of presenting Sir Peter Lumsden to the Shah, at the Summer Palace, called Sultanabad, which is only a mile from Gulahek. His Majesty, who wore twenty-one large diamonds blazing on each side of his breast, hanging in perpendicular rows of five diamonds, with a very big one in the centre, shaped like a heart, suspended by a gold chain from his neck, was very gracious to his English visitors. He was attended by Mahmoud Khan, Persian Minister of Foreign Affairs, the stout person in a long robe who appears standing at the right hand side of our Engraving. The foremost of the English party, attired in a diplomatic official uniform, with cocked hat, is Sir Ronald Thomson; Sir Peter Lumsden, in military uniform, stands by his side, and the Secretary of Legation close behind them. The whole party were conducted into the Shah's presence by Eshik Agashi Bashli, Master of the Ceremonies. The Shah was much pleased to hear that a Special Artist of the *Illustrated London News* was among them, and that it was the same Artist who had been with the Prince of Wales in India, and in the last Afghan War; he desired to look over Mr. Simpson's Sketch-book, which he inspected with evident gratification. His Majesty gave orders that everything should be done for the accommodation and further assistance of the British Commission on its way to the Afghan frontier.

ROBBERY AND PETTY LARCENY.

It is not long since we had occasion to remark that there is a good deal of human nature in dogs; and the Development Theory has prepared one to find in monkeys, the imagined prototypes of the human species, the germ of irregular social practices which give much trouble to civilised police. The crimes of "robbery with violence" and "petty larceny" are distinctly recognised by our common and statute law; and the Judges of Assize, and Justices at their Sessions, have much to do in the business of trying those indicted for such offences. But the perpetration of these unlawful acts is equally familiar to members of the lower orders of the animal world, and they set about it, not unfrequently, in a spirit as deliberately vicious, unrestrained by the opinion of their fellow-creatures, of dog-kind or ape-kind, and entertaining no awe of superior beings except that of the human master with his occasional whip. It is a frightfully immoral state of existence. The big dog, like the Highland bandit of Wordsworth, or like some Imperial Conquerors in history, relies on "The good old rule, the simple plan, That they should take who have the power, And they should keep who can." The sly monkey, for his part, takes advantage of a dozing moment to filch a morsel from the big dog's plate. Of this, also, we have known political and historical examples. There is some human nature in all beasts, birds, fishes, and other living things capable of conscious greed.

The Queen has forwarded, through Sir H. Ponsonby, her annual subscription of £50 to the Army and Navy Pensioners' Employment Society, of which her Majesty is patroness.

On Tuesday the Turners' Company opened in the old Queen's Bench Court, at the Guildhall, their annual exhibition of works in competition for the Company's prizes and for supplementary gifts.

Mr. Fawcett, the Postmaster-General, has appointed Mr. J. Crawford, assistant provisional superintendent of the Parcels Post in London, to be provisional superintendent of the travelling post-office; and Mr. J. Mitford to be cashier in the Receiver and Accountant-General's branch of the Post Office.

At a special meeting of the Court of Common Council on Tuesday the Bridge House Estates Committee presented a report recommending the construction of a low-level bridge across the Thames with mechanical openings, from Irongate Stairs to Horsleydown. The cost is estimated at £750,000. The report was unanimously agreed to.

A handsome drinking-fountain of granite, erected in Adelaide-place, London-bridge, at the cost of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, was dedicated to the service of the public on Tuesday by the Lord Mayor, in the presence of a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. The new fountain stands on the site of that which was erected in 1860.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Oct. 28.

Parliamentary proceedings remain obstinately uninteresting, and no change can be expected until we come to the discussion of the questions of China and Tonquin. All parties are reserving their efforts for that grand battle, and all interest is settled on the attitude of the Ministry, the policy of M. Ferry, and the final vote. After the Tonquin question will come the Budget, and then perhaps certain democratic, social, and military matters of high importance. An additional clause has been added to the Tonquin Credits Bill, demanding a sum of nearly two millions of francs for the creation of a second foreign legion and a fourth regiment of Algerian sharpshooters. The general feeling of the deputies and of the press seems to be that it is time to have done with the Chinese enterprise, in one way or another.

The past week has not been very fertile in events. Two journalists have fought a duel; several so-called clubs have been closed by order of the police on account of gambling; and two or three well-known publicists have warmly recommended the re-establishment of public gaming-tables. Madame Sarah Bernhardt has naturally come in for her share of attention. The famous actress is lying dangerously sick in her villa at Saint-Adressé. The cause of her malady is partly the incessant fatigue and excitement which has accompanied the earning of 2,800,000f., which is the total of her gain in the four years which have elapsed since she left the Comédie Française.

At the theatres, which are becoming active, there is no great success to be recorded at present. The Comédie Française, awaiting M. Dumas' new piece, has contented itself with a revival of Sardou's twenty-year-old comedy, "Les Pattes de Mouche," known in England as "A Scrap of Paper." At the Bouffes an operetta called "Le Chevalier Mignon" has been produced. The piece is silly, and the music, by a new composer, Leopold De Wentzel, is the production of a musician of great talent and little imagination. M. De Wentzel, who had hitherto written only for cafes-concerts, is also the author of the new ballet, "Cœur d'Amour," at the Eden Theatre. Will he have the good fortune of his predecessors who have of late years made their debuts at the Bouffes—namely, Audran, Planquette, Varney? At the Vaudeville a highly moral, but not profoundly interesting, comedy has been produced with the audacious title "L'Amour." The authors are MM. D'Ennery and Daryl. Finally, the Théâtre Italien has succeeded in reopening, after serious efforts. The enterprise, however, remains precarious. On the opening night the opera performed was "Lucia," and the star Madame Sembrich, who was warmly received by the public, and highly appreciated by the critics.

Some alarm has been caused by the outbreak of cholera at Yport, a dirty little sea-port between Etretat and Fécamp. The plague was brought by a fishing-boat arriving from Cette, in the Mediterranean. There have been eight deaths out of twelve cases, but there does not seem any danger of the epidemic spreading beyond the isolated village where it has been accidentally imported.

T. C.

A new Belgian Cabinet has been formed under M. Bernaert, who takes the Finance Department; Prince de Camille-Chimay, Foreign Affairs; M. De Volder, Justice; and M. Thonissen, Interior. M. Moreau, the late Foreign Minister, replaces M. Bernaert in the Department of Agriculture and Fine Arts. The other Ministers are unchanged.

In receiving on Tuesday the Austrian and Hungarian delegations the Emperor Francis Joseph expressed confidence in the maintenance of European peace, of undisturbed labour, and ever increasing popular welfare.

The German Emperor and the Crown Prince returned to Berlin on Thursday week, and had long interviews with Prince Bismarck.—Sir Edward Malet was yesterday week formally introduced to the Emperor, and presented his credentials as British Ambassador to the Court of Berlin. The Prussian Council of State was opened last Saturday afternoon by the Crown Prince, who read a speech declaring the objects of its re-establishment. On Sunday the Crown Prince called upon Count Moltke to congratulate him on his eighty-fourth birthday. The funeral of the late Duke of Brunswick took place last Saturday. In spite of wet weather, there was an immense throng of persons. Following the remains were the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Albert of Hesse, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince Alexander of Hesse, Prince George of Saxony, and representatives of European Sovereigns. The procession was led by troops and officials of the Brunswick and Prussian Governments. The body was deposited in the crypt of the cathedral. The Duke of Cumberland has issued a proclamation stating that he will assume the government of the Grand Duchy of Brunswick, which he has inherited. He will govern, he says, in accordance with the Imperial and Provincial Constitutions. In a letter written by the Duke of Cumberland to the German Emperor, notifying the death of the Duke of Brunswick, his Royal Highness informed the Emperor that he (the Duke of Cumberland) had assumed the government of the Duchy in accordance with the Brunswick law of succession. Prince von Bismarck has informed the Brunswick Premier that the German Emperor has declined to receive the Duke of Cumberland's letter or delegate. The people of Brunswick have been much disappointed by the contents of the will of the late Duke, who has left everything to the Duke of Cumberland.

The King and Queen of Denmark returned to Copenhagen on Sunday night from Germany.

According to a Reuter telegram from Durban, M. Bodenstein, chairman of the Transvaal Volksraad, has been elected Deputy President of the Transvaal Republic.

The Agent-General for New South Wales has received a telegram from the colony announcing that the Land Bill has passed and received the Governors' assent.

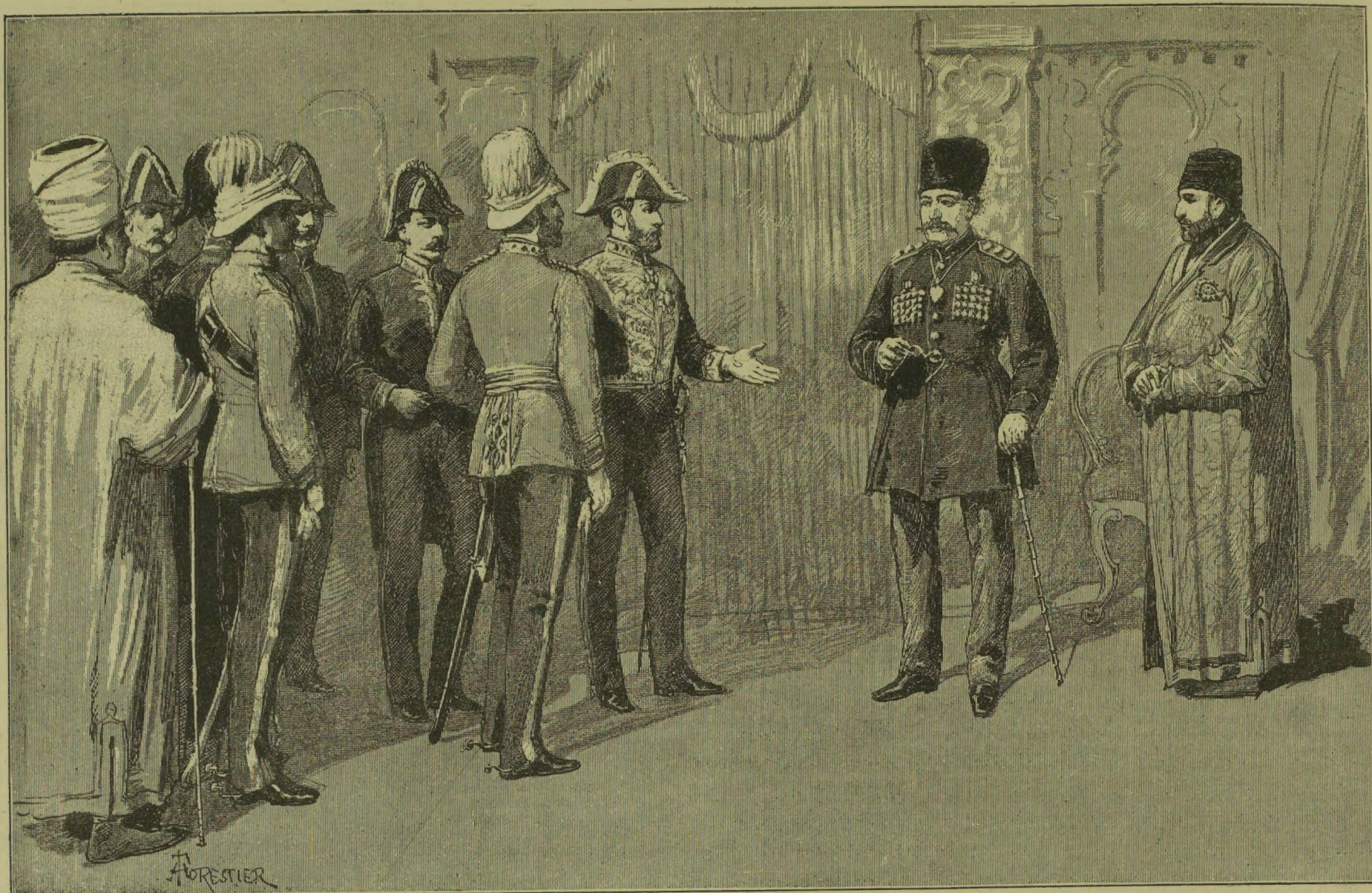
Simultaneously with the appointment of Major-General Scratchley, R.E., as High Commissioner of New Guinea, comes a telegram from Sydney, stating that her Majesty's ship Nelson has proclaimed a British Protectorate over the south-eastern coast of New Guinea.

General Tanner, in command of the Zob Valley Expedition, has attacked and defeated the Kakar Pathans, who lost fifty killed and wounded. The British loss consisted of two native officers and three men wounded.

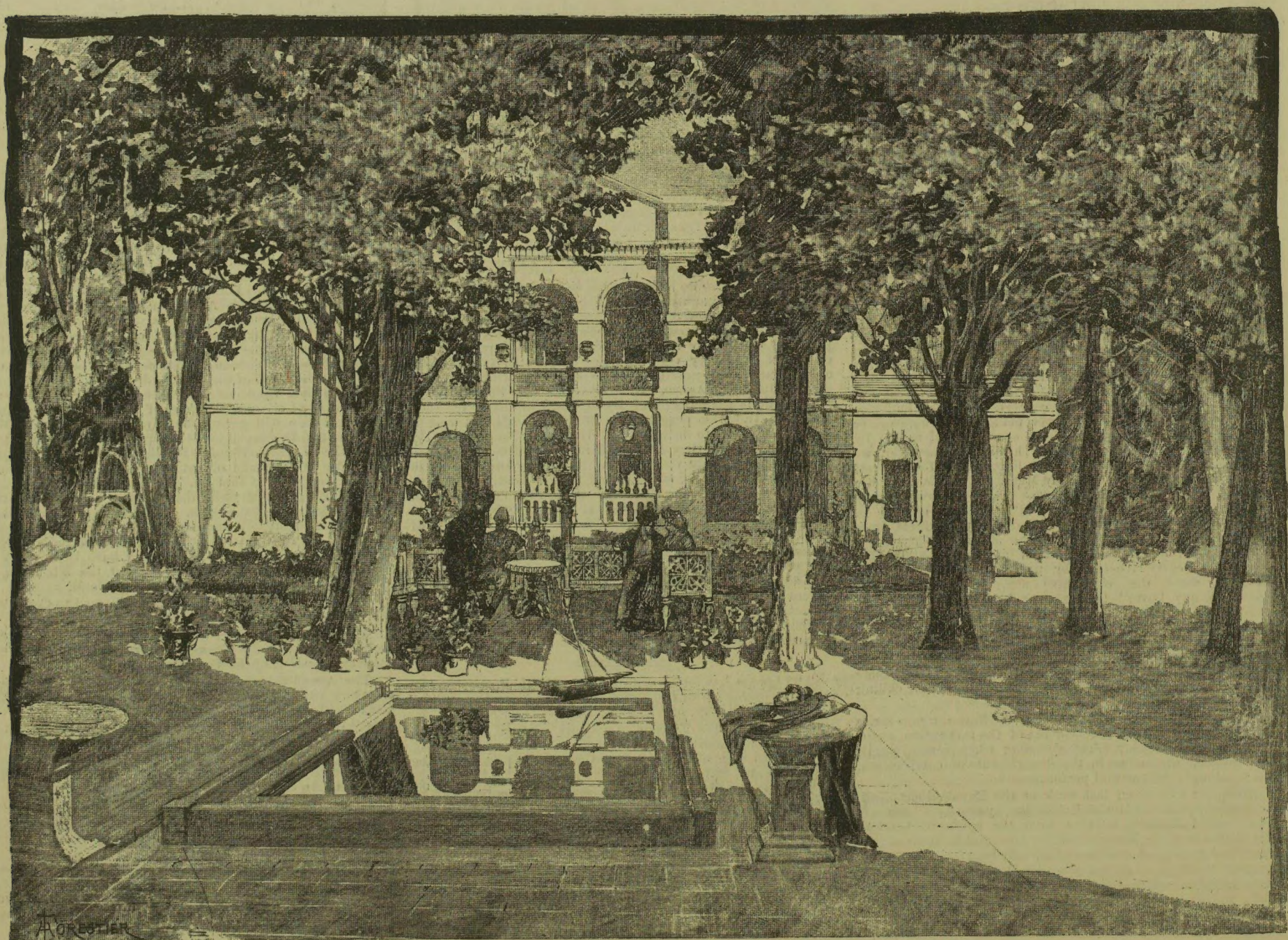
A Vienna correspondent says the Japanese missions in Europe have just been informed of the creation by the Mikado of a national peerage, consisting of 11 princes, 24 marquises, 76 counts, 324 viscounts, and 74 barons, who will form the Upper House in the future Japanese Parliament.

The Law Courts were reopened yesterday week after the Long Vacation. The Judges and some members of the Bar breakfasted with the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Alderman Nottage, Lord Mayor-elect, was yesterday week presented to the Lord Chancellor at the latter's residence in Portland-place. Lord Selborne intimated that her Majesty had approved the choice of the citizens of London.

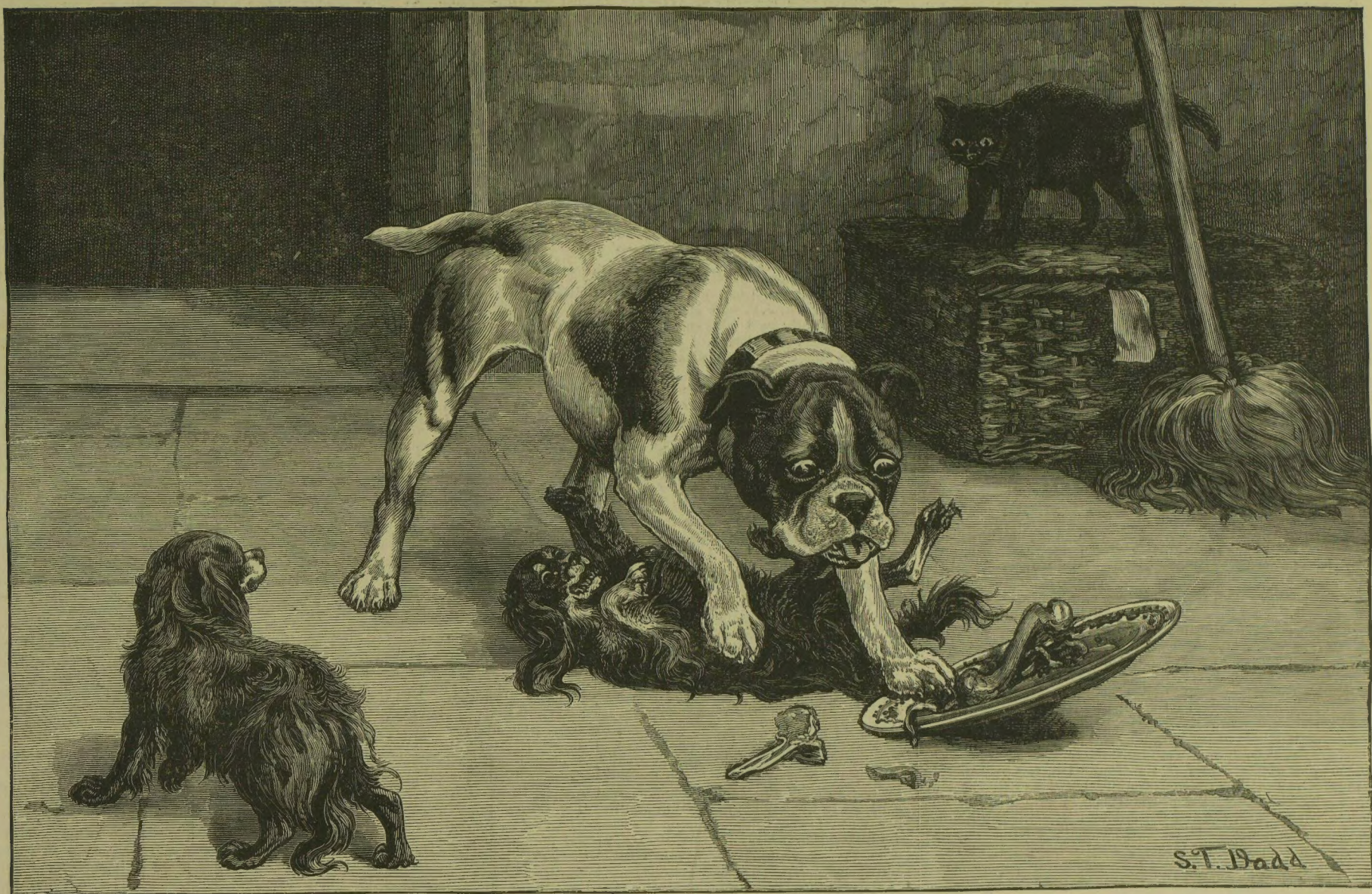


RECEPTION OF SIR PETER LUMSDEN AND SUITE BY THE SHAH, AT TEHERAN.

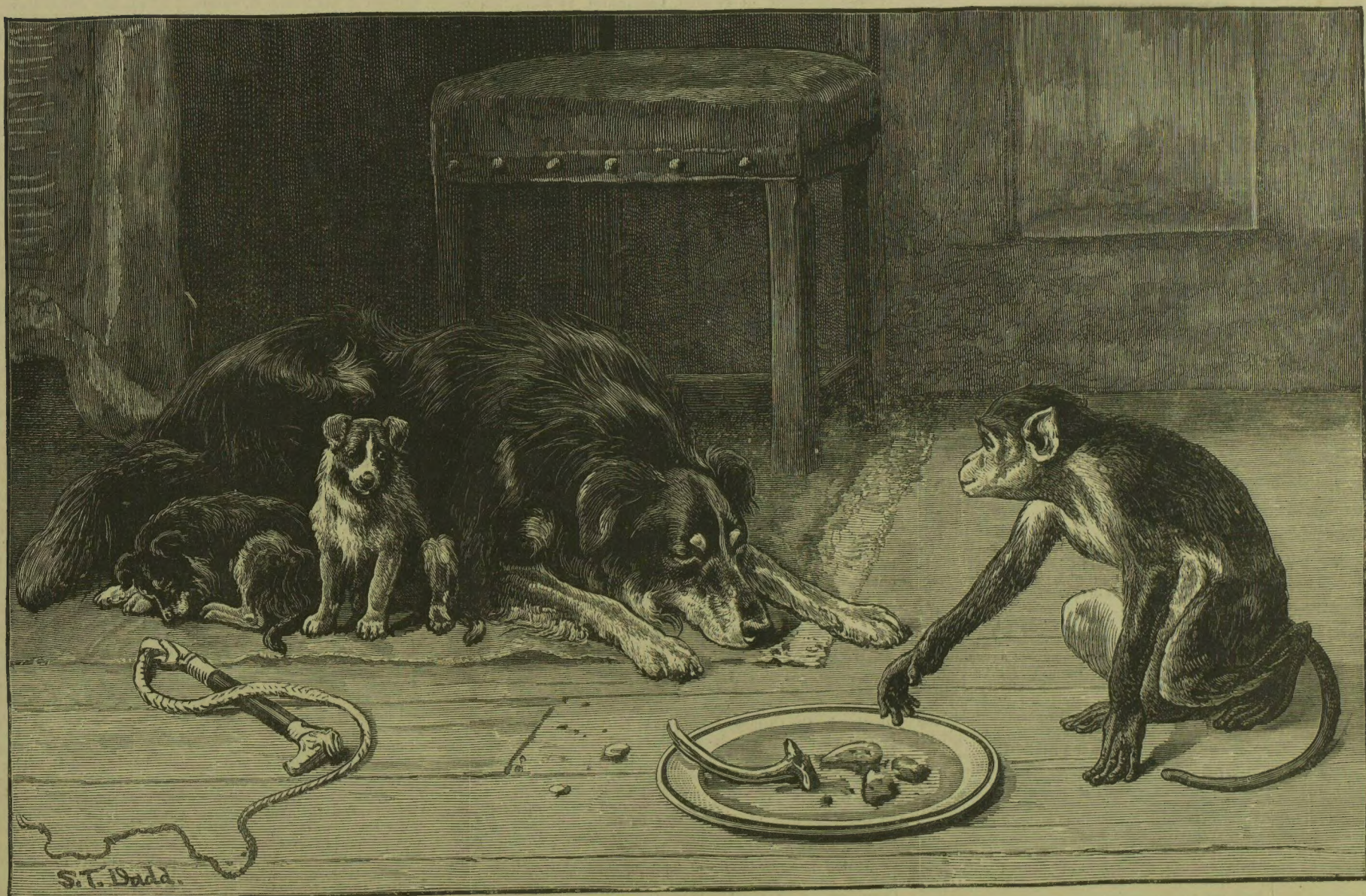


SUMMER QUARTERS OF THE BRITISH LEGATION, AT GULAHEK, TEHERAN.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE.



PETTY LARCENY.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Lords opened the Session well by a notable display of the essential quality of wit. Exemplary brevity was shown by the Peers on the Twenty-third of October in debating the Address in reply to Her Majesty's Speech, and in sanctioning it in one evening. Why should the Commons wait?

Peers were comparatively few in the side galleries when their Lordships reassembled on the Thursday afternoon. The good-humoured face of the Countess of Rosebery was to be observed in one of the balconies to the right of the Throne; and the reason for her smile was presently to be found when the Earl of Rosebery was recognised passing the Ministerial bench, evidently convalescent, albeit his left arm was in a sling. The noble Earl joined His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on the front cross-bench. Then Lord Sidmouth gave notice of a motion on the return of Lord Northbrook for a Parliamentary inquiry into the state of the Navy; and Earl Granville readily secured the Marquis of Salisbury's acquiescence in the proposal to adjourn after the sitting till Monday next.

Earl Granville, half turning towards the noble mover and second of the Address seated immediately behind him, approvingly listened with accustomed courtesy to the perfunctory speeches of Lord Belper and Lord Lawrence, the former in a Hussar-like Yeomanry uniform, the latter wearing a Court suit. The various foreign complications in Egypt and in South Africa, somewhat gratuitously submitted for criticism in the Queen's Speech, were then most pungently commented on by Lord Salisbury, who, in his clearest style, rendered piquant by biting irony, unadverted on the alleged blunders committed by the Government in all quarters of the world. The sallies most keenly relished by the Conservative Peers were those in which the noble Marquis heralded the attack in another place on Mr. Chamberlain, threw ridicule on Lord Durham's far from complimentary description of their Lordships, referred to Lord Houghton (forgetting Lord Tennyson) as the "only poet" in the House, and lauded the *Punch* "caricature showing what this House would be if it consisted of a multiplication of Home Secretaries." Coming to the crucial question of the hour, Lord Salisbury did not budge an inch from the position he took up in July, but expressed the hope that the Government at length "understood the importance of introducing both a Franchise Bill and a Redistribution Bill, and of pressing them forward without any artificial obstacles or interruptions." If, as Earl Granville gracefully said, Lord Salisbury's was "one of the most lively and facetious speeches" the noble Earl had heard for a long time, the Foreign Secretary's reply, though unmarked by "the levity" he deprecated on the part of the leader of the Opposition, was exceedingly happy, adroit, and effective. Equally judicious was the Earl of Derby as Secretary for the Colonies in answering the carping strictures of Lord Carnarvon respecting the Transvaal, Zululand, and Bechuanaland; while Lord Kimberley had no difficulty in brushing aside the objections of Lord Dunraven. Save that Lord Cranbrook asked for papers, Lord Rosebery gave a welcome indication of his recovery by putting a timely question regarding New Guinea, and that the Duke of Argyll indulged in a little comment on the recent Church letter from "our marvellous and almost supernatural Prime Minister," little else was said that calls for remark. The Address was agreed to; and their Lordships separated, to meet again on Monday, the 3rd inst.

Mr. Gladstone, received with cordial cheering from the Liberal side, looked in the best of health, as did his colleagues and the leading member of the Opposition, when the House of Commons met for business on Thursday week. With marked resonance and distinctness and decision did the Speaker read the Queen's Speech as a preface to the debate on the Address, which has not been moved and seconded so ably and earnestly for some years. Mr. Stafford Howard, in the uniform of a deputy-lieutenant, clothed his argument with an amount of human sympathy and sterling common-sense that richly entitled him to the general cheering which rewarded him for his model speech, and to the compliments he received from the Prime Minister and Sir Stafford Northcote. Similarly felicitous was the second, Mr. Sumners. Both he and the mover, portrayed in this Paper last week, should be heard of again. Indeed, it would not surprise me if Mr. Howard's commanding ability and clearness of speech should win for him ere long a place on the Ministerial bench. There was the true ring about his thoughtful speech. Commendably concise was Sir Stafford Northcote. But Mr. Gladstone found habit too strong to be equally brief in his reply, which dealt with the coming Congo Conference, the South African problem, the Expedition to relieve General Gordon at Khartoum, and concluded with an earnest hope that the County Franchise Bill should be passed without further delay. "And I say," added the Premier, "that even now, at the eleventh hour, or past the eleventh hour, I won't altogether allow the hope to be extinguished that the right hon. gentleman may join in delivering this question from the neighbourhood of another question which, as a Conservative statesman, he ought to be the very last man in this House to wish to see connected with it."

The tedium of the Commons' prolonged debate on the Address was relieved on the Friday by a futile endeavour on the part of the leader of the "Fourth Party" to make Mr. Chamberlain responsible for the late Birmingham riot. But all that Lord Randolph Churchill gained from Sir F. Milner's hostile interrogation of the President of the Board of Trade was the citation by Mr. Chamberlain of a justification from an old speech of the noble Lord. Whether Mr. Chamberlain's subsequent application to Sir H. Drummond Wolff of the clinging phrase "jackal to the noble Lord," and his apt reminder to Sir Stafford Northcote that he had once called Lord Randolph a "bonnet," was discreet on the part of a responsible Minister may be doubted, hugely though Ministerialists enjoyed the momentary discomfiture of the lively Fourth Party. Lord Randolph Churchill on Monday, preserving the zoological simile, announced his intention "to draw the badger." On Tuesday he made good his word by giving notice of the subjoined amendment to the Address:—

And we humbly assure your Majesty that we regret to find in recent speeches and actions of one of your Majesty's Ministers, holding the high office of President of the Board of Trade, an incitement to interference with the freedom of political discussion and a justification of riot and disorder.

Mr. Parnell and his compact Party once again made their power felt before the Session had been opened many hours. The Maamtrasna Murders occupied the House for some days, grace to the initiative of Mr. Harrington, who at the first sitting moved an amendment to the effect that the trial had led to the execution of an innocent man, and to the conviction of four others equally innocent. The hon. member argued that a fresh judicial inquiry was consequently necessary, and was strenuously supported at subsequent sittings by Mr. Parnell, Mr. Healy, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and others of Mr. Parnell's followers, besides a few English members. But Mr. Trevelyan, Sir William Harcourt, the law officers of the Crown for Ireland, and Mr. Gladstone, gave cogent reasons against the proposed inquiry as likely to impair the administration of

justice in Ireland; and on Tuesday night the amendment was negatived by a majority of 171—219 against 48 votes. The cheers which greeted Mr. Howard's outspoken words with respect to the Boers betokened the growing feeling of anger against the truculent community in South Africa; and those indications of public feeling, coupled with the earnest speeches made on Wednesday by Sir H. Holland, Sir F. Milner, and the Lord Mayor, cannot but strengthen the hands of the Government in dealing with the Transvaal.

The Franchise Bill was, on the motion of the Prime Minister, formally read a first time on the second day of the Session; but Mr. Gladstone has not yet been able to make his speech on the second reading. It is to be hoped the delay may yet lead to the conclusion of a satisfactory basis of agreement between the two Parties.

OBITUARY.

ADMIRAL CHALONER.

Admiral Thomas Chaloner, C.B., of Guisborough, in the county of York, J.P. and D.L., died on the 20th ult., at his seat, Longhull, aged sixty-nine. He was last surviving son of Mr. Robert Chaloner, of Guisborough, J.P. and D.L., by his wife, the Hon. Frances Laura, daughter of the first Lord Dundas, and he represented a distinguished and well-allied family descended from Edward Chaloner, D.D., Chaplain to King Charles I. In 1855 he succeeded, at the death of his brother, to the family estates, and, at the commencement of the Volunteer movement, took the command as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st North York Artillery Volunteers. His commissions bear date as follow:—Commander 1845; Captain 1853; Rear-Admiral 1869; Vice-Admiral 1875; and Admiral 1879. The distinction of C.B. was conferred on him in 1881.

HON. A. C. C. PLUNKET.

The Hon. Arthur Cecil Crampton Plunket, General Agent in Ireland to the Hon. The Irish Society, died on the 21st ult., aged thirty-nine. He was fourth son of John, third Lord Plunket, by Charlotte, his wife, daughter of the Right Hon. Charles Kendall Bushe, Chief Justice of Ireland, and grandson of the great Lord Chancellor Plunket. Mr. Arthur Plunket married, in 1870, Louisa Frances, only child of Mr. James Hewitt, and leaves issue. He formerly held a commission in the 8th Foot.

SIR C. SEBRIGHT.

Sir Charles Sebright, K.C.M.G., many years her Majesty's Consul-General for the Ionian Islands, died on the 9th ult., at Corfu. He was born in 1807, and was for some time equerry and secretary to Charles Louis, Duke of Lucca, ex-Duke of Parma, who in 1842 created him Baron d'Everton in the Duchy of Lucca. He afterwards entered the British service during the Protectorate of the Ionian Islands, and was Resident successively in Cephalonia and Santa Maura. For his services as Resident of the Ionian Islands he received the honour of knighthood in 1864. He was British Consul at Cephalonia from 1864 to 1870, Acting Consul-General at Corfu in 1865, and was appointed Consul-General of the Ionian Islands in 1870. Sir Charles Sebright was twice married—first, to Marie, Baroness d'Everton; and secondly, in 1871, to Georgina Mary, daughter of the late Sir John Muir-Mackenzie, of Delvine, Perthshire, but was again left a widower in 1874.

MR. GRADWELL, OF DOWTH HALL.

Mr. Richard Gradwell, of Dowth Hall, county Meath, and of Carlanstown, county Westmeath, J.P., died on the 28th ult. He was born April 29, 1824, the second son of the late Mr. George Gradwell, of Preston, Lancashire, by Mary, his wife, daughter of Mr. Richard Ashurst, of Puddington, Cheshire, and was nephew of the late distinguished Roman Catholic Bishop, Dr. Robert Gradwell. Mr. Richard Gradwell, settling in Ireland about thirty-four years ago, purchased Dowth Hall, the fine old seat of the Lords Netterville, and subsequently Carlanstown, the estate of the Duke of Buckingham. He married, April 13, 1852, Maria Theresa, sister of Mr. Edward MacEvoy, late M.P. for Meath, and grand-daughter of Sir Joshua Colles Meredyth, Bart., and leaves one son, Robert Ashurst Gradwell, now of Dowth Hall, who married, April 21 last, Lady Henrietta Plunkett, daughter of the late Earl of Fingall, and two daughters, Theresa, wife of the Hon. Richard Nugent, son of the ninth Earl of Westmeath, and Annette, wife of Mr. Edmund Lynch Athy, of Kenville, county Galway. Mr. Gradwell, whose death we record, was highly esteemed in the county in which he resided, and bore the character of a popular landlord and an upright magistrate.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Dr. Charles Barham, the oldest physician in Truro, J.P. for that town, and Vice-President of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, recently. Dr. Barham took the greatest interest in all matters connected with the town in which he resided.

Mr. James Bontein, H.M. Clerk of the Robes and Gentleman Usher to the Queen, younger son of Captain John Pitt Bontein, 1st Life Guards, on the 16th ult., at Ambassadors' Court, St. James's Palace, aged sixty-three.

The Hon. Mrs. Gowran Vernon, widow of the Hon. Gowran Vernon, second son of the first Lord Lyveden, and daughter of Mr. John Nicholas Fazakerley, of Burwood, Surrey, on the 16th ult., in her fifty-seventh year.

The Rev. William Albemarle Bertie Cator, Rector of Carshalton, Surrey, since 1845, on the 17th ult. He was son of the late Lieutenant-General Sir William Cator, K.C.B., and brother of the present Sir John Farnaby Lennard, who changed his name in 1861 and was created a Baronet in 1880.

Mr. John Penny Machell, of Penny Bridge, in the county of Lancaster, J.P. and D.L., on the 19th ult., at The Hall, aged eighty-three. He was grandson of the late Mr. John Machell, of Hollow Oak, by Isabel, his wife, daughter and coheir of Mr. James Penny, of Penny Bridge. He married the daughter of Chief Justice Dallas, and leaves one daughter.

Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund Bentley Frith, late of the 13th Hussars, in his sixty-eighth year. He served with distinction in the Crimea, taking part in the affair of Bulganae, battles of Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, and Tchernaya, and the siege and fall of Sebastopol. He was also present with the Light Cavalry Brigade at Eupatoria, being awarded the medal with four clasps and the Turkish decoration.

Sir Valentine Fleming, formerly Chief Justice of Tasmania, on the 25th ult., at his residence, at Redhill, after a fortnight's illness. Sir Valentine, who was seventy-four years of age, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated B.A. in 1834 and took honours, was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn, 1838, and first went to Tasmania as Commissioner of the Insolvent Court from Hobart Town in 1841. He was knighted in 1856, and resigned the Chief Justiceship in 1870.

On the 25th ult., the Netherlands steamer Maasdam, outward bound, was passed in the Atlantic, on fire and abandoned.

By the death of Mrs. Scott, of Burnley, widow of the late Alderman Scott, of that town, Burnley now becomes possessed of £10,000, which will be spent in connection with a public park for the borough.

BEWICK AND HIS PUPILS.*

More than half a century has elapsed since Thomas Bewick died, and many memoirs of him have been published, but we have never yet had a complete and intelligent commentary on his works. His vignettes abound with reminiscences of his native district, and it would be interesting to trace in them the influence of that passionate love of home which characterised him. Anyone acquainted with the locality can see that the valley of the Tyne was his chief field of study. He never was long absent from it. There he was born, there he lived, and there he died. A thorough countryman in taste and habits, he spent the whole of his life, with the exception of the short year he lived in London, within sight of his beloved Tyne, and his ashes rest in the churchyard of his native parish. We cannot wonder that Tyneside was dear to Bewick, for in his young days the neighbourhood of his birth-place must have been one of the loveliest spots in the "north country." He tells us that the corn-fields and pastures on the banks of the broad and rapid river were fringed with forest-trees of great age and beauty. Heather bloomed on the far-stretching fells, and foxglove and fern flourished in wild profusion by the sides of the numerous burns. Full as it was of natural beauty, the country was also historically interesting. It is just inside the line of the Roman wall, while the grey towers of Saxon churches and the ruined battlements of Norman castles are within view. It had been the scene of many a bloody fray, for, besides the frequent raids of border troopers, Bruce and Wallace had carried fire and sword into this devoted valley. These grey old towers of church and castle, where he perhaps watched the habits of the owl and the starling, alternate in Bewick's vignettes with a farm-yard, or a thatched cottage on the edge of a snow-clad moor; or we have a sportsman asking his way of an old shepherd who is sheltering himself from the cold blast under a remnant of the Roman wall. On one page we find a fisherman wading in the stream, with Bywell Castle in the background; on another there is a man with his cow fording the river at Corbridge. Ovingham, where Bewick went to school, frequently occurs. Then the lower reaches of the river furnished him with other subjects. The beautiful spire of St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, and the old Norman keep; the "keels" carrying their freights of coal to the sea-going ships; the laden colliers standing out to sea, with Tyne-mouth Priory and lighthouse in the distance—all are there. The banks of the river and its tributary burns; the adjoining fields and moors, with their farmsteads and cottages; the village life of the valley of the Tyne—were the scenes Bewick loved best, and they can all be traced in his works.

It is to be regretted that Miss Bewick never carried out her expressed intention of annotating her father's works, for she could probably have told us many things of interest that no other person, out of her own family, could know. It was known that Bewick had written his autobiography, and for long after his death its publication was looked for; but it did not see the light for thirty-four years, and when it did come it was disappointing, for it told us little or nothing about his art, or the inner springs of his artistic life. It was edited by his daughter, who is understood to have withheld considerable portions of it; but in the forthcoming memorial edition of her father's works it will be printed more fully and completely under the editorship of Mr. Dobson.

The present life of Bewick is, for the most part, a reprint from the *New York Century Magazine*. It is written with taste and judgment, but we learn little that is new. The subject has been pretty nearly worked out, first of all by Bewick himself in his memoirs, and next by the late John Jackson in his "Treatise on Wood Engraving," first published in 1839. Jackson had served under Bewick, and wrote from personal knowledge; so that the characteristic particulars given by him have all the value that belongs to a sketch from nature. He was also well acquainted with most of Bewick's pupils, some of whom were living at the time he wrote and assisted him in his recollections, particularly Charlton Nesbit and Edward Willis. It was Willis who supplied Jackson with the list of subjects said to be drawn and engraved by Bewick's pupils, and which gave so much offence to Bewick's family when published in the "Treatise on Wood Engraving." Willis was a cousin of George Stephenson, the celebrated railway engineer, and died as caretaker of Stephenson's business offices in Westminster. Mr. Dobson has availed himself of both these sources of information, and has added much that is interesting in his critical remarks on Bewick's work, wherein he expresses a just estimate of him as an artist. Mr. Dobson gives a happy idea of Bewick's character when he compares him to Hogarth and Franklin. Bewick was a humourist of the true Hogarthian type, and his morality had a strong dash of worldly wisdom in it. Frugal and temperate in his habits, he was an untiring worker and a shrewd man of business.

There are fewer mistakes in the book than are usually found in what is written about Thomas Bewick and his pupils, but it is not altogether free from errors. In certain passages the writer gives to Peter what really belongs to Paul; and in mentioning Bewick's pupils he speaks of Anderson as one of them. Bewick never had a pupil of that name; but there was one named Armstrong, who is probably the person intended; also it is a mistake to state that John Jackson completed his apprenticeship under W. Harvey. There never was anything of the kind, and, moreover, Harvey never had an apprentice. Among the numerous illustrations in the volume are views of Ovingham Church, and the parsonage, where Bewick went to school, engraved from photographs. In each of these views the photographer has unfortunately placed his camera too near the subject of his picture. The church tower is distorted in consequence, and the pretty old parsonage is unrecognisable. The best view of the latter is from the opposite side of the river, with the church tower in the background.

There is much truth in what Mr. Dobson says about Bewick's reputation having been endangered by the indiscriminate enthusiasm of his admirers. Mr. Hugo included in his *Bewick Collector* a good deal of rubbish that Bewick had nothing to do with. Even the artist's own family appear to have been misled by their reverence for him. In the memoir edited by his daughter the illustrations are put forward as being designed and engraved by Thomas Bewick; but any practical student of Bewick's work can see that there is very little trace of the master's hand except in the title-page vignette and the frontispiece. He may have supplied some of the sketches, but that is all. His daughter would appear to have secured every scrap she could find in his work office, and with undoubting veneration hoarded it up as the veritable production of her father.

For long after his death Thomas Bewick seemed almost forgotten, but within the last few years there has been a reviving interest in him and in the art he restored to life, and we gladly welcome, as an agreeable addition to Bewick literature, this pleasantly written volume, in which we have, in a compact and readable form, all that has hitherto been made known on the subject of the northern hive of art popularly called the "Bewick school."

* "Thomas Bewick and his Pupils." By Austin Dobson. (Chatto and Windus.)

THE DUDLEY GALLERY ART SOCIETY.
CABINET PICTURES IN OIL.

The place of honour in the present exhibition is assigned to Mr. H. W. Schäfer's "Pygmalion and Galatea" (160), a somewhat hackneyed subject treated in a conventional fashion, but the kneeling figure of the man is not without force. Immediately beneath it is Mr. G. A. Storey's "Kitty" (162), a carefully finished head of child in a lace cap and lappets, painted with more of the artist's *verve* and sympathy with childhood than any of his recently-exhibited pictures. At the opposite end of the room Miss F. Graham's nameless "Portrait" (345), if portrait it be, cannot fail to attract by the delicacy of its colouring and the strength of expression in the girl's face, despite her dreamy eyes. Mr. Pettie sends a small picture, "The Rehearsal" (338), which must, indeed, be a very early work of an artist who has long since lost the touch of humour and movement which this little work displays. It represents a young girl, scarcely more than a child, dancing in full theatrical costume before an old man, who, seated on a form against the wall, is mechanically playing the violin, of which the sounds seem to follow rather than lead the girl's movements, so wrapt is the dancing-master in his pupil. Mrs. Jopling's "Portrait of a Lady" (30), in black dress on almost black background, is scarcely up to her usual standard of success, for, in wishing to convey an idea of seriousness to her subject, Mrs. Jopling has made the lady's face hard and lifeless; the drapery, however, is excellently rendered. Mrs. Jopling has three other pictures in the room—"Maidenhead Bridge" (34), "Ilanz, am Vorder Rhein" (285), and a "Canal at Venice" (343); but although each shows some evidence of the artist's skill, neither can claim to add to her reputation.

Mr. Blomefield's "Evening" (47), although only the figure of a comely girl in a blue apron carrying a water-jar, tells more story than many of the more artfully composed *genre* works. Mr. James Hayllar's "Easier Said Than Done" (77) is the figure of a recent recruit of the Blue Ribbon Army trying manfully to wash down his bread and cheese with a draught of cold water. There is a sense of real humour in the main expression, and a sort of plaintive appeal for sympathy to the advocates of "moderate drinking." "More Bother than it's Worth" (86), by the same artist, is scarcely successful—a free and independent elector or an approaching elector in a smock-frock, hesitating whether or not he should fix in his hat "the Squire's" colours. Miss Berkley's "Golden Rays" (96)—a young woman trudging homewards carrying a "sieve" of ruddy apples, whilst beside her a small child is gleefully trotting, suggests regret that, with so much aptitude and facility, the artist should not attempt something more original and individual. Among the *penpieces*, M. Gustave De Breanski's "Return of the Brixham Fleet" (206), a group of fishing-boats beating round the point into harbour, is full of life, and well renders the cold greysky and water which even the Devonshire coast can at times show; whilst Mr. Ellis's "Breakers" (59) is an "impressionist" rendering of a stormy sea. In strong contrast is Mr. J. Henderson's "Return from Lobster-Fishing" (217), in which the deep indigo tints of the water are not only reflected in the clouds, but give colour to the rocks; whilst Mr. Ingram, in "Tide-Ripple" (171), can see nothing but green in the waves. In quite another key, Mr. Rossi has conceived his two pictures, "By the Sea" (253) and "Waiting for the Boatman" (264); and Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie gives what may be presumed to be a Scotch rendering of "Low Tide" (257), which is at once carefully executed and full of sympathy with the subject. Miss Hilda Montalba is represented by three pleasant sketches of Venice (7, 68, 91). In two, at least, too much prominence is given to the gondola, which, although an important feature in Venetian life, does not wholly overshadow other local traits. Architecture, however, receives fuller appreciation from Mr. Chevalier in his "Street of Cairo" (92), and from Mr. Varley (111), who has found in the same city a delightful inspiration, in which the sunlight, striking aslant the upper parts of the high houses, is in pleasing contrast with the richer tones of colours of the roadway.

Of true *genre* pictures—that is, pictures which are not simply anecdotal—the exhibition, as is usually the case in this country, is sadly deficient. There is, perhaps, scarcely more than one which wholly fulfils the conditions required of telling its own story without any appeal to either explanatory text or the reader's imagination. This is an unpretentious work by Mr. Bontwood, entitled "New Arrivals" (434): a courtyard of a Breton or Normandy farmhouse. On a table two little kittens are the objects of attractive curiosity from a couple of children, whilst another is wistfully watching them as she mounts the staircase outside the house. The colouring shows a slight affectation of French mannerism, but it is rendered without exaggeration; and altogether the picture is one of considerable promise. Miss G. Martineau's "Home, Sweet Home!" (202) is scarcely more than the figure, harmoniously rendered, of a girl at a piano; whilst Mr. Gotch, in his ambitious work "News from the Beach" (242), has scarcely measured the extent of his powers, and attempts to crowd too much incident into his limited canvas. The spray, however, dashing up the street in which the fisher-women are anxiously waiting, is rendered with truth and force. Amongst the other pictures to which attention may be directed we may mention Mr. J. Lindley's "Study of Dead Birds" (12); Miss Cookesley's "Egyptian Duets" (93), especially for the drapery of the figure; Mr. F. Hine's "Evening at Epping" (74), with its golden sky; Mr. Bayes' "Pilgrims in a Strange Land" (176), in which the grouping of the figures is most creditable; Mr. E. Ellis's "Seaside Neighbours" (238); and the figure of the dog, at least, in Mr. Rossi's otherwise fantastic picture "Fetch It" (75).

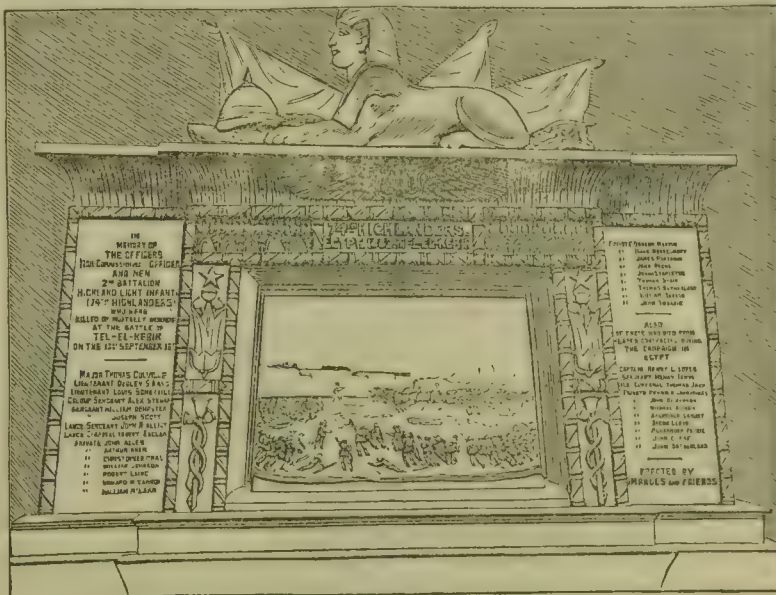
RAMBLING SKETCHES: GRANADA.

The most famous of the "Four Kingdoms" which anciently occupied the territory of Andalusia, in the southern part of Spain, was Granada, extending in length 240 miles from east to west, and with a breadth varying from thirty to eighty, shut in from the Mediterranean seacoast by the grand mountain ranges of the Sierra Nevada, the Sierra Tejeda, and the Alpujarras. This fertile land, by the aid of irrigation from the mountain streams, is productive of great wealth of corn and wine, oil, fruit, silk, and hemp; it yields also cotton and sugar, having a semi-tropical climate. The city of Granada, deriving its name from the Phœnician "Karnattah," was the last royal seat of Moorish rule in Spain, having been greatly raised in importance by the Spanish conquests of the other Moslem kingdoms. The history of its decline and fall, consummated by the final victory which was gained, in 1492, under Ferdinand and Isabella, has been related by Washington

Irving and Prescott, two of the best American writers, in narrative works of the highest literary merit.

This city, on the banks of the small river Darro, at its junction with the Xenil, upon an elevated site 2107 miles above the sea-level, with a background of snowy mountains, should be a delightful place in summer. But the town suffers from much decay and neglect in modern times. Its population is now between 70,000 and 80,000; the streets are mean, compared with those of Seville, but the Zacatin, a narrow alley of tall houses with overhanging balconies, has a look of picturesque antiquity, which is shown in one of our Artist's Sketches. There are several fountains, decorated with sculptured figures. The chief object of interest, however, in and about Granada, is the magnificent Moorish palace of the Alhambra, on a detached suburban hill begirt with walls and towers. This celebrated example of Saracenic architecture, the finest in Europe and scarcely surpassed in the East, was erected by Ibn-ul-Anmar, the Arab Sheikh of Jaen, who in the thirteenth century allied himself with the Spaniards to aid their conquest of Seville. It was degraded to a prison by the Spanish Government, afterwards to a silk factory, and Charles V. destroyed some part of it, for materials to build himself a palace in the Græco-Roman style. The French, in Bonaparte's time, used the Alhambra for barracks, and did enormous damage before their expulsion in 1812.

The exterior, which alone is represented in our Illustrations, is severely simple, but its towers have a grand and commanding appearance. The interior decorations, in the colonnades and arcades of the courts, the corridors, halls, and stately saloons, are wonderfully rich in design and colouring, blue, red, and gold being the chief colours employed, with intricate geometrical patterns of ornament, sentences of Arabic scripture, and those curious pendants of prismatic shape from the ceiling, like stalactites, which have been made familiar to us by the model at the Crystal Palace, constructed by Mr. Owen Jones. These, indeed, at the Alhambra of Granada, are composed only of coloured plaster or stucco, but are exceedingly beautiful in effect. The Court of the Lions, named from twelve quaint figures of those animals surrounding the basin of a fountain, is also well known to our readers. The gardens, groves, and other pleasure-grounds of the Alhambra, with the lovely views over the city, the plantations, and the richly cultivated Vega or



MEMORIAL OF THE 74TH HIGHLANDERS KILLED IN EGYPT.
ERECTED IN GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

plain of Granada, are delightful as a place of romantic dreams. "To understand the Alhambra," says Ford, "it must be lived in, and beheld in the semi-obscure evening, so beautiful in the South, when the ravages of decay are less apparent than in 'the glaring light of garish day.' On a stilly summer night all is again given up to the past and to the Moor. Then, as the moon floats in the air above, like the Crescent symbol of Islam, her tender beam heals the scars of the edifice and contributes to the sentiment of widowed loneliness. Her wan rays tip the filigree arches, and give depth to the shadows, and misty undefined magnitudes to the saloons beyond, which sleep in darkness and silence. Then, in proportion as all here around is dead, the shapes raised by fancy and imagination become alive. The halls and courts expand, and seem to be inhabited, while the shadows of the cypresses on the walls assume the forms of the dusky Moor, revisiting his lost home in the glimpses of the moon; while the night winds, breathing through the myrtles and through unglazed windows, rustle with a sound as of his silken robes, or sigh with his lament over the profanation of the Alhambra by the unclean infidel and destroyer."

THE 74TH HIGHLANDERS IN EGYPT.

A monument has been erected in Glasgow Cathedral to the memory of the officers and privates of the 74th Highlanders (2nd Battalion of Highland Light Infantry) who were killed or mortally wounded at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. It was fixed in a suitable position on the 22nd ult., and will be surmounted by the old regimental colours. The work has been executed, at the cost of the officers, past and present, of that gallant regiment, by Messrs. Alexander Macdonald and Co., of the Aberdeen Granite Works, and of Euston-road, London. It is a structure of Sicilian marble, very hard and clear, with a central panel of statuary marble, bearing a sculpture, in good relief, which represents the men of the 74th Highlanders attacking the enemy's ramparts. An Egyptian Sphinx, with banners and a soldier's helmet and other military emblems, rests on the top.

At the monthly conversazione of the Literary and Artistic Society, held in the Marlborough Rooms, Regent-street, on Monday evening, Miss Estelle Romer, a young American lady who has already gained considerable repute as a thought-reader, performed a series of interesting experiments.

The Town Council of the city of Bristol have appointed Mr. F. B. Girdlesome, who has for the past nine years acted as secretary and manager to the Bristol Docks, as general manager of the new undertaking of the Corporation, which embraces, in addition to the old city docks, those at Avonmouth and Portishead, acquired this year.

LITERATURE.

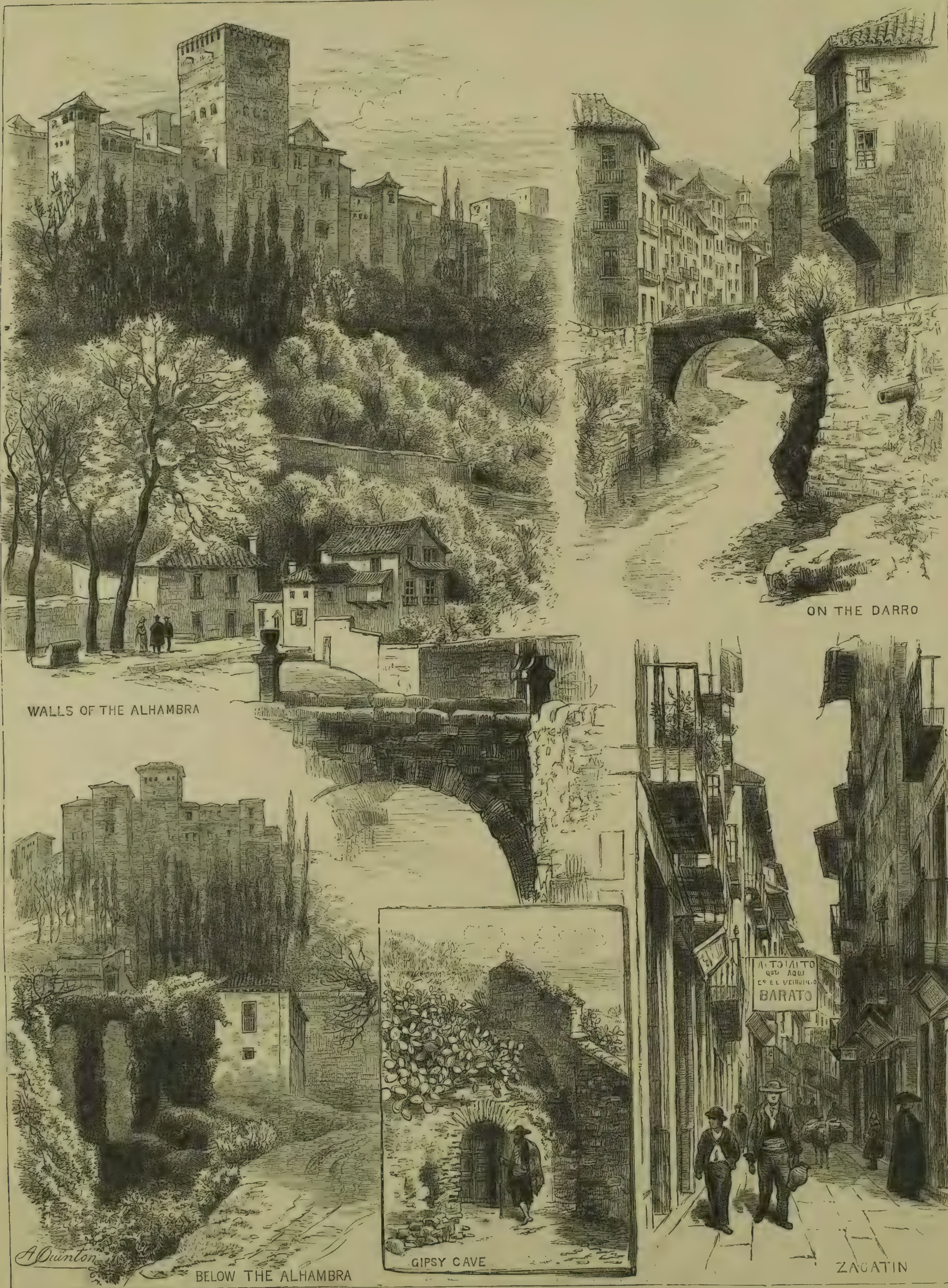
As a companion volume to Mr. Ainger's edition of "Elia," *Poems, Plays, and Miscellaneous Essays of Charles Lamb, with Introduction and Notes* (Macmillan and Co.), will be welcome to all readers of this incomparable essayist. No doubt it contains a good deal that, apart from the authorship, has no special value. "Rosamund Gray" is characteristic of the writer, and so are many of the poems, but if the tragedy of "John Woodvil" and the farce of Mr. H— were extinct the loss to literature would be insignificant. On the other hand, the book includes some invaluable papers, in which Lamb is seen at his best. Among them are "Recollections of Christ's Hospital," "On the Tragedies of Shakspeare," and "On the Genius and Character of Hogarth." Lamb's humour is always delightful, and criticism such as he gives us may take rank with the highest order of literature. Mr. Ainger's notes and introduction are brief and pertinent. He understands well the duty of an editor, and shows his tact as much perhaps in what he omits to say as in what he says.

In the series of "English Men of Letters" Mr. H. D. Traill has published a critical biography of Coleridge (Macmillan and Co.). It is, we need scarcely say, an extremely well-written monograph, but we are not so sure that it is satisfactory. The writer does justice to Coleridge's genius as a critic, possibly also as a poet, but his estimate of him as a teacher who has influenced many minds is, we think, far from adequate. Few literary men of our century are more distinguished, and not one, perhaps, has exhibited such a variety of powers. At the beginning of this century, or rather at the close of the last, when Coleridge's light shone the brightest, those who were best capable of judging augured for him a splendid future. His friends felt that he had a world to conquer; they did not then know that a weakness of will, an instability of purpose, would destroy in large measure the promise of his prime. What a glorious promise it was! The "inspired charity boy" grew up to manhood at a fortunate season. The intellect of the country was awaking to a new life, and Coleridge, like his friends Wordsworth and Southey, felt the inspiration of the hour. The meeting for the first time, at Racedown, in Dorsetshire, of the youthful poets Coleridge and Wordsworth is a significant fact in the history of English verse. "I think," says Sara Coleridge, in a passage Mr. Traill might have quoted with advantage,

"there was never so close a union between two such eminent minds in any age. They were together and in intimate communion at the most vigorous, the most inspired periods of the life of both." It is curious to note that while almost all Wordsworth's finest poetical work was done within ten years—namely, between 1799 and 1809, Coleridge may be said to have lived and died as a poet in a much briefer period. If his harvest as a poet was soon over, it was rich in golden grain. His finest efforts in verse are, indeed, of imperishable value. They stand alone in our literature—poems of enchanting melody, and secure in a strength that no waves of fashion can injure. It does not often happen that the divine gift of imagination and the more earthly gift of critical sagacity are combined in one man. Coleridge, however, possessed the critical faculty in the largest measure, and, as a critic of poetry, and especially of Shakspeare, he may have equals, but assuredly has no superior. As a talker, we prefer the estimate of Hazlitt to that of Carlyle; as a thinker, Mr. Traill does not do justice to the insight and suggestiveness which have been felt and acknowledged by men so widely differing as Cardinal Newman and F. D. Maurice. We need not dwell on the sad failing of his life, nor point a moral where it is so obvious. Let us rather think of Coleridge as he was when Wordsworth called him the most wonderful of men, as he was when he wrote "The Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel." In middle life and in age his genius was obscured by moral weakness, but in his glorious youth the poet

On honey dew had fed
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Professor Max Müller writes nothing that is not deserving of attention, and his latest publication, *Biographical Essays* (Longmans), treats of subjects which are of special value in the history of modern thought. Most of our readers know that of late years a great movement against idolatry and in favour of the unity of the Deity has taken place in India. It may be said to have owed its origin to Rājāh Rāmmohun Roy, who came to England as a seeker after truth, and died here fifty years ago. A more sincere man never lived; and he proved his sincerity by painful sacrifices and by a noble courage which shrank from no toil. He had been brought up in the belief of the divine authority of the Veda; his English friends placed the Bible before him, and "he actually learned Greek and Hebrew in order to form his own independent opinion of the Old and New Testaments." Truly does Mr. Max Müller say that the man "who is ready to sacrifice everything for the voice of truth, who submits to be called a sceptic, a heretic, an atheist, even by his dearest friends . . . is a great man, in the best sense of the word." To Keshub Chunder Sen, who was well known in England, and died at the beginning of this year, a like testimony is given. The story of his life and faith is told with much detail, and every page of it is pregnant with interest. He was an enthusiast, and discretion is not always allied with enthusiasm; but Keshub Chunder Sen's integrity and purity of purpose cannot be questioned. He, too, came to England to study, as he said, "the spirit of Christian philanthropy, of Christian charity, and honourable self-denial;" but, happier in this respect than Rāmmohun Roy, he died in his native land. The Professor's knowledge of Oriental languages, and the position which he holds at Oxford, bring him into constant communication with Eastern scholars. For several years two young Buddhist priests, Bunyiu Nanjio and Kenjiu Kassawara, resided at Oxford for the purpose of studying Sanskrit with Mr. Max Müller's help. The former is a man of distinguished ability, whose labours are now familiar to all students of Sanskrit; and both proved themselves men of high principle and great capacity for work. Mr. Max Müller's account of his friends is a beautiful tribute of affection. Bunyiu Nanjio returned this year to his native land; his friend had previously returned to Japan to die. The poor fellow was at home and yet not at home, for his parents could not reach him. "They well know," he writes, "that their place is too cold for me, and they cannot attempt to come to me"; and in his last letter he says, "Tokio is not my home, I have remained here in suspense, neither having been able to set out for home nor to find a comfortable abode here. No one looks after me; to a sick man very few remain as friends." One can well imagine with what a sad heart these words must have been written. We may add that the papers on Bunsen and on Charles Kingsley, already printed in another form, add considerably to the value of a volume full of suggestive matter.





MR. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, M.P.,
THE NEW CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.



THE LATE MR. A. M. SULLIVAN, M.P.,
AUTHOR OF "NEW IRELAND."

THE LATE MR. A. M. SULLIVAN, M.P.

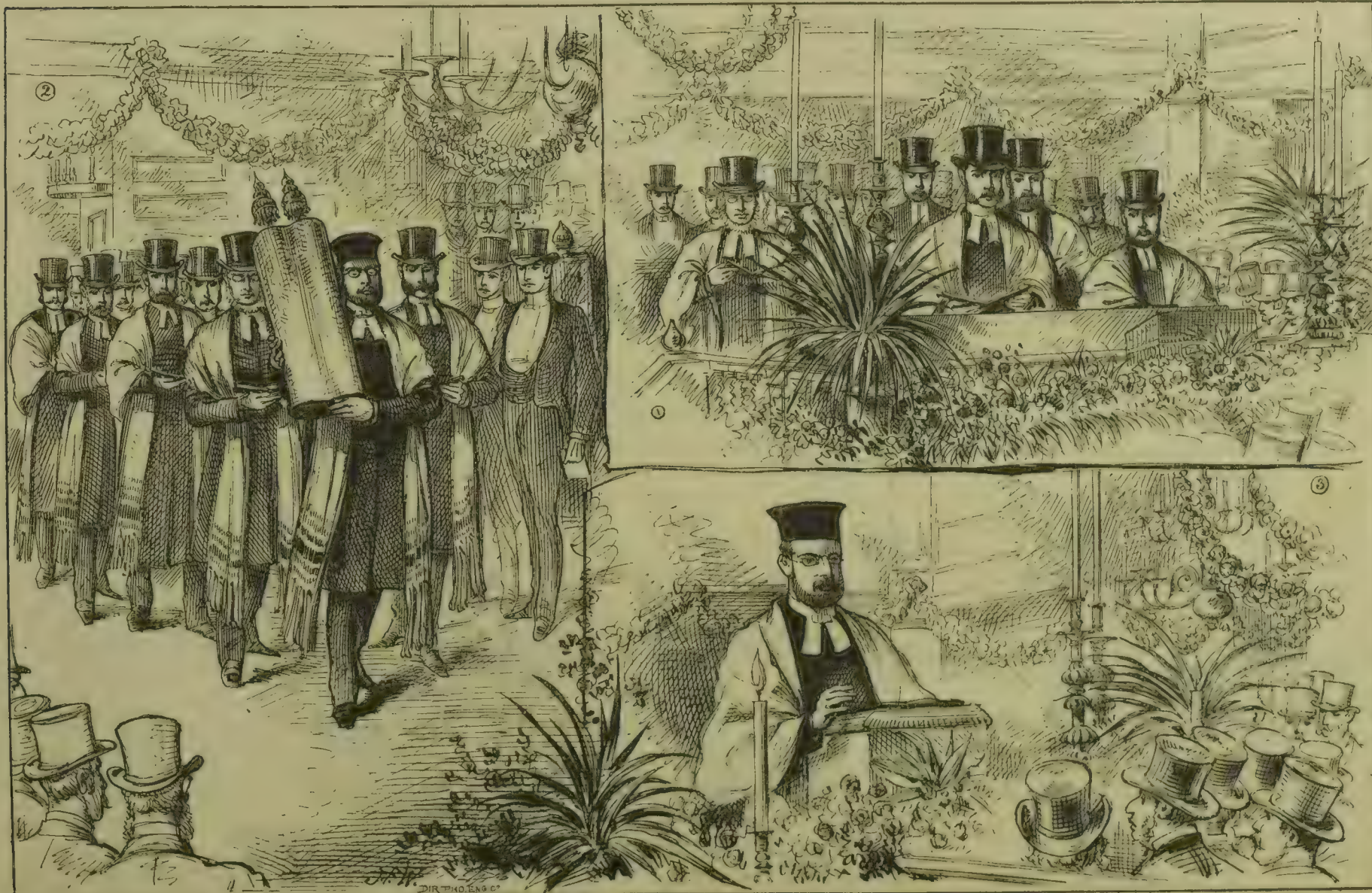
Mr. Alexander Martin Sullivan, who died on the 17th ult., was born in Bantry, county Cork, in 1830. It is said that his intention, at first, was to be an artist; but journalism drew him away from that occupation, and, when little more than five-and-twenty years of age he succeeded Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy as editor and proprietor of the *Nation*, a Dublin weekly paper, the organ of the "Young Ireland" party. In 1868 he was imprisoned four months for some publications with reference to the Manchester executions. During this imprisonment, he was nominated for the mayoralty of Dublin, being then a member of the Town Council; but he requested his friends to withdraw the nomination. At the general election of 1874 he was returned for Louth county, which he represented till 1880, when he was elected for Meath. In con-

sequence of ill-health, he had to retire from Parliament in 1882. When, in 1876, he withdrew from the editorship of the *Nation*, he was called to the Bar in Dublin, and received, next year, a special call from the Benchers of the Inner Temple, London. Mr. Sullivan occupied an eminent position in Irish professional, political, literary, and legal society. His defence of the Land League officers in the State Trials, in January, 1880, will be remembered as an example of forensic skill and eloquence. He was the author of "New Ireland," a temperate and creditable work of contemporary political history, and of several other important contributions to literature. He was also an earnest advocate of temperance, in favour of which he, a short time before his death, wrote an able letter to the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*. Mr. Sullivan married, in 1861, Francis Genevieve, daughter of the late Mr. Donovan, of New Orleans. He has

left a large family, to provide for whom a subscription is being raised among Irishmen and Englishmen of every political party, who respected his personal character as a sincere, patriotic, and honourable man.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Sons, of Brompton.

Mr. Justice Pearson had before him on Monday an application on behalf of the infant Marquis Camden, twelve years of age, that the allowance of £6000 a year, directed to be paid to his mother for his maintenance and education, might be increased to £8000. Mr. Justice Pearson, in declining to make the order asked for, said he would listen to any application for an augmented allowance in connection with the expenses of the public school and university education of the youthful Marquis.



1. The Afternoon Service.

2. Procession bringing in the new Scroll of the Law.

3. Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler, Delegate Chief Rabbi, preaching the Sermon.

SERVICE AT THE JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, BEVIS MARKS, TO COMMEMORATE THE HUNDREDTH YEAR OF SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Oct. 29.

Large withdrawals of gold from the Bank for export to Egypt and Canada, together with a continued efflux on provincial accounts, have made it nearly certain that the Bank of England rate of discount will have to be at once raised to 4 per cent, and by the time these words are read that standard will in all probability have been reached. This would give 3 per cent as the rate of interest to depositors. It has been more than once pointed out here that a good harvest would mean the return of the coin to the provinces which seven years of depression had caused to flow into the Bank's coffers. How strong this current is may be seen by noting the most recent experience. For seven consecutive weeks gold has been leaving the Bank for export, but in that time only £1,000,000 has been so withdrawn, while in the same period the stock of gold at the Bank has fallen £2,700,000. The difference has, of course, gone into circulation. The existence of the double current is, therefore, indisputable, and if it continue, and it seems that it must, the market will experience a higher level of money than the more ordinary financial conditions would suggest.

The best securities have been unfavourably affected by this obvious tendency of money, and it is natural that the demand for them should be kept down on this account. What Mr. Childers said last week, about fresh attempts at reducing the interest-charge of the debt, but little affects the fundholders. When Mr. Childers, or any succeeding Chancellor of the Exchequer, can offer repayment as an alternative to conversion, choice will have to be made, and then there need be no difficulty. Those who are paid off will easily find an equivalent investment, and if they fear they cannot, the market for British 2½ per cents will be open to them. Among foreign securities, Egyptian are just now most in favour. This is due to the reports as to Lord Northbrook's plans for rearranging the finances of Egypt. China is said to have attempted to raise a loan at home, presumably to provide means for meeting the expenses of the French invasion, but with very partial success. Yet Chinese Bonds have proved good investments in this market. In 1875 a loan of £1,900,000 was issued at 88½ per cent, and in 1877 £1,604,276 was issued in 8 per cent bonds at 98. The former is quite paid off, and the latter is within a few thousand pounds of its termination. If, therefore, 6 per cent bonds had been offered here through the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank it is probable that they would have been quickly taken up. A nation ought to look upon an alternative stock market as invaluable, and never quite close it.

The depression of British railways continues, sales following evidence after evidence that trade is not going to revive in

time to materially affect the working result of the ensuing half-year. There is continued excitement in the American market, and though something has been said about the rates being probably restored by the beginning of November, the more general opinion is that more suffering has yet to be gone through before harmony is restored. Canadian railways have also been dull, and the Grand Trunk Stocks are in particular sensitive to what affects the traffic position of the company's connections. The revived interest in Indian gold-mining shares continues, and one or two electric-lighting shares have excited more notice.

The Stock Exchange committee have this week admitted the new Two-and-Three-quarter per Cent Consols to the official list.

MONTEFIORE CENTENARY THANKSGIVING.

At this time last year, when the venerable Jewish citizen of London and benevolent patron of so many works of charity and mercy, Sir Moses Montefiore, Bart., entered the hundredth year of his age, we published some illustrations of his past life, and of the festivities and congratulations with which that period was celebrated by his neighbours at Ramsgate. His birthday this year, by the Jewish computation of time, occurred last Monday, but according to the Gregorian or European Calendar it fell on Saturday last. On that day, being the Jewish Sabbath, a special Thanksgiving Service was performed in the ancient London Synagogue in Bevis Marks, where Sir Moses Montefiore used to worship at the time of his residence in London. We present some illustrations of this religious service, including the ceremony of bringing in a new Scroll of the Law, presented by Mr. Joseph De Castro in memory of his daughter, and the preaching of a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler, Delegate Chief Rabbi. There was special prayer and thanksgiving, in which mention was made of the good old man, Moses Montefiore, and of his departed wife, Judith, Lady Montefiore. At the Jewish synagogue at Ramsgate, on Monday, there was also a special service, at which Sir Moses was present, and he afterwards spoke a few grateful and pious words to those around him. His house in that neighbourhood was visited by many friends, and he received about eight hundred letters and six hundred telegrams, one from the Queen, to offer him affectionate congratulations. The Jewish Freemasons in London had a festive dinner on the occasion, and there were public rejoicings at Ramsgate, with a dinner, fireworks, and torchlight procession.

Sir William Worsley has made a return of 10 per cent to his tenants on the past half year's rents. A similar reduction has been made for some years past.

NEW CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

The Right Hon. Henry Campbell-Bannerman, late M.P. for the Stirling District of Burghs, and now seeking re-election, has been appointed to succeed the Right Hon. G. O. Trevelyan in the important Ministerial office of Secretary to the Government of Ireland. He is second son of the late Sir James Campbell, of Strathcathro, Forfarshire, and his mother being a daughter of Mr. Henry Bannerman, of Manchester, the subject of this memoir, who was born in 1836, took the name of Campbell-Bannerman some twelve years ago. He was educated at Glasgow University and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1858, and M.A. in 1861. He married, in 1860, a daughter of Major-General Sir Charles Bruce, K.C.B. In December, 1868, he was elected M.P. for Stirling; he held the post of Financial Secretary to the War Office, in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, from November, 1871, to February, 1874, and was reappointed under the present Government in April, 1880, but has latterly been Secretary to the Admiralty, and has earned a high reputation for administrative skill, and for ability and discretion in the conduct of Parliamentary business.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Sons, of Brompton-road, South Kensington.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR CARDS.

The first in the field this year with these pleasant tokens of friendship and love are Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner, of Jewin-street, City. Their designs, judging by the specimens sent us, are as charming as they are various, and will bear competition with their best issues in previous years. It may be mentioned that this firm received the gold medal for its cards at the late International and Universal Exhibition.

Next in point of time, though certainly not second as regards quality, comes a selection of Prang's American Christmas and New-Year Cards, chiefly floral, forwarded by Mr. Arthur Ackermann, of Regent-street, who is the sole importer into England of these exquisite trifles, many of which are works of art. Comment on these world-renowned productions is superfluous. Mention, however, is demanded—for its size, if for no other reason—of a large fan-shaped New-Year gift, one half being of plaited pink satin and the other of plush, to match therewith. In the centre is a satin sachet, bearing paintings tastefully executed, and the fan is bordered with swansdown. To the masculine mind such a delicate object seems only fit to be put under a glass shade and admired; but the quicker perception of ladies will, doubtless, suggest half-a-dozen purposes for which it may be used—among them being, perhaps, a fan and a fire-screen.

TURIN NATIONAL ITALIAN
EXHIBITION OF 1884 will CLOSE ON NOVEMBER 10.
Science, Industrial Arts, Agriculture, Fine Arts, Souvenirs of the Political Renaissance of Italy, Gallery of Machinery in Motion, International Electrical Section, Entertainments.
Railway Fares at greatly Reduced Prices.

TURIN NATIONAL ITALIAN
EXHIBITION OF 1884 will CLOSE ON NOVEMBER 10.
Science, Industrial Arts, Agriculture, Fine Arts, Souvenirs of the Political Renaissance of Italy, Gallery of Machinery in Motion, International Electrical Section, Entertainments.
Railway Fares at greatly Reduced Prices.

TURIN NATIONAL ITALIAN
EXHIBITION OF 1884 will CLOSE ON NOVEMBER 10.
Science, Industrial Arts, Agriculture, Fine Arts, Souvenirs of the Political Renaissance of Italy, Gallery of Machinery in Motion, International Electrical Section, Entertainments.
Railway Fares at greatly Reduced Prices.

TURIN NATIONAL ITALIAN
EXHIBITION OF 1884 will CLOSE ON NOVEMBER 10.
Science, Industrial Arts, Agriculture, Fine Arts, Souvenirs of the Political Renaissance of Italy, Gallery of Machinery in Motion, International Electrical Section, Entertainments.
Railway Fares at greatly Reduced Prices.

TURIN NATIONAL ITALIAN
EXHIBITION OF 1884 will CLOSE ON NOVEMBER 10.
Science, Industrial Arts, Agriculture, Fine Arts, Souvenirs of the Political Renaissance of Italy, Gallery of Machinery in Motion, International Electrical Section, Entertainments.
Railway Fares at greatly Reduced Prices.

TURIN NATIONAL ITALIAN
EXHIBITION OF 1884 will CLOSE ON NOVEMBER 10.
Science, Industrial Arts, Agriculture, Fine Arts, Souvenirs of the Political Renaissance of Italy, Gallery of Machinery in Motion, International Electrical Section, Entertainments.
Railway Fares at greatly Reduced Prices.

TURIN NATIONAL ITALIAN
EXHIBITION OF 1884 will CLOSE ON NOVEMBER 10.
Science, Industrial Arts, Agriculture, Fine Arts, Souvenirs of the Political Renaissance of Italy, Gallery of Machinery in Motion, International Electrical Section, Entertainments.
Railway Fares at greatly Reduced Prices.

TURIN NATIONAL ITALIAN
EXHIBITION OF 1884 will CLOSE ON NOVEMBER 10.
Science, Industrial Arts, Agriculture, Fine Arts, Souvenirs of the Political Renaissance of Italy, Gallery of Machinery in Motion, International Electrical Section, Entertainments.
Railway Fares at greatly Reduced Prices.

TURIN NATIONAL ITALIAN
EXHIBITION OF 1884 will CLOSE ON NOVEMBER 10.
Science, Industrial Arts, Agriculture, Fine Arts, Souvenirs of the Political Renaissance of Italy, Gallery of Machinery in Motion, International Electrical Section, Entertainments.
Railway Fares at greatly Reduced Prices.

GRAND HOTEL DU LOUVRE.
THE BEST AND MOST COMFORTABLE IN THE WORLD.
PARIS. 700 Richly Furnished Bed-rooms and Reception-rooms.
Noted Table d'Hôte, 6 francs (wine included).
Breakfast—Coffee, Tea, and Chocolate, with rolls and butter, 1 fr. 50c.
IMPORTANT NOTICE.
Great advantages are offered to Families desiring to remain at the hotel for one week or more. Pension from 15 francs per day, including room, service, candles, déjeuner à la fourchette, and dinner.
Splendid Reading-room and Picture Gallery. Baths, Douches, and Hairdressing Saloon.
A lift to all the floors. The hotel is warmed throughout with hot air.

IKLEY WELLS HYDROPATHIC
ESTABLISHMENT and HOTEL, renovated and refurnished, offers a delightful winter residence. A conservatory, covering 600 square yards, connected with the house, and commanding magnificent views of Wharfedale, has recently been added. Reduced winter terms.
Address, Manager, Wells House, Ikley, via Leeds.

VITREMANIE Process for imitating Ancient and Modern Stained Glass. Brilliant in colouring, and permanent. The method learned in a few minutes. Elegant and profitable art-work for ladies. New designs now ready suitable for churches, chapels, clubs, halls, and private houses. Prospectuses, testimonials, and full instructions sent post-free.—J. BARNARD and SON, Sole Inventors, 231, Oxford-street, London, W.

TRADESMEN'S and MANUFACTURERS'
BILL-HEADS, CARDS, LABELS, CIRCULARS, &c., of every description, designed and printed.—HARRY SOANE, Grosvenor-street, Leicester-square. Prize Medal, Paris, 1878, for Engraving and Printing.

TO FAT PERSONS.—How to remove superfluous fat, cure obesity, and improve the health without semi-starvation diet or fatiguing exercise, by F. C. RUSSELL, late of 15, Gower-street. Recipe and other particulars will be sent free on receipt of stamped envelope to F. C. RUSSELL, Wolton House, Store-st., Bedford-sq., London, W.C.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO? Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office, Plain-ketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, books, and steel dies, ss. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 2s. 6d. Gold Ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 Engravings, ss. 1d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX of STATIONERY contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

VISITING CARDS by CULLETON. Fifty best quality, 2s. 8d., post-free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate, Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Mitten Name, 15s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS, ARMS, CORONET, CREST, and ADDRESS DIES Engraved as Gems from Original and Artistic Designs. NOTE-PAPER and ENVELOPES, brilliant and Illuminated by hand in Gold, Silver, Bronze, and Colours. BEST RELIEF STAMPING, any colour, 1s. per 100. HERALDIC ENGRAVING, PAINTING, and ILLUMINATING. All the New and Fashionable Note-Papers. BALL PROGRAMMES, MENU CARDS, GUEST CARDS, WEDDING CARDS, INVITATIONS, and BOOK PLATES.

A VISITING CARD PLATE elegantly engraved, and 100 CARDS Printed, for 4s. 6d. RODRIGUES, 42, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

FOR FAMILY ARMS (Lincoln's-inn Heraldic Office) send Name and County. Sketch, 3s. 6d.; in colours, 7s. 6d. Arms Painted and Engraved on Seals, Dies, &c. PUGG BROTHERS, Great Turnstile, Lincoln's-inn, W.C.; and 76, Queen Victoria-street, E.C. Prize Medal, Paris, 1878.

NUDA VERITAS.—GREY HAIR restored by this specific: after which it grows the natural colour, not grey. Unequalled as a dressing. It causes growth, arrests falling, and its use defies detection. The most harmless and effectual restorer extant. One trial will convince it has no equal. Price 10s. 6d., of all Chemists and Hairdressers. Testimonials free. Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 2s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world. Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

COLDS CURED BY DR. DUNBAR'S ALKARAM, or Anti-Catarrh Snelling-Bottle. **ALKARAM.** **COLDS.** **ALKARAM.** **COLDS.** **ALKARAM.** **COLDS.** **ALKARAM.** **COLDS.**

If inhaled on the first symptoms, ALKARAM will at once arrest them, and cure severe cases in half an hour. Sold by all Chemists, 2s. 6d. a Bottle. Address, Dr. Dunbar, care of Messrs. F. Newbery and Sons, 1, King Edward-st., E.C.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, FOR LIVER. **COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,** FOR BILE. **COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,** FOR INDIGESTION. **COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,** FOR HEARTBURN.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT. The Pills purify the blood, correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, kidneys, and bowels. The Ointment is unrivalled in the cure of bad legs, old wounds, gout, and rheumatism.

JAY'S, REGENT-STREET.

CRÈPE IMPÉRIAL.

NEW MATERIAL FOR MOURNING WEAR.

"MESSRS. JAY, of Regent-street, London, have secured a novel manufacture for black. It is all wool, and yet looks exactly like crêpe, as it has the crinkled or crimped surface which is inseparable from that fabric. It is a solid and most durable, being free from elasticity of the more perishable silk crêpe which it so closely resembles, and yet it is glossy. It appears under the name of 'Crêpe Impérial,' and is made up effectively into costumes for deep mourning, when it is not compulsory to trim with crêpe. The firm should be congratulated on introducing a fabric which will answer for the deepest mourning dress, and will wear as long as the mourner elects to use it."—Extract from "The Queen" newspaper.

MOURNING FOR FAMILIES. MESSRS. JAY'S Experienced DRESSMAKERS and MILLINERS travel to any part of the kingdom, free of expense to purchasers. They take with them dresses and millinery, 16-size patterns of materials, at 1s. per yard and upwards, all marked in plain figures, and at the same price as if purchased at the warehouse in Regent-street. Reasonable estimates are also given for Household Mourning, at a great saving to large or small families. Funerals at stated charges conducted in London or country.

JAY'S THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, REGENT-STREET, W.

CHOCOLAT MENIER. Awarded the GRAND DIPLOMA OF HONOUR AMSTERDAM EXHIBITION, 1883.

CHOCOLAT MENIER, in ½ lb. and ¼ lb. PACKETS.

For BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

CHOCOLAT MENIER.—Awarded Twenty-Eight PRIZE MEDALS. Consumption annually exceeds 25,000,000 lb.

CHOCOLAT MENIER. Paris, London, New York.

Sold Everywhere. **BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR** IS A WORLD-WIDE NECESSARY.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR FOR THE NURSERY.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR FOR THE FAMILY TABLE.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR FOR THE SICK ROOM.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

UNIVERSALLY PRESCRIBED BY THE FACULTY. A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge.

TAMAR For CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Cerebral Congestion.

INDIEN Prepared by E. GRILLON, Chemist of the Paris Faculty, 69, Queen-street, City.

GRILLON. Tamar, unlike Pills and the usual Purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation, nor interferes with business or pleasure. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists, 2s. 6d. a Box. Stamp included.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO whitens the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, strengthens the gums, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath. It contains no acid, mineral, nor gritty substances.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO, to protect the public from imitations, has on the box a St. Government stamp. Buy only Rowlands' Odonto, of 26, Hatton-garden, London. Sold everywhere.

ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU there is no better Cough Medicine than KEATING'S "COZENGES." One gives relief; if you suffer from cough try them but once; they will cure, and they will not injure your health. Sold everywhere in 1884.

RETHINKING FROM BUSINESS.

MR. STREETER,

18, NEW BOND-STREET,

HAVING, AFTER 38 YEARS' TRADING,

DECIDED TO RETIRE FROM THE

JEWELLERY TRADE,

NOW OFFERS THE WHOLE OF

HIS VALUABLE STOCK OF

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS,

18-CARAT GOLD WORK,

ENGLISH KEYLESS LEVER WATCHES,

RARE JAPANESE ART WORK,

AT A GREAT REDUCTION.

THE PUBLIC will for the next few months have special opportunities of securing some of this well-known and carefully selected stock.

MR. STREETER'S COLLECTION of PRECIOUS STONES and GEMS, Rough and Cut, will also be OFFERED FOR SALE. Connoisseurs and Collectors are invited to inspect.

MR. STREETER, RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

18, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.

JOHN BROGDEN,

ART GOLDSMITH.

GOOD LUCK HOUSESHOE

2-CARAT GOLD WEDDING RINGS.

PROTECTED BY REGISTERED TRADE-MARK.

6, GRAND HOTEL-BUILDINGS, CHANCERY-CROSS.

WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES are superseding all others. Prize Medals—London, 1872; Paris, 1875; Silver Watches, from £4 4s.; Gold, from £6 6s. Price-Lists sent free.—77, Cornhill; and 29, Regent-street.

ELKINGTON and CO.

ELECTRO PLATE.

SILVER PLATE.

CLOCKS and BRONZES.

ELKINGTON and CO.

TESTIMONIAL PLATE.

CUTLERY, &c.

Illustrated Catalogues post-free.

ELKINGTON and CO., 22, Regent-st.; or 42, Moorgate-st., City.

TOWLE'S PENNYROYAL and STEEL

PILLS for FEMALES. Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1d., and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists. Sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by the maker, E. T. TOWLE, Chemist, Nottingham.

SUBSCRIPTION TO

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

AT HOME.

Twelvemonths (including Christmas Number) £1 9s. 3d.

Six months, 14s. Christmas Half-Year, 15s. 3d.

Three months, 7s. Christmas Quarter, 8s. 3d.

Copies will be supplied direct from the Office to any part of the United Kingdom and the Channel Islands, for any period, at the rate of 6d. for each Number, paid in advance.

ABROAD.

The yearly subscription abroad is 36s. 4d. (on thin paper, 32s.), with the following exceptions:—

To Abyssinia, Aden, Borneo, Ceylon, India, Java, Labuan, Penang, Philippine Islands, Sarawak, Singapore, and Zanzibar, 41s. (thin paper, 34s.).

To Madagascar (except St. Mary and Tamatave) and the Transvaal, 45s. (on thin paper, 36s. 4d.).

Subscribers are specially advised to order the thick paper edition, the appearance of the engravings in the thin paper copies being greatly injured by the print at the back showing through.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, in English money; by cheque crossed the Union Bank of London; or by Post-Office Order, payable at the East-Strand Post Office, to Ingram Brothers, of 198, Strand, London.



DRAWN BY HAL LUDLOW.

To see Mr. Vernon riding towards Sack Point by the sands at low tide was the event of the day.

ROPES OF SAND.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGE WATERS," "OLYMPIA," "A RÉAL QUEEN," &C.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A LOVE-LETTER.

It was well for the Parson's peace of mind that he knew nothing of certain habits of Mabel's, which, though he could not have understood them, must have inevitably filled him with alarm. One was that she never failed to set a light in her bedroom window at certain midnight hours. The other, that she was in the habit of receiving letters after all, though they were never signed Francis Carew—indeed for that matter, they were not always signed at all. Nor were they brought by the regular postal channel through which perhaps some six letters, all for the Vicarage, found their way into Stoke Juliot in the course of a year. They were invariably brought her privately by Mrs. Drax, who invariably brought them herself from Barnstaple, whither it was obviously necessary that the Squire's housekeeper should occasionally go to consult the Squire's man of affairs. Not that the letters passed through the hands of Mr. Haynes.

Having to keep a light in her room (luckily, candles formed no portion of the Parson's economies), it was natural that she should re-peruse the latest of these communications, the more especially as she had only received it that day, and it was of more consequence than they always were.

"MY ANGEL," it began—words that can scarcely fail to ensure at least one re-perusal, if not more. "I safely received your last dearest letter: and I vow to you, on my life and my soul (and that's yourself), I have not left one single word of it unknissed—no, not one. I am still in trouble: I am at any rate of consequence enough (or am thought to be) not easily to be restored into favour. My enmities are not so powerful as violent and unrelenting. But the time will come: and then they will sea. Meanwile, my Angel, be true: don't fall out with Mrs. Drax, and *never* forget the light in the window. I may come any time: when least expected then most to be look for. So you've heard nothing of that bumkin, Frank Carew. It was a good thought, your Ropes of Sand. For 'tis my belief he will nodd his head against them and go to Davy Jones. He is not like me, who have been all through the Injies, and the Cannabals and Tygres without losing a hair: why, he would not speek their lingow. You must not be afraid of his coming to harm. He will get a lesson: and Providense always wachtes over Fools. I may come to deliver you from your Captivity any night: so be prepared. I shall not tell you by writing any more. How my engre heart burns for that happy hour, when we shall be whirling away post haste into that heaven on earth where we shall be bound by fetters of aramanthine flowers. Dearest Mabel, I dream of you alone every moment by night and think of you every moment by day—

I vow it, upon my life and soul. I love you as much as you love me: and though peiresses have been at my feat, you have tamed and melted the hardest heart in the world: as heard, but oh, as true as steel. My Angel, how impatient you must be to sea me again! But it will not be long now before we meet to part no more—

Angels listen when she speaks:
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder:
But my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder—

As I left my pillow at two o'clock last night to write of you. And to think that *you* were to be mated with that Bumkin! But I'm not jealous of *him*. I thought your letter was a little cold; but of course I understand when you love me so much, to find words to ecpress all you feel. It is more than even I can do. I should like to go on writing for a year: but I must send this in a hurry. A thousand million kisses from your own true lover for ever and a day—HORNECK. And a thousand million more—Tho' poor the offering be."

Love-letters are beyond criticism: except on the part of those who, for obvious reasons, cannot criticise. Mabel was no judge of spelling or style: and, after all, who ever really cared for such arbitrary trifles? And what love-letter worth the name ever read wisely—unless it were written by a scoundrel or a fool? It did just strike Mabel that she had come across the poetry somewhere before: but then it might be the result of that morning's first reading, and not from some random dip into the Vicar's book-shelves. Again it did jar a little upon her that the successful lover should stoop to call his unfortunate rival names. Some sort of insight told her that had the tables been turned, nothing of that kind would have come from the pen any more than from the tongue of Francis Carew. Still, with all shortcomings, the letter was a prize: the only man who has ever called one an angel can hardly do very much wrong, at any rate until he has ceased to be the only man.

But what really went to heart was that her knight and soldier was still in trouble, and that he looked to her to console him for them all. She was flattered, doubtless, and that sort of vanity which men and women dignify by the name of ambition was stirred. But none the less romantic pity was at the root of the matter: and, what may seem a little strange, it was since she had begun to guess dimly at the devotion of Francis that her heart had felt the most tenderly towards his rival. It was as if Francis had sown the seed for Caleb to reap the harvest—I wonder if that sort of love's labour lost be common or no. It is common enough in Nature, if that be any guide, where summer fructifies but autumn gathers: where the snow keeps the roots warm, but sees nothing of the flowers.

And where was Francis, after all? It was not pleasant for conscience to feel that, though not in a French prison, it might be better for him if he were: and that, wherever he was, it was she who had sent him there. But no doubt Caleb was right—Caleb *must* be. Travel would be a wholesome lesson for the clown who had bidden her marry him, and yet had shown himself such a slave. After all, he had gone away of his own free will and desire—and time enough for to-morrow when it comes, thought she, for the ten thousandth time since she had been born. She read the letter over again by the light of her signal candle, only skipping over those parts which jarred at once upon her taste and her conscience. And, when the kitchen clock struck three (which signified a quarter past one) she put the paper under her pillow, and her head over that, thankful that she had passed another day without a crisis, and trying to hope that one would come to-morrow—trying her best, too, poor girl, to hate the one lover as much as she loved the other, and to love the other as much as she endeavoured to hate the one. As to which she thought of the most before she slept, there was scarce a pin to choose between the two.

She woke to a morning of cloud and wind, and to a nervous consciousness that yesterday had somehow set her sailing a doubtful course on dangerous seas. So Francis Carew was a prisoner in France—to that she must stand committed, and must commit him also to it should he suddenly return. And then she might expect Caleb any time—that very night, it might be, for aught she could tell. And for the first time, too, a feeling came to her that she was something more to the Parson than a piece of wreckage, to which he had become accustomed: and, though this touched her, it did not make her feel the happier. Of course she was acting for his welfare: but "Oh, if I could only do all openly!" thought she: "if the course of true love could but run smooth! However, all will be well some day: and till then—well, nothing can happen to-day."

Nor did anything happen for some quiet hours. And yet that day was not fated to go wholly without its event: though in any other parish the event would have been but the smallest of the small.

It happened in this wise. Tamzin's successor, who answered to the name of Bridget, and was chiefly distinguished by a prodigious capacity for blundering, suddenly burst into Mabel's parlour, open-mouthed and open-eyed, with—

"Oh Lord, Mistress! Here's a strange man wants to see you or Parson—whomsoever mought a' be!"

Caleb? Francis? Mabel's heart almost leapt into her mouth. But her confusion was scarce less when she saw, just above Bridget's shoulder, the face of a real, genuine stranger:

CHAPTER XXXIII.

OLD PIGTAIL.

and of a gentleman, which, in Stoke Juliot, was the crown and pinnacle of all that is strange.

She rose hastily and flushing, ashamed of Bridget's barbarism, and vexed at having been taken unprepared. After all, she was but a country girl, and shy. Yet there was no need. Not even smiling at the manner of his announcement, the visitor bowed himself round Bridget, and said, with the most polished courtesy,

"Pray pardon me. I asked for his Reverence: I did not expect to surprise a fair lady in her bower. Nevertheless—since mine is but a visit of ceremony—may I come in? I would have paid it to the lady, if I had known: hoping that ceremony may become friendly welcome another time."

A visit of ceremony—the phrase was of itself alarming. Mabel could only make a confused curtsy, and then stand silent and blushing, for all the world like a milkmaid, and angry with herself for feeling like a fool. But, even under such conditions, what woman, though she may lose her head, loses her eyes. The visitor was a handsome, even distinguished looking person of some fifty years old, tall, and of a figure admirably preserved—as unlike his contemporary, the Vicar, as man can be unlike man. His face was healthily pale, and smoother than many a much younger man's: his hair was grizzled to such an exactly becoming degree as to suggest a dash of powder: his eyes were blue and clear, and his features regular and refined. As for his dress, it was the very perfection of quiet elegance, and his white hands were as perfect as his bow.

"I must introduce myself," said he: "and you will have to take me on my own assurance—ah: the Reverend Jordan Pengold? I was just introducing myself to this young lady: Miss Pengold I presume. I hope an idle man has not had the misfortune to disturb a busy one?"

I have said no man could be more unlike the Parson than this elegant stranger. But that was while they were apart—together, it was scarce possible to believe that both belonged to the same world. The Parson came rolling and lumbering in, his wig more than half off, his waistcoat open, his shirt ruffled, his face perspiring, with spattered top-boots and breeches, and accompanied with an atmosphere in which tobacco tried to conquer the effects of a visit to the pigs, and failed. A busy man he assuredly seemed to be. On the other hand was this fresh, cool, self-possessed, and perfectly arranged gentleman, looking as if he had never done any harder work than take off his hat to a lady.

"I'm Parson Pengold," said the Vicar. "That fool Bridget made me think the house was a-fire. Have you come to see my pigs? Bridget—draw a jug of ale. And don't bring it in the teapot, as you did last time."

The stranger did not immediately proceed with his introduction, but waited, as if to give the Parson an opportunity for full inspection. But after Bridget had left the room, he went on.

"My name is Vernon," said he: and paused again.

"Vernon—eh?" asked the Parson. "If you've come about pigs, I'll show you as fine a litter"—

"Most interesting animals—none more so. It is not, however, on business that I have called. I have to explain myself—for the fact is, I'm something of an oddity. I don't pretend to be a scholar, in your sense: but I'm a student: and I am engaged on a work that demands seclusion: nothing less—than—in fact, an Epic Poem on no less a subject than the Wars of the Stars. Such a theme is not to be executed amid the madding crowd, but in solitary communion with—you understand. Searching for solitude, I chanced to visit Barnstaple: and was fortunate enough to make inquiries of a professional man named Haynes."

"I know Lawyer Haynes," said the Parson. "He defended an action I brought to recover a lot of tithe sheaves six harvests ago—the biggest rogue in Devon, be the other who he may."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Mr. Vernon. "He had a house on hand, the property of a client who is gone abroad; and, after some conversation, he agreed to let it to me till his client's return."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Parson. "You don't mean you've taken Hornacombe?"

"Hornacombe is the place. I have seen it this morning, and it suits me down to the ground. Solitude, space, a whole library of books, and a housekeeper already there."

"But you can't have taken Hornacombe. Why, the owner's a prisoner to the French—confound 'em!—poor lad: and"

"Indeed—a soldier? Mr. Haynes said nothing of that: but he thought it his duty not to let the house stand idle, or run out of repair. He made a convenience of me for his client's sake, and I made a convenience of him for my own. Of course I quit whenever required, and pay rent to date, whenever it may be. I don't suppose Mr. Carew?"

"Mr. Carew will object to find a sum of money he didn't look for waiting him whenever he comes home again, as pray God every brave fellow of ours soon may. It is a great and glorious thing to be an Englishman in these terrible times—to live in the only country that remains loyal to the Church and the Throne. In my opinion, and doubtless in yours"—he took a pinch of snuff—"there's one Fox ought to be shot for vermin, and his name's Charles James. However, though I mean to be an anchorite, I am still to be your parishioner, and I trust not otherwise than your friend. And perhaps, had I been warned of Miss Pengold's blue eyes, I might have wandered further in search of a spot where a snail would have no temptation to come out of his shell."

If an eccentric, he was certainly an agreeable man. His compliments, unlike Captain Quickset's, did not seem aimed straight between the eyes, but were dropped out as things of course, and had to be digested a little before one could taste the flavour. He was no doubt elderly and formal: but then he was handsome and graceful, and had an easy, polished air that was altogether new to Mabel—as far removed from the Captain's fascinating impudence as from Francis Carew's boorish simplicity. She did not consciously draw comparisons with either: but she did know that, stranger though he was, he made her feel perfectly at ease.

Nor did the good impression diminish as the time passed on, and as the conventional few minutes of a first call grew into many. He not only talked easily himself, but gradually led the others into talking with almost equal ease, about all manner of things—the affairs of Stoke Juliot, social and legendary; the misdeeds of the farmers; the latest town fashions; all things, in short, save one, and that was himself. After his first introduction he quietly dismissed himself from the conversation, so that not until he had taken his departure were they able to realise how little he had told and how much he had learned.

"I've known many a strange thing in my time," said Parson Pengold, when Mr. Vernon had left the Vicarage: "many a mighty strange thing. But if I live to the age of Pontius Pilate's porter I shall never see so strange a thing as that a gentleman—a scholar—should, of his own free will, bury himself alive."

Though Stoke Juliot, for cause, did not trouble itself about other people's business more than other places of the same size, the occupation of Hornacombe by Mr. Vernon amounted to something more than the mere nine days' wonder. Nothing is less strange than a stranger at Stoke Juliot nowadays, at certain times of the year. But then a stranger was a stranger indeed. There was some reason for the sojourn of Captain Quickset—he had been travel bound, and it was only natural that the young Squire should have guests and friends. But for the sudden evolution of this Mr. Vernon there was no imaginable cause. Eccentric scholarship, or poetical vagary, might pass muster at the Vicarage, but at the village—no. Mrs. Drax became a lioness. And it was mainly through her good offices that the distrustful prejudice with which the new resident was at first regarded became changed into some sort of respect and liking. Considering that the housekeeper was deprived, by this unlooked-for episode, of her absolute dominion over Hornacombe during the absence of its owner, this assuredly speaks volumes for Mr. Vernon's tact as a manager. At any rate, she had none but golden words for her temporary master. He was as quiet a gentleman as her old master, or as the poor dear Captain—different in every way that could be thought of from that good-for-nothing runaway, that roystering scapegrace, the young Squire. He just gave no trouble at all. He made his own breakfast (toast and tea—nothing more) in his own room, and then read and wrote in the library, so that Mrs. Drax never set eyes on him or had anything to do for him before noon, and some days not till later still. At two, as regular as the clock, he had a dish of fish—the finest that could be obtained, which he ate with unknown sauces added by himself, and one bottle of wine, of which a small supply had followed him from Barnstaple. Then, between three and four, he walked or rode (for a capital hack had followed the wine): the evening was occupied like the morning: and he was in bed by ten. The service he required was next to none, Mrs. Drax, and a native lad to groom the hack, being ample for all his needs. On Sunday, he varied his habits by going to church in the forenoon, and by falling into the habit of taking pot-luck at the Vicarage after the sermon, which the Vicar, with such an addition to his congregation, could no longer venture to postpone. But all these were negative merits. He was not only the best-spoken gentleman ever known of in that rough corner, but the openest-handed too. He paid thrice the market price for his fish, and for all else, without seeming to notice that he was being cheated by these simple fisher-folk: he rewarded the least service with at least four times its proper value, thus, while filling pockets, corrupting minds: and—since Mrs. Drax was the loudest in his praise—the hand so open abroad must have been no less generous at home. When a man is a hero to his housekeeper, it is not hard to guess the reason why.

Golden opinions—they are easily bought: but it does not follow that, because they are bought, they are always for that reason undeserved. More blameless and harmless life was never led by mortal man on a desert island than was led by Mr. Vernon at Hornacombe. His very presence in the parish gave a refined—a sort of aristocratic flavour to the air. Even the Parson, not altogether with the best contentment, had to avoid fuddling himself before bed-time, to brush his clothes, to settle his wig, and to put a guard upon his tongue. The so-called fishermen became fishers in earnest, now that Hornacombe was paying at outrageous prices for the best they could supply, and took to touching their forelocks to the paymaster. The farmers' wives and daughters, including young Mrs. Hale, were stimulated to competition in butter and cream, as well as in ribbons—it was not fair that the fish market, when money was flying, should get all the gain. Besides, hay had to be made while the sun shone: for, alas! Mr. Vernon was but a tenant-at-will. To see Mr. Vernon, with his handsome face, his thoroughbred bearing, and his graceful seat in the saddle, riding towards Sack Point by the sands at low tide, or towards Barnstaple over the moor, was the event of the day: and not a few were the pennies that the urchins gained by going out to see. A Poet, was he? Well, it was quite clear that a Poet's is a good trade. For a professed poet, too, he was a marvellously modest man—his first allusion had been his last to the Wars of the Stars. But that matter was, of course, beyond the Stoke Juliot ken. The folk there did not, for want of samples, know how rare it is to find a poet vain.

There was nothing more to note than that the work of the village postmistress sextupled itself at once. A packet of letters under seal, at a formidable charge, and another packet of newspapers, never failed to come twice a week from Barnstaple, addressed to H. Vernon, Esquire—Mr. Vernon himself paying a special messenger to bring them from the post town. The newspapers, after he had read them, he sent over to the Parsonage, like a good neighbour: and, as time went on, either carried them there himself, or immediately followed them. For even the most recluse student is not made, any more than he who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, to live entirely alone. What more natural than that the scholar and poet should seek relaxation in the company of the Vicar? Only as it chanced that Mr. Vernon took but little wine, never touched ale or strong waters, and took tobacco solely in the form of snuff, it was more natural still that relaxation should be more and more personified by the Vicar's daughter—since such she who had no other father must be called.

Thus Mabel also became drawn into the circle of influence which, without any effort of his own, was quietly forming itself round Mr. Vernon. More than middle-aged as he was, and formal as he was in manner, there were certainly sides of her nature with which he was more in harmony than even the brilliant Captain had been. She ceased to feel shy with him marvellously soon: she even regained a little of her natural turn for badinage, which he never failed to encourage with a smile. Talk with him was as easy as with Quickset, with this great difference, that Mr. Vernon made her talk, while the Captain made her listen. She talked nonsense enough, no doubt: but it never seemed even to herself to be nonsense while it was her new friend who, by a word or two here and there, led her on.

So it came about that, while she knew no more of him than on the first day of his arrival at Hornacombe, she had told him him all about everything and everybody in Stoke Juliot, herself included—omitting only such trifles as her engagement to one man and her promise to fly with another. And whatever she had to say seemed to have unflinching interest for him. While the Parson was engaged in what he now chose to term writing his sermon—a process which never occupied less than four hours of every afternoon and often most of the evening as well—Mr. Vernon would sit with the utmost apparent content and satisfaction by Mabel's fireside chatting, listening, and sipping tea, while she worked at her embroidery and thought aloud. Such relaxation as this would hardly have been suitable for a younger man: but, though many a younger man was at a disadvantage with such an elder, there was no room for objection here. A father confessor could not have carried himself less like the most remotely possible lover. He was always chivalrous in his manner and gracefully tender: but

then there are a thousand ways of being these things, of which love knows but one, while his was of the nine hundred and ninety and nine. Before very long he had, by imperceptible degrees, become so recognised a part of the household that his comings and goings and stayings were unnoticed—he had slipped completely into the Parsonage life, while neither the Parson nor Mabel could have told how, even if either had dreamed of asking.—It even seemed perfectly natural to Mabel that an elderly man of the world, as this poet evidently was, should take a chronic interest in the raw chatter of an untaught country belle.

He knew all about her story, so far as she knew it herself: he questioned her about her religion, of which he pretty quickly discovered that she knew nothing: he got her to talk so much that he must have obtained a very fairly accurate map of her mind. Whether he liked what he found there, he made no sign: but it may be presumed he was, at any rate, interested, or he would not have continued his voyage of discovery among those confused depths and shallows.

On the whole, it was probably only his evident signs of wealth and his open hand that saved him from being set down in the parish either as a French spy or as a Jesuit in disguise. As things were, nobody dreamed of connecting him in any way with the general lawlessness which had culminated in the death of Derrick and in the flight of those charged with his murder. So he went about unmolested: and even when, having obtained the key from Mrs. Drax, he paid a long visit to Derrick's deserted cottage, nobody put it down to anything more than a whim. It was an odd fancy, for the house, since it had stood empty, had obtained a bad name. But Mr. Vernon ("Old Pigtail," he was beginning familiarly to be called—perhaps from his favouring that appendage: perhaps from his hanging on to the Parsonage: perhaps from both, or perhaps from mere occult stroke of village wit)—Mr. Vernon had bought the right to have as many fancies as he pleased, whatever they might be. So long as he had none for patrolling Hornacombe Sands when the *Maiden* showed her double star.

If, however, his critics could have seen how he spent his visit, they would have put down the proper price of his fancies at a higher figure still. Having carefully locked the door behind him, he made a tour of every room, leaving no cupboard or corner unexplored, but always gently, and never eagerly, as if he had inherited the soul of some aristocratic magpie. He looked out at every window, and, by way resting, sat down in every chair. And, what was really noteworthy, though it was his first visit to the empty cottage, he did not go about it as a stranger, but as one who had lived there long, and had left it but yesterday. Only, if he came to look for anything, as it seemed, he came away with an empty hand.

According to his now almost settled habit, Old Pigtail, having finished his barren search, if search it was, found his way to the Vicarage in the evening. Mostly, he found Mabel by herself: for, if the truth must be told, Parson Pengold had become so used to his own company that, though he found his own dull, he found a continuance of any other duller still. Moreover, it was not long before he discovered that his new neighbour knew little of Greek, and still less of Bacon, while able and willing to discourse like an expert on a hundred topics whereof the Parson knew nothing at all. So, partly out of an envious sort of contempt, partly out of a kind of shamefaced shyness, Parson Pengold preferred to study his sermon at such hours. This evening, however, he was watching Mabel's fingers, and thinking how, even in Stoke Juliot, things had changed since the days when he was young. Indeed, he was thinking also, with a cold twinge of unrecognised jealousy, about what business old Pigtail had to come interloping here, and setting himself up as a sort of rival father. Old Pigtail had so much to say to her—she had so much to say to him. It did seem hard, when he had been forcing his conscience to accept a lie in order to keep her all to himself, that his nose should be put out of joint by another old fellow as old as he. Could it be that old Pigtail was making a fool of himself about the girl? If that were so, confound him, it should soon be put an end to—very soon.

What were Mabel's thoughts, I will not dare to say. It is to be hoped, for Caleb Quickset's sake, that they were where a true lover's should be.

"Good evening!" said Mr. Vernon, in his quiet way.

Mabel received her new friend with a smile: the Parson with a grunt and a nod, not meant to show want of courtesy. Only he could give no warmer welcome, for he was following his own thoughts, and he was at bottom an honest man.

"There's not much news to-day, Parson—another capture or two at sea, but that's nothing out of the way. If the Crapauds, and their friends here at home, don't soon sing *peccavi*, I'll—but you can read all about that for yourself, Parson. Our battles must be won before they become fit for our pretty Mabel's ears."

"Our Mabel, indeed!" muttered the Parson, but only half aloud. Things seemed indeed going far, even from a co-fatherly point of view.

"But indeed," interrupted Mabel herself, "it is no such thing. I would be a soldier myself, if I were a man—or a sailor—And if we can't do brave deeds, we can help them to fame."

Mr. Vernon nodded approval. "You would have made me a soldier by that speech," said he, "had I been a younger man. Well, well. I have chosen to be a poet: and whether Achilles or Homer was the greater, who shall say? But, talking of poetry, I had a curious adventure to-day. I went, in a fit of idle curiosity, into that empty cottage by the old lime-kiln, on the sands. And what do you think I found? A volume of the 'Spectator': and Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' in its native tongue. Was not that strange to find? And what is more—it was open on a table, as if it had been in reading but the other day."

"Mrs. Drax used to lend Nance Derrick books," said Mabel.

"Ay—and the wench used to read them," said the Parson, coming out of his reverie, so to speak, with a bang. "But never mind her. That's all a bad old story. When the Squire comes back, to the ground that cottage shall go."

"No, no!" said Mr. Vernon, hastily. "I mean—I have some notion of having a *piet-à-terre* here of my own: and that cottage has capabilities: in short, it would be just the thing for one who, like myself, has need of an occasional hermitage. I wonder if Mr. Carew would sell. Hornacombe is too large—even if the owner were not coming home some day."

Mabel looked up brightly. "That would be pleasant indeed!" said she.

The Parson, whose wits were quickening under this new jealousy, caught the look, to which he would have been stone blind before old Pigtail came, more keenly than the words. He determined that he would not retire to his sermon that evening, even though by his making a third he was doomed to be bored even till bed-time. Old Pigtail to stay at Stoke Juliot! Did the soft-spoken old idiot dream that, if Hornacombe was too large for one, Derrick's cottage was not too small for two?

And he was bored—horribly and hideously bored. From such small and local beginnings this detestable old Pigtail

glided, with expert ease, to wider and more distant things—to incidents of travel, to anecdotes both lively and grave, nay, to the drama itself, of which he seemed to have the whole history at the tip of his tongue. He quoted verse every now and then, in the manner of a practised reader, and with elaborate emphasis—not in the slovenly or half-shamefaced, or mock heroic fashion wherewith such tags are treated nowadays. Mabel, for the most part, listened: but every now and then she put in her word, and, whenever she did, Mr. Vernon listened as if she were a second Hypatia, whose words were silver and gold. And he watched her every look, the Parson could see through his gathering rage, as if he were a young lover, despite his grizzled hair. It was worse than Quickset—for this man was a gentleman: so much not even paternal jealousy could deny.

A good hour and a half of this had gone on, when—"Gammon!" bellowed the Parson aloud, in the midst of some especially interesting passage. "How any girl can listen to such twaddle!"

Mabel started—a quick flush came over the pale cheeks of old Pigtail. But start and flush ended in a mutual smile. Even jealousy could keep awake no longer: the Parson snored.

"Sleep seems like wine, to bring out the truth," said Mr. Vernon, rising to go. "Good-night, my dear. It is very good of you to put up with the long stories of a lonely old wid-bachelor, like me!"

"Oh, pray don't say that, Mr. Vernon!" said Mabel. "If you knew how ignorant I am: how much I want to learn!"

"Then—we are friends?"

It was an odd question, she thought, and oddly spoken. But she was pleased. "Indeed, I hope so," said she.

"But do you know what being friends means?" It means this—if you are ever in trouble, you will come to me: if I am, I shall come to you. For help, I mean."

"You come for help to me?"

"Surely. I shall come to you. And you to me. Even in this peaceful place," said he, glancing at the slumbering Parson, "you may need a friend."

Mabel coloured—nor was the blush lost upon him: and her heart trembled. Yes—she did need a friend: and had she found one in her need? It really seemed so: for never had she seen till now the fellow-creature who tempted confidence in the assurance that confession would ease the heart and fix the mind. Perhaps he would know Quickset: assuredly he, who knew so much verse and was himself a poet, would sympathise with true love, and save her from being forced into marriage with Francis Carew, should that luckless knight errant ever return.

And, had the Parson not been there, she would have yielded to impulse, and have spoken out, for her spirit was truly sore, and there was something about the Hermit of Hornacombe that made a woman trust him, if without reason, with faith, which is better still. But the Parson was not only there, but was waking: and the moment just mocked her and passed by.

"Good-night, Parson. Good-night, my dear," added Mr. Vernon, with a tenderness that made the Parson scowl and groan. "Think what must be the feelings of any rough diamond to the gem that is polished and set in gold."

"Wait a bit!" said Parson Pengold. "I want a word with you, Squire Vernon, if you please. So to bed, Mabel. I want to talk a bit of plain prose."

"At your service, Parson," said Mr. Vernon, a little coldly. "Good-night, my dear."

To know what the Parson's prose was going to be, she would almost have given one of her ears. That it was going to be about her, she was sure—but what, and why? Why had the Parson not only scouted her lover, but turned upon her friend, insulting him though but in a dream? It was hard upon the Parson: but the girl whom he had saved from the sea, and whom he had guarded till womanhood, and for whose affection in his coming old age the desolate old fellow was beginning to pine, was learning to despise his roughness and to rebel against his clanking chains. She was burning to give her confidence, not to the man who had earned it, but to the man who had come to Stoke Juliot by chance, and who had done nothing but talk to her and make her talk to him.

She wished that moment of impulse had not gone by barren. But—there was, thank Heaven! a to-morrow: and then, whatever came of it, he should know all: for she was becoming a miserable girl. Her secret was devouring her; and her lie was becoming too hard to bear. Had she known that the Parson also had lied—but that she could not dream.

But why, why did not the prose come to an end? And when would it? She heard the hum of voices while she read by her covetanted candle, and wondered if it would ever come to an end. Midnight struck, in limping strokes, from the church tower. Still the minutes wore on, and the hum of voices did not cease below, though without her catching a single word. Never had the Vicarage been up so late since the red cow fell ill. Well, to-morrow—

Suddenly her heart started and leaped—then turned heavy and cold. What evil imp had suggested to Caleb Quickset to throw gravel at her window on this of all nights—the one night when others were waking and watching as well as she?

It could not be true. But it was true. The window-pane rattled again. She went to the window, dazed and trembling: she opened it noiselessly. She dared to peep out—and behold, a dark figure on the path below her told her He was come.

(To be continued.)

The jewel-room at the Tower of London, which was closed for repairs last week, was reopened on Monday.

Mr. G. D. Page, Notary Public, has been appointed registrar of the Vice-Admiralty Court of Malta, in the place of Mr. Frederick Sadley, who has resigned that office.

The Queen has ordained that Mr. Henry Richard Howel Lloyd-Mostyn, Captain 4th Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers, shall have, hold, and enjoy the title, rank, place, pre-eminence, and precedence as the younger son of a baron, to which honour he would have been entitled had his father succeeded to the dignity of Baron Mostyn.

A massive silver candelabrum, forming an épergne for flowers, was last week given to Dr. H. W. Newton, the Mayor of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in recognition of his services in connection with the late visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to that city; the Mayoress being at the same time presented with a pair of large single-stone diamond earrings, and a horseshoe diamond brooch.

Dr. William Macgregor, Chief Medical Officer and Receiver-General of Fiji, has received the Albert Medal of the Second Class, for saving life at the wreck of the Coolie emigrant-ship Syria, on the Nasalai Reef, Viti Leon, Fiji, on the night of May 11 last. The Board of Trade have awarded their silver medal for gallantry to Mr. John Fowler, Acting Superintendent of Police; and their bronze medal for gallantry to Emosi, a native of Fiji; Ratu Joshua, a native Sub-Inspector of Police; Constable Apraim; and Police-Corporal Swami, for their gallant services on the same occasion.—The Board of Trade have also awarded a binocular glass to Captain P. H. Simonsen, of the German barque Montezuma, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to a portion of the shipwrecked crew of the Mignonette, abandoned at sea on July 5, 1884.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

C E T (Clifton).—Thanks for the problems. Both are neat, and, we hope, will be found correct.

J S L (Natal).—We have not received the letters you refer to. Articles on the construction of problems will be found in most of the chess monthlies, but we know of no complete work on the subject. Loyd's "Chess Strategy" we have not seen.

J G G (Ealing).—Such positions, although not common in practical play, are well known to students of the game.

F G N (Oxford).—We shall endeavour to satisfy your doubts next week.

H B (Bury St. Edmunds).—Kindly describe your problem on a diagram. The first problem received from you was too simple in construction.

F H (Munich).—The corrected position shall be examined.

J S (Inverness).—Thanks. Very acceptable.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF THE "PALACE" PROBLEM received from Ernest Nicholls, K (Bridgewater), and F M (Edinburgh); of Herr Fonda's Problem from E L G; of Dr. Gold's Problem from W Biddle, R H Brooks, Irene, H A L S, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, J R (Edinburgh), T Sinclair, E J Winter Wood, J J Cridlan, Plevna, Ben Nevis, B R Wood, Hereward, E J Posno (Harrlem), T G (Ware), F M (Edinburgh), Bullen Spicer, N S Harris, F G Parloe, J C Anstee, and E L G; of Problems Nos. 2104, 2107, and 2108 from J S Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of No. 2115 from Aurelio Pau (Malaga), Alpha, Jumbo, Emile Frau, and E L G; of No. 2116 from H T Biscoe (Cambridge), A Nunnely, W R T, George Joicey, Alpha, E J Posno (Harrlem), B H G (Salisbury), F M (Edinburgh), Venator, E L G, and Pilgrim.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2117 received from A Chapman, E H R H Brooks, J T W L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, R Jessop, H A L S, R Gray, J R (Edinburgh), M O Halloran, F Ferris, T Gaffikin, T Sinclair, L Falcon (Antwerp), E J Winter Wood, C Oswald, R L Southwell, Joseph Ainsworth, L L Greenaway, H Lucas, E Casella (Paris), A W Scrutton, G S Oldfield, E London, Passengers on board ss. Dundee, J J Cridlan, Plevna, James Pilkington, H T Biscoe (Cambridge), J K (South Hampstead), Aaron Harper, H H Noyes, G W Law, R T Kemp, C S Cox, H Blacklock, Shadford, Hereward, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), L Desanges, O Falder (Ghent), B L Dyke, A M Porter, T H Holdren, E J Posno (Harrlem), W T Bevan, D W Kell, H Wardell, W J Rudman, W Dewse, L Wyman, F J Amery, C B N (H.M.S. Asia), B H O (Salisbury), Emile Frau, E L G, F G Newbold, A M Colborne, A S Vosper, S Lowndes, A W Cooper, F H Levy, John Perry, G Huskisson, Alpha, T G (Ware), Venator, New Forest, John Hodgson (Maidstone), F M (Edinburgh), J Alois Schmucke, J Phillips (Helsburgh), Enmo (Darlington), F B Grant, E Featherstone, R Ingersoll, An Old Hand, Bullen Spicer, Jumbo, and S Shelly (Plymouth).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2116.

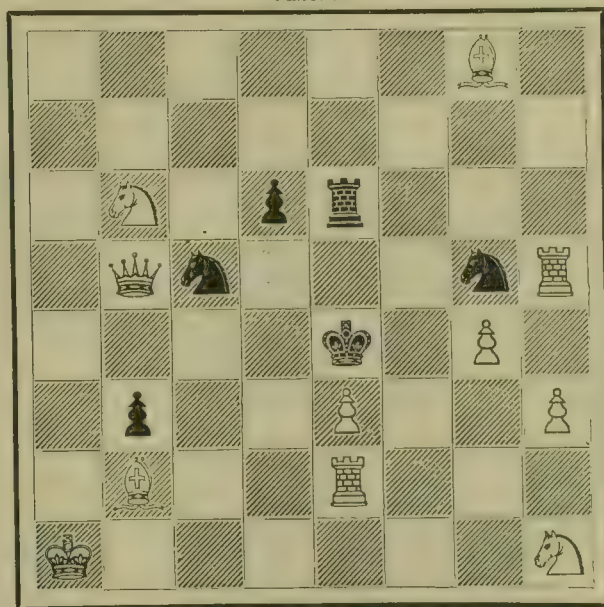
WHITE.
1. P to Q 6th.
2. Q to Q B 4th (ch).
3. Mates accordingly.

• If 1. K to K 4th or P to Kt 7th, then 2. Q to K 7th (ch); if 1. K to Q 5th, then 2. Q to Q 6th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2119.

By B. G. LAWS.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

Played at the Nuremberg Tourney, last year, between Messrs. Weiss and Schallap.
(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. Kt to K 5th	P to Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. Kt to R 4th	Q to R 6th
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	16. Kt to K Kt 2nd, &c.	
4. B to R 4th	Kt to K B 3rd		
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th	14.	P to R 5th
6. Castles	P to Q Kt 4th	15. Kt to K 2nd	Q to R 6th
7. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q 3rd	16. Kt to Q B sq	P to K Kt 4th
8. P to Q 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	17. Kt to R sq	P to Kt 5th
9. Kt to K 2nd	Q to Q 2nd	18. R to K Kt sq	B takes B
10. Kt to Kt 3rd		19. P takes B	P takes P
P to Q B 3rd would have been better here.		20. Q to K B sq	
10.	Kt to Q 5th		
11. P to Q B 3rd	B takes K		
12. P takes B	Kt takes B		
13. P takes Kt	P to K R 4th		
14. B to K 3rd			

Mr. Blackburne left London on Thursday, the 23rd ult., for Plymouth, and in the evening embarked on board the steam-ship Kildare, bound for Melbourne. He carries with him the hearty good wishes of all classes of chessplayers for a prosperous voyage and a speedy restoration to health.

Dr. Zukertort held a chess séance at the City of London Club on the 24th ult., which attracted the largest attendance of members and visitors that ever assembled at that popular club. He encountered twenty-four players simultaneously, and in four hours, from six to ten, he won eighteen games, drew five, and lost one! The following gentlemen opposed the champion in this remarkable mental and physical tour de force:—

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. R. Pilkington. | 13. S. Israel. |
| 2. H. F. Gastineau. | 14. J. W. McLellan. |
| 3. Dr. Sturo. | 15. A. Parry. |
| 4. Rev. Otto Adolphus. | 16. E. Redpath. |
| 5. Rev. J. E. Watson. | 17. E. Silas. |
| 6. R. H. Barrett. | 18. J. Trenner. |
| 7. C. G. Cutler. | 19. J. H. Thomson. |
| 8. A. W. Daniel. | 20. J. H. Taylor. |
| 9. G. Glover. | 21. T. A. Verkrusen. |
| 10. J. Hoare. | 22. H. J. Webber. |
| 11. W. P. Hill. | 23. R. Wells. |
| 12. S. Hawkins. | 24. S. H. Williams. |

We have received from the publisher, Mr. James Wade, 18, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, the first monthly part of a series of twelve of a new work by Mr. H. E. Bird, entitled "Modern Chess." We shall notice it at more length in an early issue.

Mr. Rosenthal, the eminent Paris chessplayer, who is at present in London, played twenty-three games simultaneously at the Public Hall, South Norwood, on the evening of the 22nd ult. He won nineteen games, drew one, and lost two.

A catalogue of chess works for sale, 535 in number, has just been issued by Herr Adolf Roegner, the well-known publisher and antiquary of Leipzig. Here is a chance for wealthy chess clubs to stock their bookshelves.

The Luton Chess Club opened the winter season with a dinner on the 17th ult. Mr. J. Gladwell, the president of the club, occupied the chair, and there was a goodly attendance of members and visitors. Toasts and songs followed the dinner; and Mr. Howell, of Dunstable, delivered a notable address on the "Moralties" of Chess, which we regret we have not space to reproduce here.

The subscription promoted by the Prince of Wales for improvements to be carried out at Hyde Park-corner already approaches, it is said, £18,000. The idea of erecting a quadriga on the arch, which would have entailed an expense of £10,000, has been abandoned.

Captain Samuel Long, who served throughout the Crimean campaign in the Agamemnon and Royal Albert, including the bombardment of Sebastopol, has been appointed by the Lords of the Admiralty to the important command of her Majesty's ship Agamemnon.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 6, 1882), with a codicil (dated July 23 following), of Sir William James Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., F.R.C.S., late of No. 17, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, who died on Aug. 8 last, at Westgate-on-Sea, was proved on the 17th ult. by Henry Palfrey Stephenson, Frederick Lane Linging, and Charles Alfred Swinburne, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £264,000. The testator bequeaths three pictures—a sea-piece by Salvator Rosa, "Three Sheep," by Sidney Cooper, and a "Hurricane in the Bay of Biscay," by E. W. Cooke—to his wife, Dame Charlotte Mary Wilson, for life, and then to the South Kensington Museum, or such other public institution in Great Britain as his trustees may think most desirable in the interests of the public; £500, the remainder of his pictures, and all his furniture, plate, works of art, horses and carriages, to his wife; an annuity of £500 to his brother, and legacies to his executors. All his real and leasehold estate, and any personal estate savouring of realty, he gives to his wife, absolutely. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life; and, at her death, £5000 each, free of legacy duty, to the Royal National Hospital or Sea-Bathing Infirmary for Scrofula only, at Margate; the Royal Medical Benevolent College, incorporated by Act of Parliament; the Medical Benevolent Fund, and the Society for the Relief of the Widows and Children of Medical Men; and the whole of the ultimate residue to the Royal College of Surgeons.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1880), with two codicils (dated Jan. 10 and April 29, 1884), of Mr. John Horatio Lloyd, late No. 100, Lancaster-gate, Hyde Park, who died on July 18 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Miss Emily Frances Lloyd, the daughter, and Horatio Lloyd, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £92,000. The testator makes specific bequests to each of his daughters, and to his grandson, Otho Holland Lloyd, and bequeaths £200 to his executor, Mr. H. Lloyd. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one fourth each to his daughters, Miss Lloyd, Mrs. Caroline Kirkes, and the Hon. Mrs. Louisa Mary Napier; and one fourth between his grandchildren, Otho Holland Lloyd, and Mrs. Constance Mary Wilde.

The will (dated Feb. 17, 1863), with seven codicils (dated from July 17, 1869, to Aug. 3, 1882), of Mr. William Bromley Davenport, late of No. 1, Belgrave-place, of Capesthorpe, Cheshire, and of Baginton, Warwickshire, who died on June 15 last, at Lichfield, was proved on the 15th ult. by Mrs. Augusta Bromley Davenport, the widow, and Sir George Webb Dasent, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £72,000. The testator leaves to his wife the proceeds of his life policy for £2000, with the bonuses, his leasehold residence, Belgrave-place, and all his furniture and effects, live and dead stock, horses, carriages, wines, linen and china; she is also to have the use, for life, of the Baginton plate, and at her death it is to go with the old family portraits and plate as heirlooms with the settled estates; and he makes up her jointure to £2000 per annum. He gives each of his daughters portions of £10,000 each, his second son, Walter Arthur, £32,000, and any other younger son he may have, £20,000; to his executors £500 each; and to his butler, William Deeks, if in his service at his decease, £100 per annum. All his real estate, subject to the payment of the jointure to his wife and the portions to his younger children, is settled upon his eldest son, William; and the residue of the personalty he bequeaths to his wife.

The will (dated Sept. 13, 1873), with a codicil (dated March 19, 1880), of Mr. John Lees Wrigley, formerly of Oldham, Lancashire, machine-maker, but late of Woodrising Hall, Norfolk, who died on Aug. 3 last, was proved on Sept. 24 last by Edward Wright Wrigley and Henry Wrigley, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £52,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his brother George Wrigley, of Melbourne, and there are a few specific bequests. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one fourth to his said brother Henry; one fourth each, upon trust, for his sisters, Sarah Jane and Caroline; and the remaining fourth, after payment thereof of £1000 to his brother Edward Wright, as a mark of his affection, between his said two sisters.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin on Sept. 19, 1884, of the will (dated Aug. 1, 1881), of Mr. John Joseph Crosthwaite, J.P., late of No. 1, Crosthwaite Park, South Kingstown, in the county of Dublin, who died on July 18 last, to Mrs. Amelia Crosthwaite, the widow, and Mr. Joseph Meade, the acting executors, was sealed in London on the 9th ult., the aggregate value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £40,000. The testator settles considerable freehold house and other property on each of his grandchildren, John Crosthwaite Carville, Mrs. Joseph Meade, Eva Carville, Charles Carville, Lewis Carville, and William Carville, and on Thomas Gallagher; a large number of freehold houses are also settled on his wife, for life, with remainder to his said grandson John Crosthwaite Carville. There are many bequests to Roman Catholic churches, hospitals, schools, and other charitable institutions at Kingstown and Dublin, amounting together to £2900; and £100 to the Hospital for Incurables at Donnybrook. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated March 22, 1883) of Mr. Joseph Baylis Williams, formerly of Brightside, Crouch End Hill, Hornsey, but late of St. Helier's, Jersey, who died on Aug. 7 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by Mrs. Sutton Anne Williams, the widow, and Andrew Bell Philp, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. The testator leaves to his wife £7500, in addition to £2500 settled on her, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, wines, effects, horses and carriages; he also leaves her his house, Brightside, for life; to his son Charles Russell, £5000; upon trust for his daughter Rose, £5000; upon trust for his infant children, Josephine Mary Elizabeth, Arthur Cecil, and Rupert Stanley, £15,000; and legacies to his executor Mr. Philp, sister, niece, and wife's sister. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated July 5, 1880) of Mr. William Russell, formerly Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery, late of No. 1, Onslow-gardens, South Kensington, who died on Sept. 5 last, at Brighton, was proved on the 10th ult. by Mrs. Emma Russell, the widow, and George Russell, the son, the executors, the value of the personalty amounting to over £26,000. The testator leaves all the property he may die possessed of to his wife, requesting her to make such arrangements as to her may seem best for its distribution among his three children, after having, in the first place, provided for her own comfort during life.

Sir W. Harcourt has presented a scholarship to be competed for by the students of the Derby School of Art and Science.

Professor Tyndall, giving an address on the opening of the winter session of the Birkbeck Institute, narrated some interesting passages in his life as a student, mingling with his reminiscences some genial and kindly advice to those who are now studying.

HAMLET

at the Princess's Theatre.



Queen: I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

In the Hall, Elsinore



Miss Eastlake as Ophelia



"To be or not to be..."

M^r Wilson Barrett as Hamlet



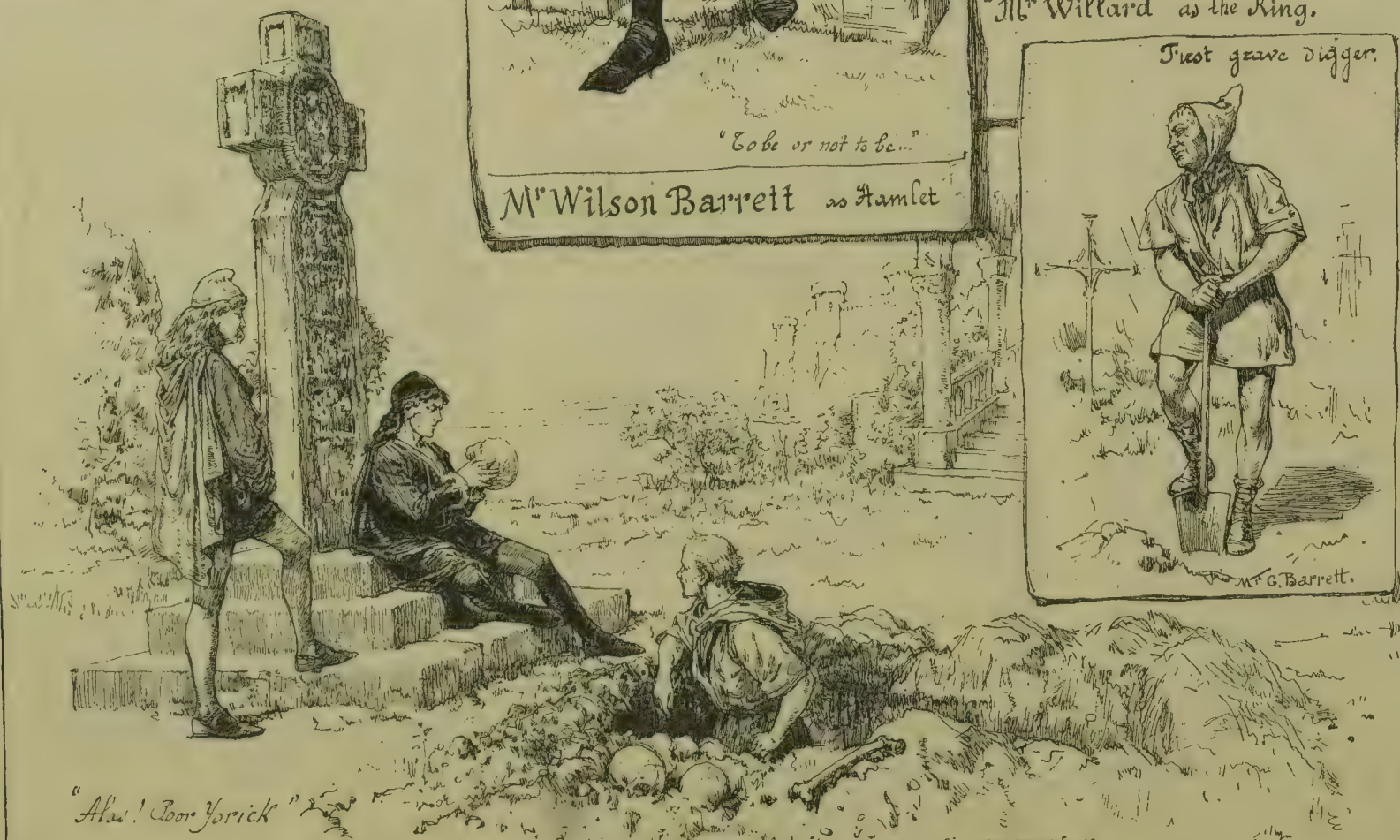
"Pray can I not..."

M^r Willard as the King.

I'm not grave digger.



M^r G. Barrett.



"Alas! Poor Yorick"



ASSIOUT, UPPER EGYPT.

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE, WOKING.

The "Oriental Institute," at Woking, established by Dr. G. W. Leitner, Principal of the Government College at Lahore and Registrar of the Punjab University, has recently been opened to receive students belonging to different nations of India, who come to England for their education. It occupies that stately range of buildings, with broad pleasure-grounds in front, altogether ten acres in extent, and with a running stream close by, which every South-Western Railway traveller has seen at Maybury, half a mile from the Woking Station, and which was erected some twenty years ago for the Royal Dramatic College. Dr. Leitner has founded this noble institution at his own cost, in a thoroughly disinterested spirit, partly for the reception of young men, natives of India, belonging to the higher classes or castes, to be sent here either to attend the University of London, as students of King's College or University College, to study English law at the Inns of Court, to attend the Medical Schools, or to be private pupils of engineering, architecture, and other scientific professions. One of the main objects of the Institute is to provide a home for Indian visitors of rank and for native Indian officials, who wish to pay their homage to the Queen, or to see the sights of London, or to improve themselves in professional studies, without incurring the loss of caste, which circumstances and surroundings render inevitable when residing, for however short a period, in London itself. The Institute will be open also to students from Egypt and other Mussulman countries who require similar opportunities of visiting England for their education; and will afford to young Englishmen, on the other hand, who are destined for the Indian Civil Service, for Staff appointments in the Army, or any other career in the Eastern world, the best means of gaining acquaintance with Oriental languages, history, law, and customs, and of conversing with natives of the East. The spacious and beautiful Hall, containing several of Dr. Leitner's large and valuable collections of various objects of antiquarian, ethnographical, artistic, and literary interest, from India, Cashmere, Thibet, Persia, Asia Minor, Cyprus, and Egypt, will be attractive to all who feel an interest in Oriental and comparative researches. The rest of his collections, it may be noticed in passing, are at the South Kensington Museum, where, after being exhibited for ten years, they still await a proper catalogue and arrangement at the hands of the authorities of the Museum. Reverting to the Oriental Institute, there also exists in it an Oriental Library, to which Messrs. Trübner, the eminent publishers, the Council of the Victoria Institute, Colonel Rutherford, and Mr. Hyde Clarke have already contributed works of value. The practical usefulness of the institution will be shown in many ways, giving facilities of mutual acquaintance between England and India, as well as providing for Indian youth a temporary home near London, where they can live in the strict observance of their national and religious customs, without risk of compromising their social position at home by having fallen into European habits of life. Dr. Leitner has, during twenty years' residence and official service in the Punjab, exerted his voluntary industry, with remarkable success in many ways, to promote the intellectual culture of the natives, while assisting them to preserve whatever is good of their Asiatic learning and their national associations. The Anjuman-i-Punjab, or Punjab Association, founded by him, with numerous local branches, the establishment of the Oriental College at Lahore, over which he presides, and the work of editing and publishing a variety of books in different languages of the country, have proved his indefatigable zeal for this cause, which is recognised by eminent members of the British Government in India, and of which the new institution at Woking is a conspicuous example.

The Oriental Institute, besides being a home and centre of learned studies, will also be a teaching College to supplement the work of the existing London Colleges; but its officers, Professors or Tutors, will act chiefly as educational advisers of the students. The examination papers of the Punjab University will be communicated to the institution; and the candidates, of whom there are already several, obtaining their instruction at King's College or elsewhere, will be able to earn the degrees in Arts of that University; or, if ripe Oriental scholars, those Punjab diplomas in Oriental Literature, for which, for obvious reasons, the European Universities cannot insist on the same high standards or give the required special stimulus and recognition. Students will also be encouraged to go up for the examinations of the London University. It is hoped that Professors of Oriental Learning may hereafter be endowed, either by Government or by private munificence. As there already exists the nucleus of a department of Indian art-manufactures, calculated to render much service to commercial and industrial interests, some aid might well be granted from the funds of the London City Guilds. English mercantile men and others, concerned in the trade of the East, will probably find at Woking the materials of profitable information, and will there be placed in direct correspondence with native workmen, through the agency of the Anjuman-i-Punjab, at a trifling cost in comparison with that of ordinary commercial agencies. It is intended, before the South Kensington Indian Exhibition of 1886, to erect a model village of Indian dwellings, and to bring from India a number of skilled artisans, weavers, embroiderers, workers in gold and silver, and others, to exhibit their processes and earn

what they can by the sale of their wares. Samples and patterns of Indian manufactures will always be on view, with price-lists and documents showing where any order for a particular description and quantity of goods can be promptly executed. Another department of the Institute is to be that of arranging for the printing and the publishing of books and periodicals in the native languages. A Board of Publications, as well as one for Examinations, is in course of organisation, the Presidency of which, it is understood, will naturally be offered by the Punjab University to Professor Max Müller.

In the first rank of supporters of the Oriental Institute is Sir Lepel Griffin, who is ever foremost in whatever effectually advances the best interests alike of India and of England. Sir George Birdwood is the Referee in Art-Industrial matters; whilst the several departments of Arts, Law, Medicine, Engineering, and the various Oriental Languages are similarly intrusted to specialists of standing. Nor are Architecture and Sculpture without their representatives. The needed literary leisure has also been afforded by the authorities of the Oriental Institute to certain authors to bring out works which, without such encouragement, might not have seen the light of publication.

Pending the arrival of nominees from India, a few Easterns have been temporarily allowed to sojourn in the commodious sets of chambers allotted to them, for which they have no rent to pay, but must provide their own food, cooking, and other personal needs. An important point in the considerate arrangements of Dr. Leitner is that Orientals, of whatever race or religion, should be enabled to dwell in England without breaking the rules of their caste, or forfeiting their respectability when they return to their own people. With this most liberal view, arrangements are being made with a steamship company that native passengers from India shall have specially adapted kitchens and dormitories on board ship; and, if they come to live at Woking, they will find the means of strictly complying with all the prescribed rules of their creed and caste. Each student lives by himself, in apartments as good as those of an ordinary English College, and suits himself, in perfect independence, about his diet, ablutions, and other habits, which he could hardly do at a London lodging-house or boarding-house. The range of buildings on one side of the central hall is allotted to Mohammedans; on the other side, to Hindoos and Sikhs. This boon has been procured for them by the individual efforts and private sacrifices of Dr. Leitner, who has purchased the buildings and grounds of the Royal Dramatic College for their use. The successful institutions, including the Punjab University, which he has founded, are too numerous to be described here; whilst his career as a discoverer of the Dardur districts, races, and languages, and of Græco-Buddhist antiquities, and as an Indian Educationist, needs no special allusion in this place. By birth an Austrian, he has conferred honour on his adopted country, whose interests he has advanced in many ways—along with services to Education and Literature which call for signal recognition by the State—since he first entered the public service, in 1855, as a first-class Interpreter to the British Commissariat in Turkey during the Russian War, with the rank of Colonel. As a linguist he is probably without an equal since the days of Cardinal Mezzofanti. With reference to indigenous elementary and higher schools in India, Dr. Leitner has frankly dissented from the policy adopted by the Education Department of the Indian Government, and has more recently supported his opinion by a copious report on the "History of Indigenous Education in the Punjab," which gives a descriptive and statistical account of the whole subject, a work of great research, and of great historical and literary interest. It is published by Messrs. Trübner. The just and liberal views, and the generous motives, with which he has founded this Institute at Woking, should be generally recognised. It is rather a large undertaking for a private individual. The complete development of the scheme, in its manifold parts, will require some permanent endowment. Its public advantages, both to the Indian Empire and people and to England, seem to be so obvious, that we may expect this will in time be forthcoming. It merits the favourable consideration of Government, and of all persons of means and influence connected with India or with the East, and those interested in Oriental studies of language and literature, history and antiquities, or the fine arts and art-manufactures of Asia.

Dr. Leitner's approaching departure, on his return to India, was made the occasion, on Friday last week, of a dinner given in his honour, at the Langham Hotel, by the friends of the Punjab University and members of the German Athenæum in London. Sir Lepel Griffin, K.C.S.I., formerly Chief Secretary to the Punjab Government, now Resident at Indore and Political Agent for Central India, was in the chair; and among those present were General Sir Frederic Goldsmid, General Sir William M'Murdo, General Sir Orfeur Cavenagh, Sir William Rose Robinson, Mr. Thornton, the Rev. H. Wace (Principal of King's College), and Professor Thorold Rogers, M.P. A bust of Dr. Leitner was presented to the German Athenæum, of which he was one the founders.

Mr. S. Brandram, accompanied by his eldest son, leaves Liverpool by the Umbria to-day for America, returning to England towards the end of the year. During his stay in America, he will give twenty-four recitals.

"HAMLET," AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

The novel conception and manner of representation of this most difficult subject of dramatic art, as rendered by Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Princess's Theatre, occupied the attention of our well-known contributor, "G. A. S.," in his article on "The Playhouses" last week. No further comment is here required; and the page of Sketches now given as Illustrations of the performance needs only a simple reference to those particular incidents of the action which should be familiar to every student of Shakspeare. The first scene upon the stage delineated in our Sketches is that of Hamlet, still mourning for his father's death, standing before the King and Queen, and receiving their command, though expressed in terms of friendly entreaty, to stay at the Court of Denmark, giving up his purpose of returning to the University of Wittenberg. The Lord Chamberlain, Polonius, with his staff of office, is seen in attendance on the one hand, while Laertes and his sister, Ophelia, form the opposite group in the foreground. Hamlet is left alone immediately afterwards, and utters his first soliloquy of disgust with life and meditation of suicide, "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" But it is in Act III., after his discovery, by the Ghost's revelation, of the actual murder of his father, and when he is oppressed with the burden of a terrible duty, that he reverts to the idea of suicide in another soliloquy, "To be, or not to be, that is the question"; and his attitude, sitting moodily on the table, while profoundly speculating on the "dread of something after death," is shown in the central figure on our page. Ophelia presently comes into this apartment of the palace, and in his wild and gloomy despair, aggravated by her exquisite gentleness, as is the wont of angry men, he treats her with ferocious severity, till the poor girl believes him to be mad. Her own reason, under repeated strokes of affliction, the insanity of her lover, and the death of her father, is soon overthrown; the sad condition in which she roams about, gathering flowers to strew on a tomb, and singing quaint fragments of songs improper for a well-bred young lady, perhaps overheard by her from the servant-women, is the next subject of these Sketches. Mr. Willard's impersonation of the guilty King, smitten in heart and conscience by Hamlet's device of the play representing a fictitious tale of a murder similar to that which this criminal usurper has perpetrated, has also been portrayed by our Artist. The scene in the churchyard, before the entry of Ophelia's funeral, was lately noticed in commenting upon "The Childhood of Hamlet," as suggested by his remembrance of his early playfellow, Yorick, the King's jester. On Mr. Wilson Barrett's stage, he appears as in our Illustration, sitting on the steps of a sepulchral monument, holding the skull in his hands, and pensively contemplating this relic of mortality; his friend Horatio, watching him with constant solicitude, hardly knows what to say, or how to turn the current of his desponding thoughts. The First Grave-digger, or First Clown, as he is styled in the book, one of Shakspeare's most admirable creations of original humour, loses nothing of the character in the acting of Mr. George Barrett. Miss Eastlake's representation of Ophelia, in the mad scene, is pronounced by "G. A. S." an effort of "true dramatic genius."

ASSIOUT, UPPER EGYPT.

A brief description of this town and port of the Nile, two hundred and fifty miles above Cairo, was given last week in connection with the View of Assiout sketched by our Special Artist accompanying the British military Expedition. The view shown in our present Engraving is one taken by Mr. G. Montbard from the pleasant avenue of trees on a winding raised causeway, nearly two miles long, which leads from the bank of the river at El Hamra to the gate of the town, situated as it is on the inner side of a small island adjacent to the western shore. The Palace of the Governor of Upper Egypt stands close to the gate, and the mosques are large and handsome buildings, with stately minarets. The abundance of trees planted along the roads and canals is an agreeable feature of this town. Its name is frequently, and quite as properly, written "Siout," the prefixed syllable being only a modified form of the definite particle in Arabic speech.

Mr. James Payn will write the leading serial for *Good Words* next year. The title is "The Luck of the Darrells," and the story will be illustrated by Mr. J. Watson Nicol.

On Thursday week the Lord Mayor, in the presence of the Lady Mayoress and a large and distinguished gathering, distributed the prizes and certificates to the successful students of the City of London College. The Principal announced the foundation in the college of a series of studentships by the trustees of the Mitchell (City of London) Charity and the Worshipful Company of Saddlers.

Miss Marian Rye's Emigration Home for Destitute Little Girls, of High-street, Peckham-rye, sent to Canada by the Parisian, from Liverpool, on Thursday week, the third and last batch of girls for this year. The children are the destitute girls rescued from the streets, and in the Home at Peckham are instructed in the duties of domestic service. The children have suitable outfits.

Awarded Six First-Class Medals and the Cross of the Legion of Honour. The Highest Award conferred on any Firm.



MANUFACTORIES:
CLERKENWELL,
and
SHEFFIELD.

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY,
Show-Rooms: 112, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, W.,

THE COMPANY'S SPOON AND FORK CANTEENS.			
CATALOGUES FREE.	SOLID SILVER.		BEST ELECTRO-PLATE.
18 Table Forks ..	45 oz., 7s. 0d. ..	£15 15 0	£3 3 0
12 Table Spoons ..	30 oz., 7s. 0d. ..	10 10 0	2 2 0
12 Dessert Forks ..	20 oz., 7s. 0d. ..	7 0 0	1 12 0
12 Dessert Spoons ..	20 oz., 7s. 0d. ..	7 0 0	1 12 0
2 Gravy Spoons ..	10 oz., 7s. 0d. ..	3 10 0	0 19 0
1 Soup Ladle ..	9 oz., 7s. 0d. ..	3 3 0	0 12 6
12 Tea Spoons ..	10 oz., 7s. 6d. ..	3 15 0	0 18 0
2 Sauce Ladles ..	5 oz., 7s. 6d. ..	1 17 6	0 9 0
6 Egg Spoons	2 2 0	0 10 0
4 Salt Spoons	1 0 0	0 6 8
1 Mustard Spoon	0 7 6	0 1 10
1 Sugar Spoon	0 10 0	0 2 6
1 Sugar Tong	0 14 6	0 4 0
1 Butter Knife	0 15 0	0 4 0
Oak Case for above	3 0 0	2 3 6
Silver Spoons and Forks for Exportation, 5s. 6d. per ounce.		£60 19 6	£15 0 0

Supply Purchasers direct at Manufacturers' Prices, saving from 25 to 50 per cent.

WEDDING
PRESENTS.

THE LARGEST AND
CHOICEST STOCK IN LONDON.

GOODS FORWARDED ON APPROBATION.

CATALOGUE

Containing over Five Hundred beautifully
Illustrated Designs.

GRATIS AND POST-FREE
to all parts of the World.

DEPARTMENTS:

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS
JEWELLERY
WATCHES CLOCKS
SOLID SILVER
ELECTRO-PLATE
DRESSING BAGS

TURKEY 5000 to select from
TURKEY of all sizes.
INDIAN 1000 in Stock
INDIAN in all sizes.
PERSIAN 500 in Stock.
PERSIAN Superior Qualities.

MAPLE and CO. have correspondents and buyers in India and Persia (who act solely for them) from whom they receive direct consignments of superior and first-class CARPETS of guaranteed qualities. Purchasers are cautioned against large quantities which are coming forward of inferior quality, these having been made to suit the demand for cheap foreign carpets, especially Turkey. The Trade supplied.

PARQUET FLOORING.

PARQUET can now be supplied to any room without disturbing the existing floor, the average cost (including laying and polishing) for surrounding with Parquet a Persian, Turkey, Indian, or Square Carpet being £8.

NOTICE.—5000 Pieces Manufacturers' Best Brussels at 3s. per yard, but not newest patterns.

NOTICE.—**MAPLE and CO.** have SPECIAL EXTRA QUALITIES of BRUSSELS as produced thirty years ago, adapted for hardest wear, at a small increased cost. Newest designs and novelties in colouring.—**MAPLE and CO.**

NOTICE.—**MAPLE and CO.** have OPENED the NEW EXTENSION of their FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT, making an addition of 1½ acre, including fourteen new Show-Rooms, for the display of High-Class Furniture.

MAPLE and CO. Adams Designs Furniture.

MAPLE and CO. Chippendale Furniture.

MAPLE and CO., Upholsterers by Special Appointment to her Majesty.—The largest Furnishing Establishment in the World. Acres of Show-Rooms for the display of every possible description of household requisites.

MAPLE and CO. Manufacturers.

MAPLE and CO. Dining-Room Furniture.

MAPLE and CO. Drawing-Room Furniture.

MAPLE and CO., Timber Merchants and direct Importers of the finest Woods to be found in Africa, Asia, and America, and Manufacturers of Cabinet Furniture in various woods by steam power.

MAPLE and CO. Bass Wood Furniture.

MAPLE and CO. Yew-tree Wood Furniture.

MAPLE and CO. Circassian Ash Furniture.

MAPLE and CO.—BASS WOOD FURNITURE is one of the novelties particularly recommended, being much harder than pine, and a prettier wood. 500 Bed-Room Suites, finished in various woods, to select from, prices 5½ to 250 guineas. Many of these are quite novelties in shape and finish.

Tottenham-court-road, London.

POSTAL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. **MAPLE and CO.** beg to state that this Department is now so organised that they are prepared to supply any article that can possibly be required in Furnishing at the same price, if not less, than any other house in England. Patterns and quotations free.

CARPETS.
CARPETS.
CARPETS.
CARPETS.
CARPETS.
CARPETS.

MAPLE & CO.
TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD,
LONDON, W.
 THE LARGEST AND MOST CONVENIENT
FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT
 IN THE WORLD.



ILLUSTRATED
 CATALOGUES
 Post-Free.

The above **BLACK and BRASS BEDSTEAD**, with the **PATENT WIRE WOVE MATTRESS**, complete:—

3 ft., 50s.; 3 ft. 6 in., 55s.; 4 ft., 63s.; 4 ft. 6 in., 67s. 6d.
 Price for the Patent Wire Wove Mattress, without Bedstead:—
 3 ft., 17s. 9d.; 3 ft. 6 in., 21s. 6d.; 4 ft., 23s. 9d.; 4 ft. 6 in., 26s. 9d.

“PATENT WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS.”

THE **WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS** is a strong and wonderful fabric of fine wire, so interlocked and woven by a Patented process of diagonal **DOUBLE WEAVING** that an **ELASTIC and PERFECT** sleeping arrangement is secured. The hard spring wire used is carefully timed, effectually preventing corrosion, and presents a very attractive and silver-like appearance.

This Mattress is, in fact, a complete appliance for all purposes of **REST and SLEEP**, combining all the advantages of a **PERFECT SPRING BED**, and CAN BE MADE SOFT OR HARD AT PLEASURE BY USING THE HANDLE AT SIDE OF BEDSTEAD; IT CAN BE TAKEN TO PIECES IN A FEW MOMENTS, AND PACKED IN A VERY SMALL COMPASS.

They are also greatly used in yachts and ships, because of their cleanliness.

MAPLE & CO., Manufacturers of First-class Furniture, London and Paris.

THE VICARAGE DINING-ROOM SUITE, Old English in style, in solid American Walnut, consisting of 5 ft. cabinet sideboard, extending table to dine eight people, six small chairs and two easy-chairs, stuffed all hair, 20 guineas. See page 20 in Catalogue. Free. **MAPLE and CO.**

CHIPPENDALE FURNITURE.—DRAWING-ROOM CABINETS, from 7 guineas to 50 guineas; some of these are very handsome. Glasses and Suites complete. Bed-Room Sets and Dining-Room Suites in the same style. Brackets and Fancy Ornaments from 15s. **MAPLE and CO.**

EARLY ENGLISH FURNITURE.—DINING-ROOM FIRE-PLACES, with glasses affixed. Sideboards, Bookcases, Drawing-Room and Bed Furniture carried out in the same style. Cabinets from £3 15s. to 60 guineas. An Illustrated Catalogue, post-free.

BED-ROOM SUITES made by MACHINERY.

BED-ROOM SUITE in Solid Walnut, consists of 4 ft. wardrobe, 3 ft. 6 in. chest drawer, marble-top washstand, toilet table with glass, pedestal cupboard, towel-horse, and three chairs. This suite is manufactured by Maple and Co.'s new machinery, lately erected. Complete suite, £10 15s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, plate-glass door to wardrobe, washstand with Minton's tiles, toilet table with glass fixed, pedestal cupboard, towel-horse, and three chairs, complete, £10 15s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Walnut, complete, 15 guineas; beautifully inlaid, 20 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, with 6 ft. wardrobe, complete, £22 10s.

BED-ROOM SUITES.—CHIPPENDALE, Adams, Louis XVI., and Sherraton designs; large wardrobes, very handsome, in rosewood, richly inlaid; also satin-wood, inlaid with different woods, 85 to 200 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES.—500 to select from. From 5½ to 200 guineas.

MAPLE and CO.—BEDSTEADS (IRON).

MAPLE and CO.—BEDSTEADS (BRASS).

MAPLE and CO. have a SPECIAL DEPARTMENT for **IRON and BRASS Four-post BEDSTEADS**, Cribs, and Cots, specially adapted for mosquito curtains, used in India, Australia, and the Colonies. Price, for full-sized Bedsteads, varying from 25s. Shippers and colonial visitors are invited to inspect this varied stock, the largest in England, before deciding elsewhere. 10,000 Bedsteads to select from. **MAPLE and CO.,** London.

MAPLE and CO.—BEDSTEADS in Wood, Iron, and Brass, fitted with furniture and bedding complete. The bedsteads are fitted in stock, ready for choice. Over 10,000 Iron and Brass Bedsteads now in stock to select from. From 8s. 9d. to 55 guineas. Strong useful Brass Bedstead, 3½ guineas. Bedding of every description manufactured on the premises, and all warranted pure. The Trade supplied.

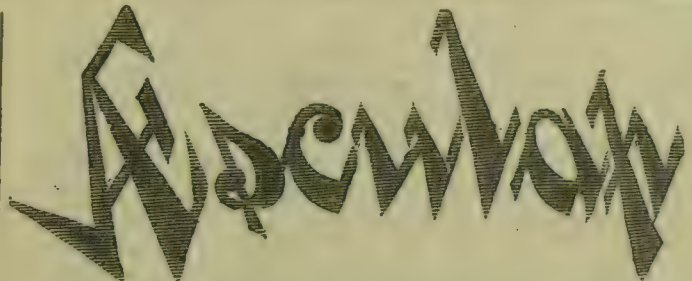
MAPLE and CO.'S FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT, the Largest in the World. ACRES of SHOW-ROOMS, for the display of First-class Furniture, ready for immediate delivery. Novelties every day from all parts of the globe. No family ought to furnish before viewing this collection of household requisites, it being one of the sights in London. To Export Merchants an unusual advantage is offered. Having large space, all goods are packed on the premises by experienced packers.

NOTICE.—DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS to go for 400 days with once winding; a handsome present. Price 70s., warranted. **MAPLE and CO.** have a large and varied assortment suitable for dining and drawing room. Over 500 to select from. Price 10s. 9d. to 50 guineas. Handsome Marble Clock, with incised lines in gold, and superior eight-day movement, 23s. 6d.; also Bronzes in great variety.

ORDERS for EXPORTATION to any part of the World packed carefully on the premises, and forwarded on receipt of a remittance or London reference.

To LADIES only.

IF you desire the most perfect dressing extant for light Boots and Shoes, which imparts a natural polish, does not soil the skirts in wet weather, and never cracks or peels, but keeps the leather soft as a glove, ask for **THE LADIES' PET BOOT POLISH**. It is applied with a sponge attached to the Cork. Sold Everywhere at 6d.



**PALATABLE
 GENTLE,
 and
 SURE.**

THE PERFECTION OF NATURAL APERIENT WATERS.

For Bilious attacks and Headaches. Acts directly on the Liver, regulates the Bowels, and stimulates the Kidneys. A cure for Indigestion, Constipation, and all Stomach derangements. "Acts as an intestinal tonic, and its habitual use does not lower the system." If taken every morning, will keep the body in perfect health. Supersedes all others, and is recommended by the leading Medical Men without exception. Every bottle direct from the celebrated Spring in Hungary. Sold everywhere, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. per Bottle.

ESCLAP BITTER WATER COMPANY (Limited), 38, Snow-hill, London, E.C.

BRIDAL TROUSSEAUX.

1st No. 1	£25 6 3	1st No. 4	£70 6 0
1st No. 2	£53 5 6	1st No. 5	£88 4 0
1st No. 3	£51 6 0	FULL PARTICULARS POST-FREE.	

"Really good Outfits."—Court Journal.

ADDLEY BOURNE,
 Ladies' Outfitter, Corset and Baby-Linen Manufacturer,
 37, PICCADILLY (opposite St. James's Church), LONDON.

LAURENCE'S
PINE WOOL **PRODUCTIONS**
RHEUMATIC CURE

Consisting of Pine Wool Flannels, all Descriptions of Under-clothing, Chest Preservers, Knee-caps, Knitting Yarn, Wadding, Pine Needle Oil, Bath Extract, Soap, &c. For PREVENTION, RELIEF, and CURE of Gout, Rheumatism, Colds, Neuralgia, and all Nervous Disorders. Sold by all Drapers, Grocers, Chemists, and Druggists. Wholesale of Messrs. WELCH, MARGETSON, and CO., and Druggists' Sundriesmen.
CAUTION.—None Genuine without Trade Mark and Signature.

“THE ELECTRICPATENT SOCKS.”
 For creating a constant Electric Current and producing a high degree of warmth.
 Testimonials. **AN ABSOLUTE** Testimonials.

From Miss ELAM, Thorns' Hall, Sedburgh, Yorks, October 13th, 1882.
 "Miss Elam encloses a Post Office Order for 12s 6d, and will thank Mr. Harries to send her a pair of the Electric Socks for a friend, size No. 2. Since Miss Elam has been wearing those sent, she finds her feet are wonderfully warm and comfortable. She had previously suffered much from cold feet."

From T. L. SMITH, Esq., Royal Hotel, Ross, Herefordshire, Sept. 11th, 1882.
 "I have had one of your Galvanic Generators, and a pair of your Electric Socks, from which I have experienced very great relief."

From Dr. C. LEMPIERE, D.C.L., &c., January 20th, 1882.
 "Your Electropathic Socks are indeed a wonder and a solace to those suffering from Gout, and another proof of the great future which is open to the scientific development of Electricity."

From Rev. H. TAYLOR, Twyford Vicarage, Melton Mowbray.
 "Gentlemen, Please send me circular of Dr. Scott's Electric Flesh Brush and appliances for the arms when affected with shaking or tremulousness. I recommended your Socks to a lady, who has found great benefit in them."
 Yours truly, H. TAYLOR.

NEVER WEAR OUT
ELECTRICPATENT SOCK
 PROPRIETORS THE PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION LIMITED 21 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

FOR GOUT SCIATICA & RHEUMATISM
POSITIVE REMEDY
For CHILBLAINS AND COLD FEET.

The SOCKS are simply put inside the shoes or boots, and after wearing them a short time a continual and most beneficial warmth penetrates the body. These ELECTRIC SOCKS prove the best means for keeping the feet warm, for creating bodily comfort, and preventing those dangerous progressions against Rheumatism, Sciatica, and Gout, Chilblains, &c., and also are very beneficial in the first stages of spinal affections, &c. Although the Medical Faculty may disagree upon the true nature of Rheumatism Gout it is beyond a doubt that in most cases the most effective remedy is electricity, which can best be conveyed into the system by the use of these Socks worn in boots. The ELECTRIC SOCKS produce a current acting congenially on the body, and is far superior to the prickling and disagreeable influence of an induction coil. Against spinal complaints, the first symptoms of which are numbness of the feet and pricking sensation (so-called "pins and needles"), they act very effectively, the electric current influencing the spine through the peripheral ends of the nerves.

ELECTRIC SOCKS should be worn by those who have Rheumatic or Gouty Affections in the Feet, or are liable to coldness or chilblains in those parts. The circulation is at once stimulated, and an agreeable warmth diffused. The heat of the body causes Thermo-Electricity, the perspiration of the body evolves a galvanic current, and the Electric power is always in force.

IMPORTANCE OF WEARING ELECTRIC SOCKS.—Few are conscious of the very great advantage of wearing under the feet a medium that will not only prevent the abstraction of electricity by cold earth, but will at the same time generate in the feet those electric currents on which warmth depends.

Please forward Exact Size of Feet when ordering these Socks. All Chemists keep the Electricpatent Socks. Beware of the rubbishy, so-called magnetic socks that are sometimes stocked by Chemists on account of their low price; they cannot generate Electricity and are dear at any price. The Electricpatent Socks are only sold in BOXES.

CAUTION.—Pair of Socks forwarded, post free, on receipt of Post Office Order or Cheque for 12s. 6d., to be made payable to C. B. HARRIES, Managing Director, PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION, LTD., 21, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

"COVENTRY CHAIR"
(REGISTERED).



ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE,
INCLUDING
"METEOR," "ROVER," and "SOCIAL" TRICYCLES,
FREE ON APPLICATION.

STARLEY & SUTTON,
METEOR WORKS, WEST ORCHARD, COVENTRY.

FOR INDIA AND THE COLONIES OR FOR
HUNTING AND ROUGH WEAR.

BENSON'S SPECIALLY-MADE



GOLD ENGLISH KEYLESS
HALF-CHRONOMETER,

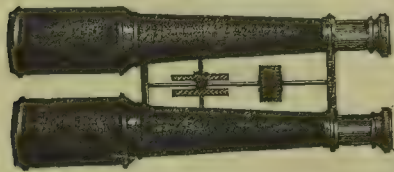
CONSTRUCTED WITH PATENT BREGUET SPRING,
WHICH ENTIRELY COUNTERACTS THE
SUDDEN VARIATION CAUSED IN
ORDINARY LEVER WATCHES BY HUNTING, &c.
JEWELLED AND ALL LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.
GUARANTEED ENTIRELY OF MY BEST ENGLISH MAKE,
TO KEEP PERFECT TIME UNDER THE MOST
TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES, AND TO
LAST A LIFETIME. EXACT SIZE OF SKETCH.
HALF-HUNTER.
HUNTER OR CRYSTAL GLASS.
SENT FREE AND SAFE TO
ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD FOR
£25 DRAFT WITH ORDER.
SILVER, SAME QUALITY, £15.
PAMPHLETS FREE, GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF
THIS WATCH AND ALL OTHERS MADE AT

BENSON'S, LUDGATE-HILL, AND
OLD BOND-STREET, LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1749.

The Hunting Editor of the "Field," after a trial of one of
these watches extending over four months, says:—

"I have used the watch for four months, and have carried it
hunting sometimes five days a week, and never less than
three. I can confidently recommend Messrs. Benson's
hunting watch as one that can be depended on."—Field,
March 24, 1884.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S
BINOCULAR TELESCOPES,



FOR
MILITARY SERVICE,
DEER-STALKING, or YACHTING.

Mounted in Aluminium or Bronze Metal.
Suited to any Sight, and Adjustable to any Width of Eyes.
Long Range, with High Magnifying Power and Perfect
Definition.

By a new combination of lenses Negretti and Zambra
have produced a glass eight inches in length, possessing
all the advantages of the larger size binocular telescope.
Illustrated Price-Lists posted free to all parts of the World.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA,
SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT MAKERS AND OPTICIANS
TO THE QUEEN,
HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.
BRANCHES: 45, Cornhill; 122, Regent-street.
Photographic Studio, Crystal Palace.

Negretti and Zambra's ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF
Meteorological, Optical, Nautical, and Surveying Instru-
ments, 1200 Engravings, 5s. 6d.

Sound White Teeth Insured.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S


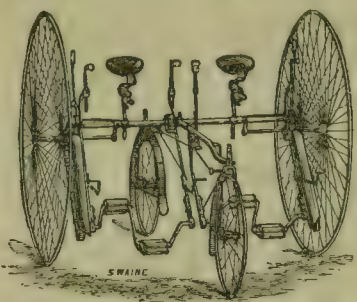

ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE.

60 YEARS USE. ALL CHEMISTS.

IMPORTANT TO INTENDING "CYCLE" PURCHASERS.

D. RUDGE & CO., Show-Rooms and Works, COVENTRY.

THE OLDEST TRICYCLE AND LARGEST CYCLE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.



THE CENTRAL-GEAR-RACER. THE NEW PATTERN CONVERTIBLE, COMPLETE. THE CENTRAL-GEAR-ROTARY.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE-LISTS FREE ON APPLICATION.

DEPOTS:—London, 12, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.; 443, Oxford-street, W.; Manchester, 160-4, Deansgate;
Birmingham, 4, Livery-street; Liverpool, 101, Bold-street; Glasgow, 241, Sauchiehall-street; Edinburgh, 23,
Hanover-street; Belfast, 49, Royal Avenue.

ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH.

THE OLDEST AND BEST.—"THE QUEEN"

(the Lady's Newspaper) says:—"Having made a fresh trial of its virtues, after considerable experience with other
compounds of the same nature, we feel no hesitation in recommending its use to all housewives who are in any
difficulty in polishing their furniture."—Dec. 23, 1883.

SOLD BY GROCERS, CHEMISTS, IRONMONGERS, CABINET MAKERS, BRUSH DEALERS, OILMEN, &c.
Manufactory: VICTORIA PARK, SHEFFIELD.

CAUTION.—See that the Name is on the Bottle, and Beware of cheap imitations.



CHILDREN'S
DOUBLE - KNEE STOCKINGS.

Invented in Leicester,
Manufactured in Leicester
Sold by Adderly and Company, Leicester.

UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR.
Every pair stamped "ADDERLY and Comp." on the foot.
LADIES' STOCKINGS. BOYS' SAILOR SUITS.
Under Vests and Combinations. GIRLS' SAILOR SUITS.
JERSEY COSTUMES. GENTS' HALF-HOSE.
JERSEY JACKETS. Under Vests and Pants
BOYS' JERSEY SUITS. with Double Seats.

The best makes at wholesale prices.
Write for Book Price-List and Illustrated
Catalogue, post-free.

ADDERLY & COMPY., Only Address, LEICESTER.

This novel Invention is designed to meet the hard wear and tear of children, by weaving or splicing double threads
invisibly in the knees, toes and heels; and now, we splice the ankles also, just where the boots cut t rough the
stocking from the friction of the ankle joint; this we guarantee will relieve from at least one half the usual quantity
of darning.

N.B.—More than Five Hundred Ladies have written to us testifying to the excellence of our stockings, their
superiority over any other make.

THIN BUSTS PERFECTED.

No CORSET

In the World has ever
equalled

THE
"IDEAL"

For Beautifying Thin Busts.

None other can be regu-
lated to any desired fulness
to suit different dresses.

None other ever stood the
test of years, with ever
increasing popularity, or
merited so many thousands
of genuine unsolicited testi-
monials. Drapers and Out-
fitters can procure it from
LONDON WHOLESALE
HOUSES. If difficulty occur,
or doubt of its matchless
effect, sample sent on ap-
proval, plain parcel carriage
paid, after remittance only.

J. EVANS and CO., 52, Aldermanbury, London.

White; or Black, stitched gold, 8s. 3d., 10s. 9d., 14s. 9d.,
to 18s. Length, 13 inches. Beware of persuasion to take
substitute when "IDEAL" not in stock. Also beware
of Corsets called "Beau Ideal," or similar sounding
names, which are quite different. See words "IDEAL
CORSET, PATENTED," stamped on breast regulators.
Waist measure required of ordinary corset unstretched.

TRADE MARK
PATENTED
J. EVANS and CO., 52, Aldermanbury, London.

CIRIO & CO.,
SPECIALLY APPOINTED AGENTS
TO THE PRINCIPAL WINE-GROWERS
OF ITALY.

MUSCARI
DRY CANCIA
EQUAL TO
BEST
CHAMP-
AGNE.
30s. to 36s.
per Doz.

2's.
per Doz.

Two Gallons.
20 PRIZE MEDALS.
Best Tinned Peas, Haricots,
Tomatoes, Peaches, &c.
11 and 13, SOUTHWARK-ST.
London; and Turin.

CHOICE RED
and WHITE.
25s. per Doz.

PROFESSOR BROWNE and ELLIOTT'S
TONIC LOTION, an unequalled Restorer of the Hair,
arresting the fall, and imparting a healthy and natural growth
to the roots. It will produce the hair on bald patches, whiskers,
moustaches, and eyebrows. Price, 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and
21s., free by post.—47 and 120, Fenchurch-street, London, E.C.

ST. MILDRED'S HOTEL,
WESTGATE-ON-SEA.
FIRST-CLASS HOTEL, REplete WITH EVERY CONVENIENCE FOR VISITORS. SEA VIEWS FROM EVERY WINDOW.

AFTERNOON TEA SET.
(Design of Tom-tits and Apple-blossom.)



Soft sage-green, on Ivory ground, as above, 7s. 6d.
Same, with turquoise-blue or red edge, 10s. 6d.
Same, with gold edge, 14s.

ALFRED B. PEARCE,
33, LUDGATE-HILL, E.C. (Established 1760.)
Catalogue (with Nine Furnishing Estimates) on application.

JUST PUBLISHED,
A MAGNIFICENT
ILLUSTRATED ALBUM CATALOGUE
OF FASHIONS and NOVELTIES for the
WINTER SEASON.
SENT GRATIS ON APPLICATION.



GRANDS MAGASINS DE NOUVEAUTÉS
AU PRINTEMPS,
JULES JALUZOT, PARIS.
Purchases carriage free all over the World.

PERRY & CO.'S
KEYLESS
SPORTING
WATCH.

In Nickel Case
PRICE
21s.
Ladies' Size,
25s.

Sterling Silver
Cases,
30s.
Gold Cases,
5 Guineas.



IT IS A
RELIABLE TIMEKEEPER.
Horizontal Movement, Jewelled, and well finished, Crystal
Glass. Invaluable for Riding, Boating, Cricketing, &c.,
as also for Schoolboys' wear.

PERRY and CO. (Limited),
STEEL PEN MAKERS,
18, 19, & 20, HOLBORN VIADUCT,
LONDON.

CIGARS
DE JOY

ASTHMA, COUGH, BRONCHITIS

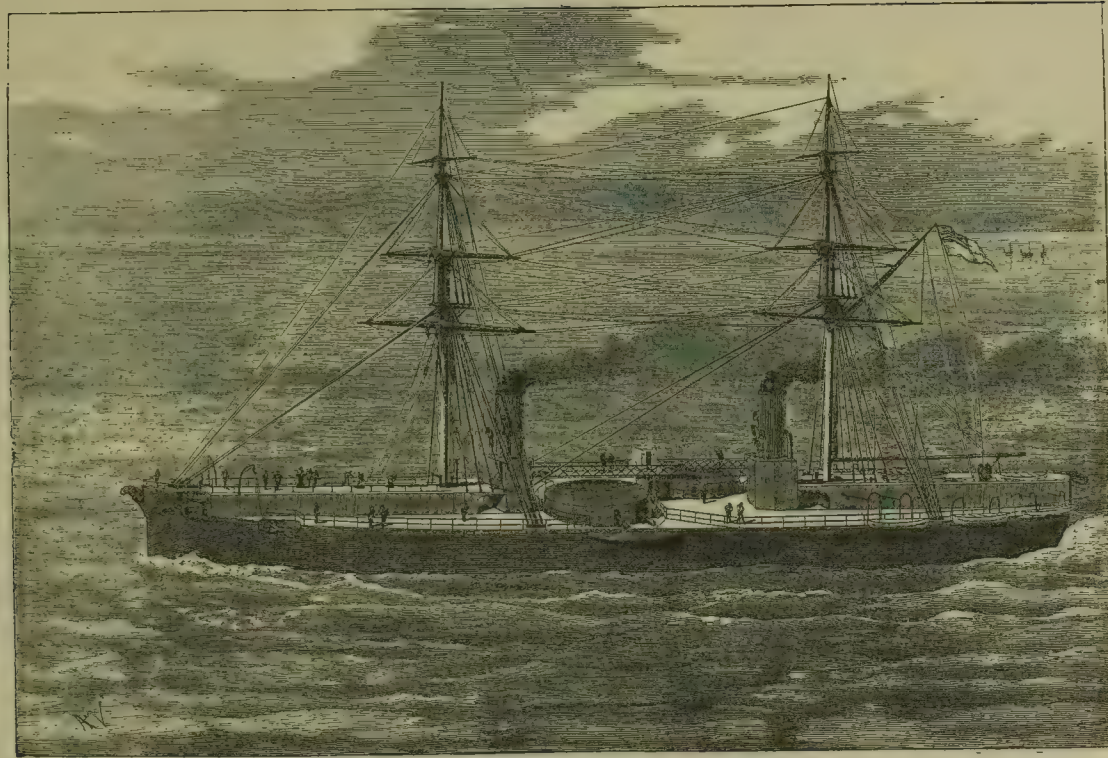
One of these Cigarettes gives immediate relief in the worst
attack of Asthma, Cough, Bronchitis, and Shortness of Breath.
Persons who suffer at night with coughing, phlegm, and short
breath find them invaluable, as they instantly check the spasm,
promote sleep, and allow the patient to pass a good night. Are
perfectly harmless, and may be smoked by ladies, children, and
most delicate patients.

Price 2s. 6d. per Box of 35.

Of all Chemists, or post-free from WILCOX and CO., 239,
Oxford-street, London. None Genuine unless signed on Box,
"E. W. WILCOX."

BLAIR'S
GOUT
PILLS.
GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.
Sure, safe, and effectual. No restraint
of diet required during use.
All Chemists, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per
Box.

LONDON: Printed and Published at the Office, 108, Strand, in the
Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex,
by LIVERAX BROTHERS, 108, Strand, atoreaid.—SATURDAY,
NOVEMBER 1, 1884.



H.M.S. INFLEXIBLE.



H.M.S. NELSON.



H.M.S. NORTHAMPTON.



H.M.S. SULTAN.

OUR NAVAL EMERGENCY.

BY ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE ELLIOT, K.C.B.

The inadequacy of our armaments to safeguard our Empire has been so fully exposed through the Press during the last month, that all attempts to minimise the danger of our position and to throw dust in the eyes of the public must surely fail. The facts disclosed are too conspicuous to be denied; and it is therefore useless to dwell on this theme any longer, and the important question which has now to be solved is, What are the best available means by which to recover our lost naval supremacy, and place our coast defences at home and abroad, in the shortest time, in a condition to resist any probable foes, and how to effect this object in the most economical manner consistent with efficiency?

The problem to be solved is, primarily, one of finance; as it is imperative that Parliament should pronounce authoritatively on the main question of naval supremacy, whether it is to be upheld over one or more of the navies of Europe. That decision will govern the action of future naval administrations; but, without some distinct authority from Parliament on that point, the rivalry over comparative Estimates, which has brought us to our present state of decrepitude, will continue to produce the same baneful effects upon the defences of our Empire. Let Parliament boldly assert our intention to command the seas, and to secure our vulnerable ports, and all the world knows that, if it comes to a question of rivalry of purses, England cannot fail to be supreme.

Well, then, let us suppose, for argument's sake, that the fiat goes forth that the Navy of England is to be numerically superior to the navies of France and Russia combined, the only two nations whose interests clash with those of our Empire, and then let us see what is the best course to pursue to secure our safety, and what material resources are readiest at hand to enable us, if need be, successfully to combat our foes. There is no doubt whatever that, if sufficient money is granted, by utilising to their full extent our enormous manufacturing power, the whole aspect of affairs could be changed in the course of a twelvemonth; and it is lamentable to think that the money which has been wasted in stamping out the national movement in Egypt would have sufficed not only to safeguard our Empire, but have secured to us the Suez Canal route, whereas, in the event of a war between France and England, France will—unless our Navy is double the strength of hers—have the command of the Mediterranean, and shut us out from that highway to the East which we have made such sacrifices to secure. With a loan of five millions of money for present necessities, and an annual increase of two millions in the Navy Estimates, our Empire might soon be placed in comparative security, and the prospects of peace thereby ensured; but it is greatly to be feared, from the speech of Sir Thomas Brassey at Hastings, and Mr. Gladstone's reply to Mr. W. H. Smith in the House of Commons, that our reckless policy will be continued, and that we shall only realise our extreme danger when it is too late.

I will now submit for consideration a proposal for the expenditure of five millions of money on Imperial defences during the year 1885, in addition to the two millions annual increase of the Navy Estimates, which latter I would appropriate to armour-clad ship building:—

For protected cruisers	£2,000,000
For protected gun-boats	1,000,000
For sea-going torpedo-boats ..	1,000,000
For guns and mortars	1,000,000
Total	£5,000,000

I consider the above expenditure to be the least which can be deemed sufficient to meet the present crisis in our national armaments, and I shall now proceed to offer some remarks on these propositions.

Having written fully on coast and harbour defences in the November Number of the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, I must refer my readers to that publication, and I shall only repeat that, in combination with shore batteries and mining operations, torpedo-boats alone will constitute a very imperfect defence. Armour-clads attacking a harbour will put to sea before night, or spread their torpedo-nettings and station their armed guard-boats, and by daylight single ships could perceive approaching torpedo-boats and manoeuvre to keep them under fire long enough to destroy them. Gun-boats mounting powerful guns behind an armour-plated shield can attack armour-clads end-on, and torpedo-boats in company might then, favoured by the smoke, find favourable opportunities of striking home, and the combination would be perfect.

It is assumed that sudden attacks on our coasts, at home and abroad, would be made by single ships or comparatively small squadrons; and that, in the event of a more serious attack by an enemy, the intention would have been discovered, and the support of the fleet might be reckoned upon; and, as the coaling stations would offer the strongest temptations, those defences should be made as powerful as possible.

With regard to armour-clads, I have fully described what will constitute efficiency in those vessels in the same magazine, and I shall only add that there should be two distinct classes, the one for fighting in line-of-battle, and the other for foreign service, the latter possessing great speed and coal capacity; and it may be presumed that on the outbreak of war our squadrons abroad would be strengthened, so as to command the seas in their respective stations; but there will be great risk of an enemy, in these days of rapid steam locomotion, endeavouring to concentrate his forces so as to overpower our foreign squadrons in detail whilst our fleet is guarding the Channel, and watchful care will be required to counteract any such attempt.

The prominent feature of national defence which appears to have excited the greatest interest in the public mind, as shown by the late correspondence on the state of the Navy, has been that of the protection of our commerce and food supply in the event of war, and I shall confine my remaining remarks entirely to this subject. I am pleased to

think I shall be able to show that, if reasonable preparations are made, and if a judicious commercial policy is resorted to, it will then not be so easy as has been supposed to starve us out either as regards food or raw material, in spite of Alabamas and foreign armed cruisers.

There is no doubt that, on a sudden outbreak of war, England would be liable to great commercial losses and distress at home, more especially if our rulers, in their great anxiety to maintain peace, had neglected to give timely warning of approaching danger to our mercantile marine scattered all over the world, and if our enemy had been more wily and far-reaching. For instance, in the Turco-Russian war the Russian armed cruisers were lying in American ports ready to pounce upon our merchant-ships had England declared war. No doubt that, at first, the price of food would rise, and that some industries would suffer, and some classes of labour be thrown out of work; but while our *entry ports* were open to the markets of the world, and the proximity to our coasts guarded, food would reach our shores, and in many industries there would be an increased demand for labour and higher wages; and in the course of a few months commercial matters would regulate themselves, and England, with her great wealth and energy and manufacturing resources, would rise to the occasion, and frustrate the machinations of her enemies by establishing her power as mistress of the seas. I say again that, if reasonable precautions are taken, we shall have no cause to fear starvation or ruin; but if the voice of the people is not heard at this present crisis of our naval affairs, and if we will put no locks on our doors or bars on our windows, and if we leave our armouries empty, and if we choose to dwell any longer in a "fools' paradise" which a certain class of politicians have built for us, then we shall only invite and deserve to suffer all the misery and dishonour which follow in the footsteps of recklessness and folly.

But the remedy is in our own hands, and is not grievous, as for the sum of, say, ten millions of money, we could place our Empire in a comparative condition of security; and this demand on the public purse is not more than we shall have spent in Egypt in running after a shadow whilst neglecting the substance at home, inasmuch as, with our present Naval forces, the Suez Canal route to the East would be closed against us in the event of a war with France alone. It must also be remembered that, while the money spent on the Egyptian campaign has been mostly sunk, what would be disbursed in this country to strengthen our Navy would greatly benefit our labour market and return to us again.

Looking also to the money which is being devoted to reducing the National Debt, I maintain that each million now granted to increase our armaments will effect a saving of probably many millions of National Debt if it leads to prolonged peace, or lessens our losses, or shortens the duration of a future war. Let us, then, look to our harness whilst there is yet time, so as not to be caught napping; and let us not be content with adopting only "a basis of action," which means vacillation and procrastination—an unworthy method of dealing with the vital interests of our Empire. I will now return to the subject of armed cruisers, and will endeavour to offer some practical suggestions bearing on the subject of Ocean Warfare.

The first element of safety for merchant-ships in war-time will be speed: a fast merchant-steamer can laugh at all privateers and armed cruisers and armour-clads, unless caught within gun-shot at night. If sighted in day-time by a hostile armed ship having only a slight superiority of speed, a long stern chase would ensue; and night coming on, escape would be favoured; and the desire to avoid unnecessary expenditure of fuel would have a deterring effect.

If we consider the great superiority possessed by England in merchant-ships of great speed, and the facility with which they might be armed with chase-guns, and the few hits at long ranges which are likely to be made, their safety from capture will be greatly favoured if they are careful not to overload.

Why should not our merchant kings of this generation rival the deeds of the East India Company, whose merchant trading fleet defied the squadrons of France, and whose glorious deeds adorn the pages of naval history?

But then it may be asked, How about the slower vessels and sailing-ships? Why, unquestionably, the former must be detained in port until convoyed, and the latter should be laid up altogether, and all slow vessels should change their nationality as soon as possible.

The idea of converting our fastest merchant-ships into armed cruisers on the outbreak of war is doubtless tempting; but this intention will cut both ways, as there would be great need of these large and swift cargo-steamers for keeping up our food supply, and their services would not be available at the most critical time—namely, on the first blush of war—to protect the merchant fleet already at sea. It must always be remembered that privateering is a private undertaking; and I think that our cruisers would soon render it an unprofitable speculation. A foreign Power might buy up such vessels and arm them, with the intention of destroying all captures; but if our Government was awake, we might, through our Consuls, be beforehand in purchasing the swiftest steamers, at any rate in neutral ports.

What we shall, then, have chiefly to guard against is an enemy's armed cruisers; and England will have lost all claim to be a great maritime Power if she fails in preparation to protect her food supply.

A few words more with regard to the special services which armed cruisers are intended to perform, and as to those inherent properties which will render them most efficient for that purpose. These vessels will be distributed along our principal trade routes for the protection of commerce, more particularly where lines of route converge, and also in proximity to ports of arrival and of departure; and they will act as convoys to groups of steamers where required. Great speed and coal-carrying capacity will be imperative, combined with offensive and defensive qualities exceeding those possessed by similar vessels built by foreign Powers, and

their rig should admit of a good spread of canvas of a nature to facilitate quick dismantling. Space will not admit of my saying more; but, looking to the value of every knot of speed for this special service, it may be hoped that our naval constructors at the Admiralty will not fail to secure the same rate of speed—namely, twenty knots—which our passenger-ships have realised. Whatever large dimensions or whatever expenditure of money it may require, any sacrifice of efficiency in this respect with a view to economy will simply be throwing money away, as one such vessel will do more service than two of lesser speed in destroying the Alabamas of the future.

Notwithstanding Sir Edward Reed's depreciatory remarks on the *Esmeralda* as an armed cruiser, it is generally considered in the Naval Service that, for her size (3000 tons displacement), Sir William Armstrong is quite justified in extolling her many perfections; but undoubtedly her protective steel deck of only one inch thickness is her weak point. That is a matter of detail which does not concern the character of the design; and as increased protection would have involved additional displacement and cost, and as we are not aware what conditions were imposed on the builder by the Chilean Government, it is not fair to criticise; but the *Esmeralda* would be more than a match for any likely privateer or future Alabama.

The type is undoubtedly a good one, but for the British Navy a more powerfully armed and protected vessel is required to contend against the armed cruisers which are likely to be met with, and they should possess twenty-knot speed, and a larger coal supply and spread of canvas than the *Esmeralda*. Such a vessel would probably require a displacement of from 5000 to 6000 tons, but a cruiser with inferior qualities would not efficiently fulfil the services required for the protection of our commerce. Sir Edward Reed recommends a still more powerful vessel, of the *Warspite* type, with an increase of speed to twenty knots, which would require a displacement of upwards of 8000 tons. The *Warspite* is a small class of armour-clad; but armed cruisers are not intended to fight armour-clads, and their speed would enable them to avoid an encounter; and, looking to the long lines of ocean highways which will have to be protected, the value of numbers is an important consideration, and two armed cruisers, such as I have described, could be built for the same money as one *Warspite*.

THE BRITISH FLEET.

Our Illustrations of twelve of the most important ships at present in the Royal Navy consist of the following:—

- H.M.S. *Inflexible*, double-screw iron turret-ship, armour-plated, 11,880 tons burden, with engines of 8010-horse power, carrying four guns.
- H.M.S. *Devastation*, double-screw iron turret-ship, armour-plated, 9330 tons, 6650-horse power, four guns.
- H.M.S. *Thunderer*, double-screw iron turret-ship, armour-plated, 9330 tons, 6270-horse power, four guns.
- H.M.S. *Alexandra*, double-screw iron turret-ship, armour-plated, 9490 tons, 8610-horse power, twelve guns.
- H.M.S. *Sultan*, screw steam-ship, iron, armour-plated, 9290 tons, 7720-horse power, twelve guns.
- H.M.S. *Northampton*, double-screw iron armour-plated ship, 7630 tons, 6070-horse power, twelve guns.
- H.M.S. *Monarch*, iron turret-ship, screw, armour-plated, 8320 tons, 7840-horse power, seven guns.
- H.M.S. *Téméraire*, double-screw iron armour-plated bar-bette ship, 8540 tons, 7520-horse power, eight guns.
- H.M.S. *Nelson*, double-screw, iron, armour-plated, 7630 tons, 6640-horse power, twelve guns.
- H.M.S. *Comus*, screw corvette, steel and iron cased with wood, 2380 tons, 2450-horse power, fourteen guns.
- H.M.S. *Polyphemus*, double-screw steel torpedo ram, 2640 tons, 5500-horse power, no guns.
- H.M.S. *Glatton*, double-screw iron turret-ship, armour-plated, 4910 tons, 2870-horse power, two guns (for harbour defence).

More particular accounts of the construction, equipment, and armament of all these and other ships of the Navy have been given in our Journal upon former occasions.

The Sketch Map on the last page of this sheet exhibits the various Naval Stations and Coaling Ports all over the globe appointed for the service of our Fleet.

The annual exhibition of students' drawings at the Female School of Art, at 43, Queen-square, is announced for yesterday and to-day.

A free fine-art exhibition, organised at the cost of the Leeds Corporation, has been opened by the Mayor (Alderman Woodhouse) in the presence of a large assembly.

Messrs. Young and Co., of the Ecclestone Ironworks, Pimlico, have completed a bust in bronze of the late Archbishop Tait, by Mario Raggi, to be placed in the Edinburgh University.

The statue to St. Augustin at Minster, in the Isle of Thanet, erected by Earl Granville, has been finally approved by his Lordship, and is now open to the public, having been unveiled without ceremony.

A new Black and White Exhibition is to be held by Mr. J. P. Mendoza, at the St. James's Gallery, 4A, King-street, St. James's, this autumn. The 7th and 8th inst. have been fixed upon as sending-in days for drawings.

Yesterday (Friday) the silver and bronze medals and certificates awarded at the late Art and Industrial Exhibition at Newbury were presented to the successful contributors by the Hon. and Rev. J. Horatio Nelson.

The annual exhibition of oil paintings by British and foreign artists will open at Thomas McLean's gallery, 7, Haymarket, next Monday; and on the same day another exhibition of pictures by British and foreign artists will open at the French Gallery, Pall-mall.

A movement is in progress in Edinburgh for establishing an International Exhibition of Industry and Art. It is recommended that the exhibition should be held during the summer of 1886. A petition to the Lord Provost and the Town Council of Edinburgh has received the signatures of a considerable number of manufacturers and merchants.

The portrait of the late Duke of Albany, by Mr. Walter Goodman, recently exhibited in the Guildhall Galleries, has been bought by the Secretary of the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, on behalf of the board of management of that institution. It will be remembered that the Queen sanctioned the proposal that the new building of this hospital, now approaching completion, shall constitute a national memorial to the Prince, who was greatly interested in its welfare.

NEW BOOKS.

There is some very pleasant reading, as well as some very useful information and advice for young aspirants after literary reputation and remuneration, in *Some Literary Recollections*: by James Payn (Smith, Elder, and Co.), a light and airy volume, abounding with more or less facetious gossip and exhilarating anecdote. Although the author's nature and habits make it impossible for him to write a set autobiography, the volume is of the autobiographical order, containing many more or less interesting facts belonging to the author's personal history, and presenting on the frontispiece an excellent likeness of the author for the gratification of the many millions—it may be—who are desirous of knowing what manner of man he is in the flesh. He does not say how old (or young) he is exactly, but it is easy, from internal evidence of the book, to make a pretty close guess. We gather that, if every man had his rights, his father would have been a rich man. But there is a hint of disinheritance, so that his father had to work for a maintenance, which he did, like a man, having received "the vote and interest" of many influential friends, and to such purpose, that he obtained "large emoluments" and "kept the Berkshire Harriers." That the author's father "must have been an attractive man" a glance at the author's portrait will probably be sufficient to convince the most sceptical, if only he bear in mind that the author himself has written "Like Father, Like Son." Our author, no doubt, had the usual diseases of childhood (though he is considerate enough to say nothing about them), and about the first picture we have of him is his portrait as a juvenile fox-hunter, a character which he hated (strange as it may seem for an English boy) with all his heart and mind and soul and strength (though he was a fairly good rider), infinitely preferring to sit by the fire and read "The Mysteries of Udolpho." Then we have him at a private school, which he hated almost as much as fox-hunting, then at Eton, then at a "cram shop" for Woolwich Academy, then at the Academy itself, then at a private tutor's (for he was obliged to leave Woolwich through ill health) in Devonshire, then at the University of Cambridge. He had already written poetry or verses, which had been printed and published; and he had seen a great deal of life (for a youth), as well as preached on a tub in Hungerford Market, and done and seen many other strange things. He took his degree, but without honours; for classical learning and mathematics were as distasteful to him as fox-hunting. He wouldn't or couldn't be a fox-hunter or a soldier or a "scholar"; he would be a literary man, and, if possible, a poet. And it must be allowed that he began his literary career under unusually favourable circumstances. Not only had he native humour and an innate turn for literature, whether as a reader or a writer, but he had already a varied experience (than which nothing is better capital for the literary adventurer who seeks admission into the columns of periodicals), he had no less a personage than Miss Mitford (a friend of his father's) to introduce him, and, as it would seem, he had private means, which saved him from a great deal of the drudgery, the heart-sickness, and the "snubbing," which less fortunate literary adventurers have to go through. However, he married very early, and the private means had to be supplemented by remunerative work, which poetry is not. He therefore abandoned his beloved poetry, and has now become a decidedly popular novelist; and it would have been wonderful if—with all his advantages—he had not. Even he, however, with those advantages, with native talent (including wit and humour), with genial manners to recommend him instead of the reserve that rather repels, and with a keen eye (one would say) to the main chance, had to endure disappointment and to exhibit the patience of Bruce's spider. How must it be, then, with literary men, whose work has been, as it were, thrust upon them, who took to it merely because it was the only work within their reach, who take no more pleasure in it than they would take in grave-digging, but simply "must live somehow"? Yet there are such men. They will think Mr. Payn happy and lucky, if only because he really likes (so he professes to do) his work for the work's sake. Readers, at any rate, will like his "Recollections."

One of most astounding books ever published is *Hayti; or, The Black Republic*: by Sir Spencer St. John, K.C.M.G. (Smith, Elder, and Co.): it deserves to be read by everybody, even at the risk of being made sick with horror and of regretting that our race ever developed from monkeys into such men and women as are depicted in the pages. It is doubtful whether more than one reader in a thousand has any idea that there is such a place as the Hayti of this book—on earth; though the other nine hundred and ninety-nine may have imagined in their wildest dreams that such a region of horrors might exist down below. Hayti, or San Domingo (of which Hayti is a part), was apparently intended by Nature to be an earthly paradise: the vileness of mankind has turned it to all appearance—into a den of demons. Commercially, as well as morally, Hayti, which was once so full of promise, seems to have been going gradually down the descent to Avernus, and to be threatened with the complete ruin and utter extinction which have been the fate of once flourishing Carthage. This state of things should not be a matter of indifference to our country, with which Hayti carries on most of the foreign trade remaining to her; but all that the majority of Englishmen know about Hayti is that it occupied the attention of Napoleon the First, and that it had for its ruler at one time a certain Toussaint l'Ouverture, a man whose conduct and career were "so remarkable as almost to confound those who declare the negro an inferior creature incapable of rising to genius." Of course, there is a way out of the difficulty: you can deny that Toussaint, though the grandson of an African prince, and a slave from his birth to the date of the insurrection that burst his bonds, was of "pure negro race"; and that he was not of "the pure negro type," his portraits are said to bear witness. Still he must have been of "mixed race," a race even more despised and not less enslaved than the "pure negro." However that may be, his memory, strange to say, is less cherished in Port-au-Prince and in Hayti generally than elsewhere, for reasons suggested in this very interesting volume. Over the account given of the "Vaudoux worship" the reader will gape open-mouthed with horror, and conclude that a Thug is (or was) a Christian and a gentleman compared with a "Vaudoux worshipper," who sacrifices the "goat without horns," and devours the flesh of the sacrifice. Be it known that "goat without horns" means a human being. And lest the author, who left Hayti some time ago, after residing there many years in an official capacity which gave him great opportunities, should be considered to refer to the past only, he is careful to state that, according to "information received," cannibalism is at present "more rampant than ever." True, he says that he "never heard of a respectable Haytian being connected with the cannibals"; but the question is—to go by the contents of the book—whether there are any respectable Haytians.

Madame Adeline Patti sailed for New York last Saturday in the Oregon.

THE CHURCH.

The Chapel Royal, Savoy, was reopened on Sunday.

The Bishop of London has returned into residence at Fulham Palace.

The Bishop of Worcester has given £1000 to the Birmingham Church Aid Fund.

The Dean of York has opened a newly restored church, dedicated to St. Mary, at Boston Spa, Yorkshire.

All Saints' Church, Londesborough, has been restored by Lord Londesborough.

A new church, in the Perpendicular style, dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, has been opened at Scarborough, free from debt.

The parish Church of St. Luke, Chelsea, has been reopened, after restoration. Earl Cadogan has contributed £500 towards the rearrangement of the church.

St. Crispin's Church, built expressly for shoe operatives of Northampton, was dedicated last Saturday. The cost of the church, £3000, is defrayed by contributions from all classes.

Canon Body will conduct the services in St. Paul's Cathedral in connection with the London Mission from the 16th to the 25th inst.

The second annual Hospital Sunday was observed at Brighton last Sunday, when appeals on behalf of the funds of the various institutions in the town went forth simultaneously from sixty pulpits. All denominations joined in the movement.

The Bishop of Rochester preached on Wednesday evening in St. Paul's Cathedral, on the anniversary of the Young Men's Friendly Society, in connection with which a number of new branches have recently been formed.

The Bishop of Rochester consecrated a new church last Saturday in St. Helen's-gardens, Rotherhithe. The Bishop of Rochester's Fund has given upwards of £4000 towards the cost of the building, and of the other £3500, the greater part has been contributed by the parish of Chisellhurst.

Sir P. Cunliffe Owen, speaking at a Mayor's banquet at Stratford-on-Avon last week, promised, with the assistance of Mr. George Childs, of Philadelphia, to organise a fund in America to help forward the restoration of Stratford parish church, a work involving a probable expenditure of £20,000.

The Bishop of Exeter, presiding at a meeting of the National Temperance League at Exeter Hall, urged that it was the duty of everyone to espouse the cause of total abstinence as the only way to promote temperance. Other speakers condemned moderate drinking as baneful and unnecessary.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has appointed the Rev. Canon Elwyn, Vicar of East Farleigh, near Maidstone, to be one of his examining chaplains.—His Grace began his first inspection of the churches and national schools in his diocese at St. Paul's Cray parish church, last week. The Archbishop has opened a new church at Skelton-in-Cleveland, dedicated to All Saints, which has cost £13,000.

Two City churches were reopened on Sunday. The Rev. Stephen E. Gladstone, Rector of Hawarden, preached at St. George's, Botolph-lane, on the reopening of the church, of which Canon MacColl is Rector; the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs attending. St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, one of Wren's churches, presenting some of his special characteristics, was also reopened.

At an executive committee meeting of Truro Cathedral, it was reported that since February £11,500 had been promised, but to complete the transept, lantern, stage, clock-tower, and other necessary works, would require nearly £9000 more, as payments had been made in excess of the estimates to the amount of £5000. A committee was appointed to confer with the architect, and it was decided to raise a guarantee fund, that the committee might be indemnified for borrowed money.

The preachers at Westminster Abbey this month are:—Nov. 1 (to-day), All Saints', at three, the Rev. A. G. Butler, Fellow of Oriel, Oxford; Sunday, Nov. 2, at ten, Archdeacon Norris (of Bristol); Sunday, Nov. 9, at ten, the Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies; Sunday, Nov. 16, at ten, the Rev. W. W. Sinclair (St. Stephen's, Westminster); Sunday, Nov. 23, at ten, the Rev. Edwin Price; Sunday, Nov. 30, at ten, the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck. Archdeacon Farrar, as Canon in Residence, will preach each Sunday afternoon at three.

The whole of the windows in the chapel of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, have been filled with stained glass (by Heaton, Butler, and Bayne) illustrating a series of persons connected with the history of the college.—A handsome mural monument, executed in alabaster and various marbles, from the studio of Mr. J. Forsyth, has been erected in Scofton church, Notts, to the memory of the late Viscountess Milton.—Two more three-light Munich windows have been placed in St. Mary's Church, Arbroath—one by subscription, in memory of the late Rev. W. Henderson, fifty-one years Pastor, and representing the Good Samaritan; the other by Dr. J. Traill, in memory of his brother and his son, and representing Christ healing the sick. The artists are Messrs. Mayer and Co., who also have in hand the large west window.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed the Rev. W. H. Joy, Rector of St. Nicholas', near Cardiff, to the rectory of Greford, with the curacy of Wiltshire, near Stamford, Lincolnshire; the Bishop of London has instituted the Rev. Francis H. Nicholls to the vicarage of St. Stephen's, Canonbury; the Simeon Trustees have appointed the Rev. Gilbert L. James, Vicar of Gresley, near Burton-on-Trent, to the living of Gillington, near Bradford, in the room of the late Rev. W. Carson; the living of Bentham, in Lancashire, has been presented to the Rev. Frederick Walker Joy, M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford; the Bishop of Liverpool has appointed the Rev. T. Oliver, Incumbent of St. Martin's, Liverpool, to the living of Garston, fallen to the gift of the Bishop of this diocese by reason of lapse; and the Bishop of St. Asaph has conferred the living of Mold, Flintshire, upon the Rev. Thomas Jones, B.A., Curate of Ruabon.

A meeting was held at the Mansion House on Tuesday to promote the formation of a Commercial Geographical Society.

Earl Spencer and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman arrived yesterday week in Dublin, and in the course of the day the latter was sworn in as Chief Secretary.

Seven thousand flounders were taken from the tidal waters in the Thames last week, and deposited in batches between Teddington and Hampton Court.

Mr. George R. Strachan, Surveyor of Chiswick, formerly of Newcastle-on-Tyne and Burton-on-Trent, has been elected Surveyor of Chelsea, at a salary of £400 per annum. There were eighty-two candidates.

A fancy bazaar, patronised by Princess Christian, on behalf of Mrs. Vicars's Home, Albion-hill, Brighton, will be held at the Dome next Wednesday and three following days. Mr. A. F. Terrell Shapland, 70, Grand Parade, Brighton, will be very happy to receive the names and addresses of any ladies and children who desire to present purses of two guineas and upwards to the Princess on the opening day, at 2.30 p.m.

NOVELS.

Heartly recommendation cannot be withheld from *Out of Their Element*: by Lady Margaret Majendie (Richard Bently and Son), even if some of the personages do weep and pray a little more than is pleasant for the reader, if not a little more than is good for the personages themselves. The volumes, which are three in number, may not be remarkable for moving, stirring, exciting incident, though even that is not altogether to seek, but they certainly abound with pretty persons, pretty scenes, and pretty situations. The story is coloured Italian, which is of itself a recommendation; and the pivot upon which everything turns is the love, passing the love of women (to misappropriate a phrase, perhaps), felt by the heroine for Italy in the black and evil times before there seemed to be any likelihood that the famous prophecy would be fulfilled: "Italia farà da se." The heroine is the daughter of an Italian father and an English mother, of whom the latter had made her husband's country her own, but, dying in poverty, had commended her fatherless as well as motherless daughter to her wealthy, well-born, and well-bred uncles, aunts, and cousins in England, and had impressed upon that daughter the propriety of becoming English and a lover as well as an inhabitant of England. But, from the very first day of her arrival in England, the Anglo-Italian heroine, who is beautiful as day and melancholy as night, pines for her beloved Italy, refuses to be comforted, suffers from a really dangerous attack of nostalgia, egotistically agrees to marry her own sweet cousin's faithless lover because he promises to go and settle in Italy, and thus robs a far more deserving and almost equally beautiful, certainly more lovable girl with the most heartless, selfish, self-complacent want of compunction. It is impossible, indeed, to sympathise with the heroine; only the extremest sentimentality will appreciate and justify her. The other characters, each and all, will command, on most occasions, high appreciation and even admiration. Then the freshness and refinement of the style, of the sentiments, of the manners, and of the actions, make that which is not in itself either very interesting or very astonishing quite delightful to read.

Unpleasant as it is during the greater part of the three volumes, *A North-Country Maid*: by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron (F. V. White and Co.), begins charmingly and ends as satisfactorily as anybody could wish, and more satisfactorily than experience of a wicked world would lead one to expect. The romance, which is written in lively, vigorous style, has little or no substance about it, and not a great deal of plot. The writer is certainly rough on the aristocracy, painting them very much as they were painted by Reynolds, not Joshua, the famous portrait-painter, but G. W. M., the man of "mysteries." The story opens with a highly amusing, life-like scene. A very poor Vicar of a very small living in Cumberland is engaged in the hopeless task of trying to convince himself which is the prettiest of his four pretty daughters. And why? Because his mother-in-law, a live countess (with whose daughter he had dared to run away in his hot youth), has written to him, offering to relieve him of his prettiest daughter and to bring her up as an earl's grand-daughter. His poverty but not his will consents. Now why had the dowager-countess (for so she is) made this sudden offer? Because her cousin, the earl at the time of her letter, had, after the fashion of the nobility, promised her a hundred pounds (so glad were some countesses to earn an honest penny), if she would find him a wife (for he was such a reprobate that nobody "in society" would marry him, earl though he was); and she had determined, like a true British noble-woman, to sell him one of her own grand-daughters. Of course the earl was already married "unbeknown," and married "beneath him." So that here is promise of sport, though it be of a somewhat common and hackneyed kind; and not a little sport there is.

There is a great deal of excellent reading in *A Drunken Game*: by Basil (Chatto and Windus), a novel unexceptionable in theme and tone, with one or two very effective and touching scenes, with not a little humour, with far more than the usual amount of originality, and with a number of interesting characters well conceived, well defined, well discriminated, and consistently handled. The cruel treatment of a poor little boy at a private school is described with so much apparent knowledge and evident feeling that, as the date of the story is quite recent, a horrible fear arises in the reader's mind lest parents and guardians should be living in a fool's paradise, lest we should have made no improvement at all during all these years, lest things should still be as bad as ever they were at "seminaries for young gentlemen," lest, in the midst of all our namby-pambyness, our worship of the baby, our tender solicitude for the horrid boy, there should still be places of education where poor children may meet with the fate of the boy "Chancellor," or "Cancellor," (who was beaten to death), though deserving it far less than he, or with that of "Smike," in the awful pandemonium of "Dotheboys Hall." Nothing, again, could be more beautifully and pathetically drawn than the scene in which the motherless Ida, the only mourner at her mother's grave, is awakened from her trance of grief by the soft touch and softer voice of angelic "Mrs. John." This is a scene to do the heart good; but not to be read with dry eyes, not even by the reader whose eyes are not easily moistened. Many charming passages there are in every one of the three volumes; but what serves for the plot of the story, especially the supposed illegitimacy of Archie, is decidedly weak, and is good for nothing but "padding." Indeed, this part of the story has its ludicrous aspect. That a young gentleman, even if he really had a right to the name of Archibald Guard, should shrink from asking a girl to marry him because of a "scandal which held up the name to the scorn of all England," is very funny, and worthy of the mock heroics in which melodrama abounds. A Smith or a Black might as well talk in the same strain; and Heaven only knows the amount of scandal (not to say actual crime) that has added to the intrinsic undesirability of these two illustrious names. What Mr. Archibald Guard meant, no doubt, was that, however conveniently indistinguishable, by reason of its liberal distribution over the face of the earth or its utter insignificance, a man's name may be, yet the owner of it should not take advantage of that fact to induce a fair creature to share the name with him as long as he cannot clear himself (not his name) from a scandal of which "all England" would probably never hear, which the small portion of England that did hear of it would enjoy vastly, and which would lead a still smaller portion of England to hold him (not his name) up to "scorn." So far it is possible to agree cordially with Mr. Guard, though he may be considered hyper-sensitive about his name.

Lady Phipps Hornby, wife of the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, last Saturday presented the prizes to the successful students at the Portsmouth High School for Girls, which was opened in February, 1882. Alice Geraldine Cooke took a scholarship, tenable for two years, offered by the council for the pupil standing highest in the examination held on their behalf by the Oxford and Cambridge Universities joint boards.

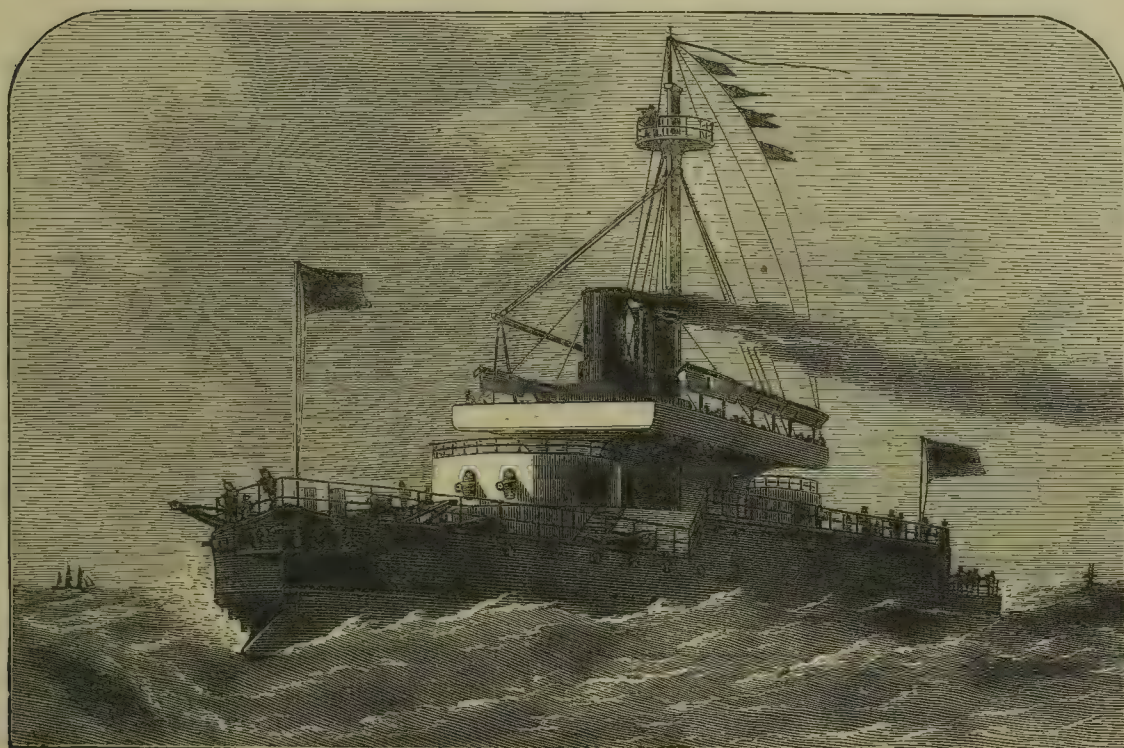
S H I P S O F T H E B R I T I S H N A V Y .



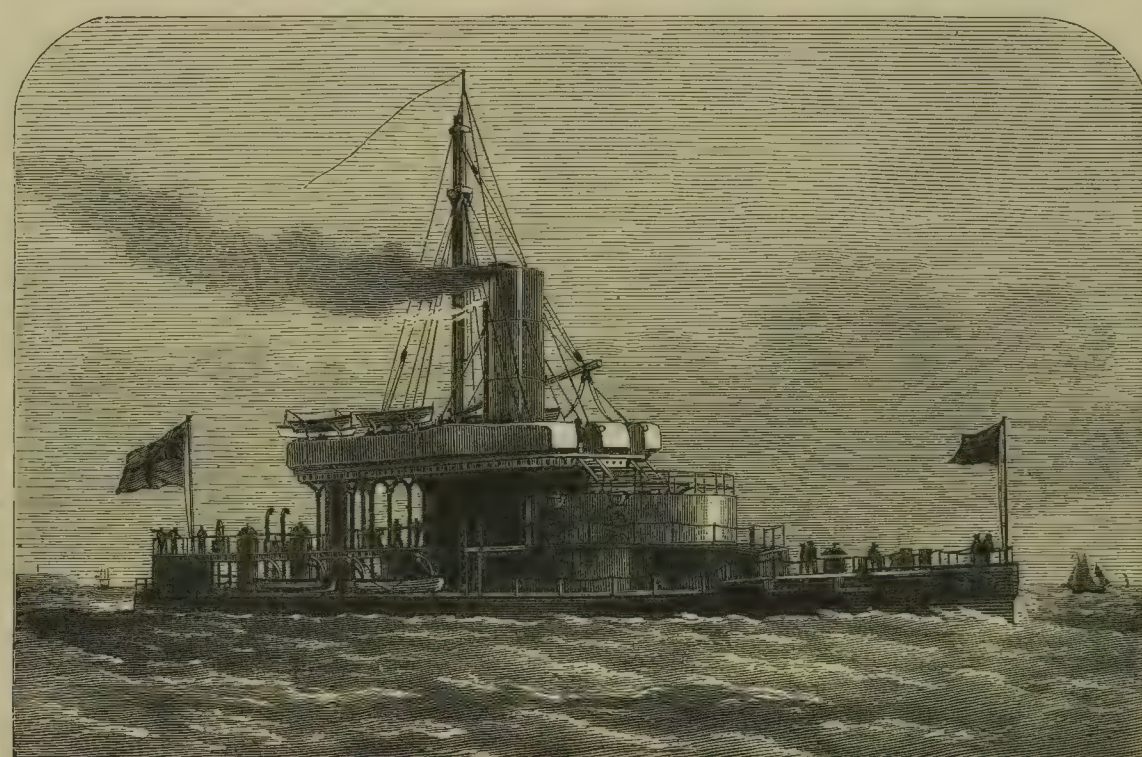
H.M.S. MONARCH.



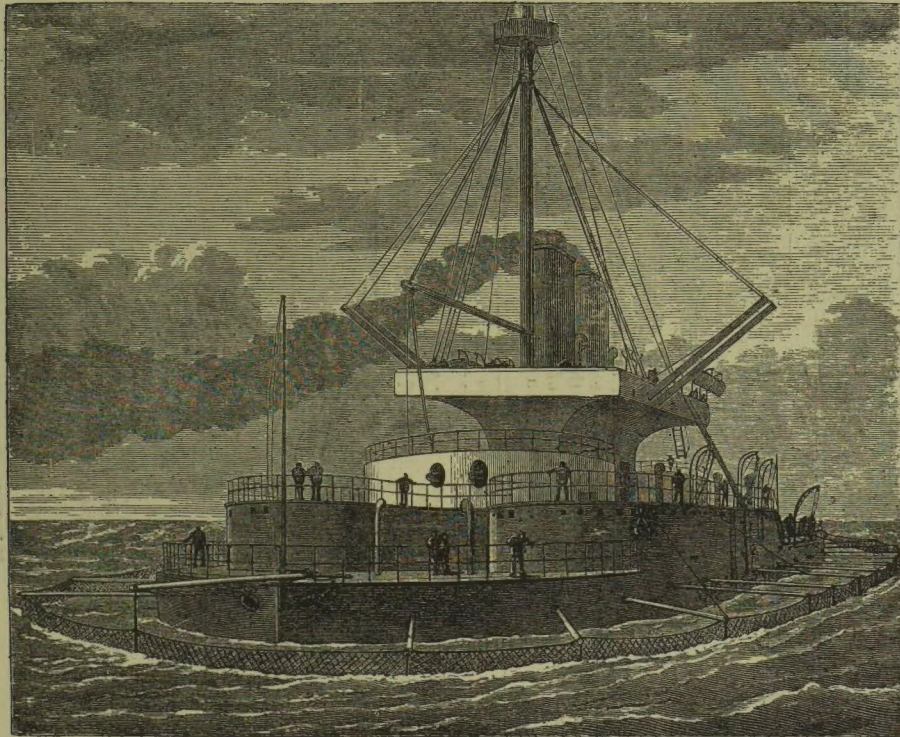
H.M.S. ALEXANDRA.



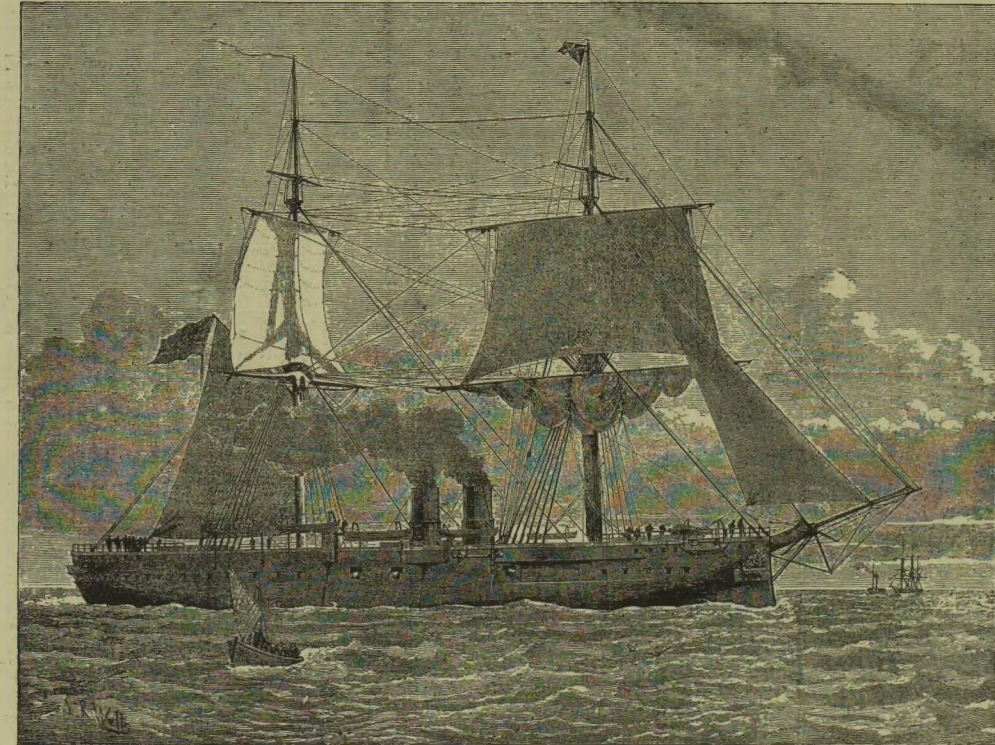
H.M.S. DEVASTATION.



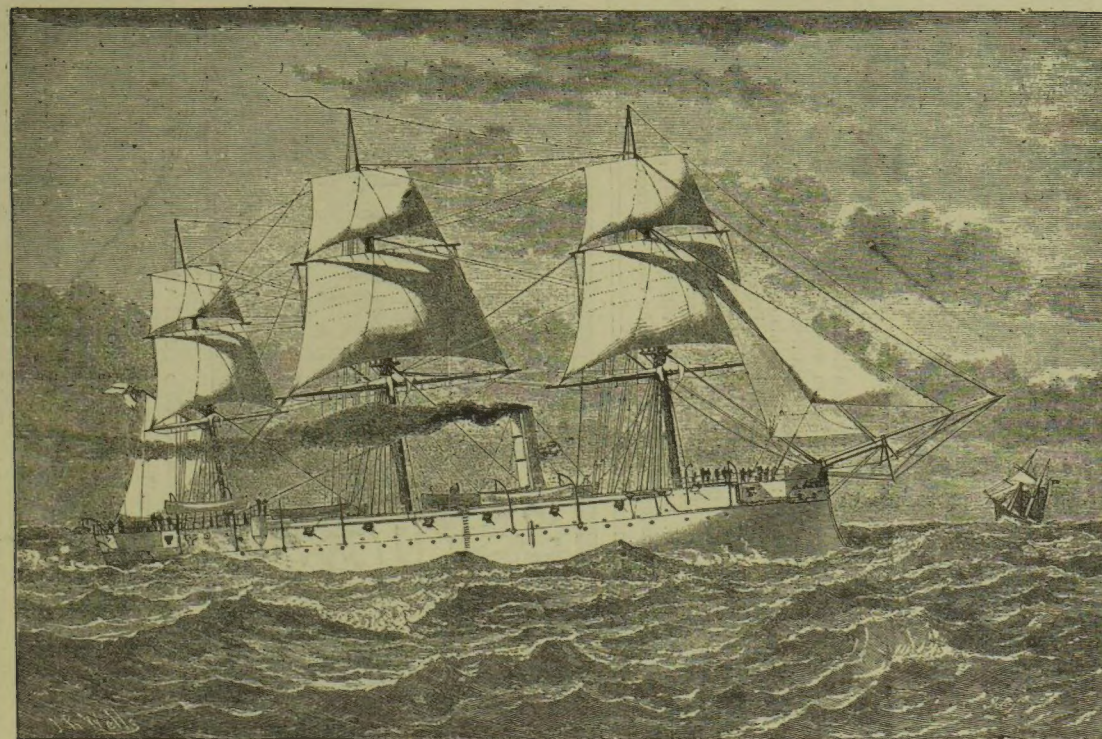
H.M.S. GLATTON.



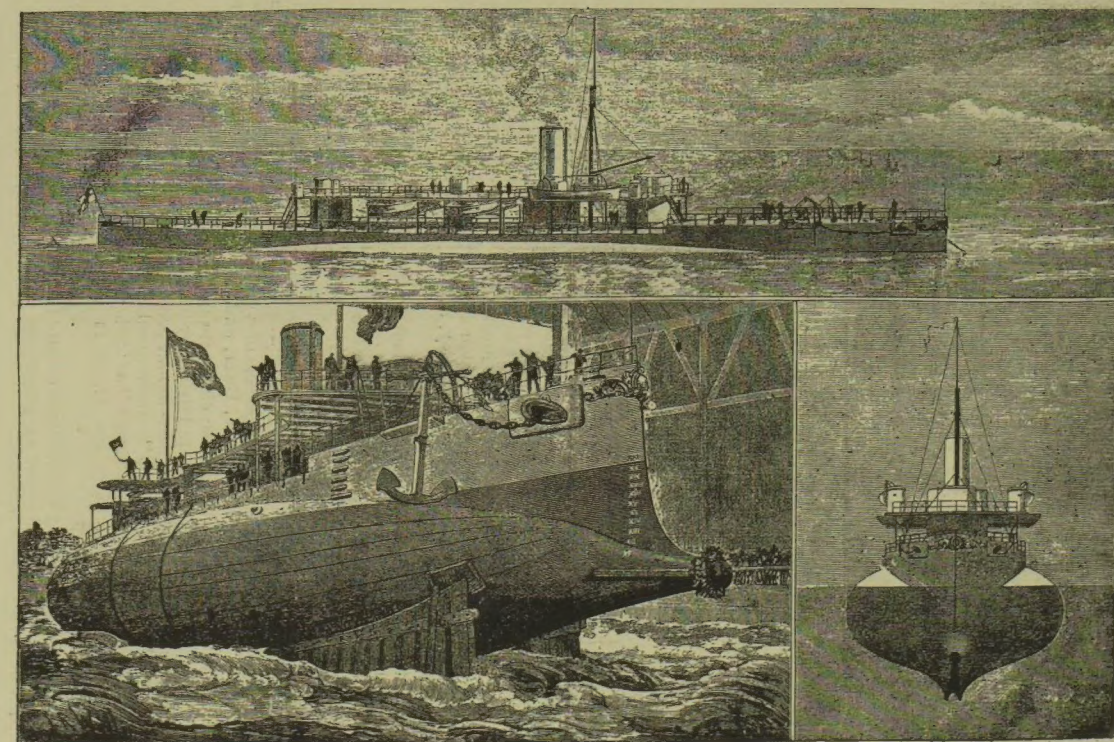
H.M.S. THUNDERER, WITH NETTINGS TO KEEP OFF TORPEDOES.



H.M.S. TÉMÉRAIRE.



H.M.S. COMUS.



H.M.S. POLYPHEMUS.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Complete Scale Tutor for the Pianoforte," by Adolphe Schloesser (R. Cocks and Co.). This is a valuable collection of scale passages, in all keys, in direct and contrary motion—diatonic and chromatic; in octaves, thirds, and sixths. The fingering is ample, and the work will be found greatly conducive to the attainment of technical skill. "Grandmother's Sweetheart," by M. Watson—"I mean to wait for Jack!" by Cotsford Dick—and "My little man," by A. H. Behrend—are all characteristic songs, in the lively rather than sentimental style. These are also published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co., as are "Buon Giorno," a Rondo; and "Il Bolero," a Spanish Dance: two pleasing—and not difficult—pianoforte pieces by Cotsford Dick.

"The Great Musicians," edited by Francis Hueffer (Sampson Low and Co.). The latest issue of this valuable series is a memoir of Robert Schumann, by J. A. Fuller Maitland. Within the compass of a small volume the biographer has comprised the essential features of the personal and artistic career of the composer who said, in a letter to his mother, "My whole life has been a twenty years' war between prose and poetry—between law and music." His struggles and trials, his productivity, both as a composer and a critic, his successes, and the melancholy extinction of his fine genius by insanity—are all well related in the volume now referred to, the value of which is enhanced by a chronological table of the chief events of the composer's life and the dates of his works; and a general index.

"The Child's Garland" by Franz Abt (Novello, Ewer, and Co.). This little volume contains a collection of three-part songs for children's voices by a composer who has been highly esteemed for many vocal productions in various forms and styles. That now referred to is well calculated to interest juvenile singers by the pleasing and simple melodiousness of the pieces—the English version of the words being well rendered by the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck and Miss G. E. Troutbeck.

"Golden Gwendolin" and other songs, by William Morris, set to music by E. Dannreuther—"Love Lily" and other songs, by D. G. Rossetti, set to music by the same composer (Novello, Ewer, and Co.). The music, allied to the verses of the two distinguished modern poets named above, evinces a true perception of the spirit and rhythm of the text. Each number is distinguished by marked character and individuality, and an avoidance of hackneyed conventionalisms.

"Fantasia for the Organ in F Major," by William Spark. This is one of many effective contributions to the organist's library by which Dr. Spark, the skilled organist of the Leeds Townhall, has made his name eminent as a composer for as well as a performer on the "king of instruments." The piece now referred to consists of three movements—"Allegro moderato," "Andante espressivo," and "Finale"—each of which is well calculated to display the varied powers of a grand organ. The fantasia is published by Novello, Ewer, and Co.

"Sonate Dramatique" is the title of an elaborate pianoforte piece composed by Eugen Woycke, published by Mr. C. Jefferys, of Berners-street. The work consists of four principal divisions—an "Allegro ma non troppo" (introduced by a short "Largo assai"), an "Adagio Lacrimoso," a "Scherzo," and a final "Rondo"—in each of which there is much effective and characteristic writing.

"Morning Zephyr," Waltz, by Catherine Heaton (Joseph Williams), is a bright and spirited piece of pianoforte dance music, full of the true rhythmic impetus.

Messrs. Metzler and Co. have issued some bright pianoforte music in various dance forms—"Ball-scenes," by J. Hoffmann; "The Holly Galop" and "Sweet Violets" Waltz, by P. Bucalossi; "Mephisto" Polka, by P. Reeve; "Puck, Danse de Ballet," by C. Lowthian; and Mr. A. G. Crowe's "See-Saw" Waltz, that has become so popular at the Promenade Concerts.

"A Spring Love-Song," by Sir Julius Benedict (W. J. Willcocks). This is a graceful vocal piece, melodious and expressive in style, and within the ordinary compass. It shows that the veteran composer has not lost his power of producing interesting music.

Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's "Song of Life" ("Lied des Lebens")—for four voices—is a graceful tribute to Sir Julius Benedict on the recent completion of his jubilee professional career. It is a pleasing piece of vocal harmony worthy of its distinguished composer and of the occasion for which it was written. The English text has been well translated by Constance Bache. The song forms one of the extensive cheap series published by Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co. "The Tryst" song, by Mary Carmichael (from the same publishers), is a good specimen of the sentimental style, expressive without affectation.

"Frühlingsgefühl" ("Spring-Time"), by Anton Rubinstein, is a very graceful song, with the original German words, and an English version thereof by B. F. W. Smith, published by Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.; from whom we also have other agreeable songs—"On a faded violet," by E. J. Troup, and "The Song of the Bird," by B. Davenport; and cheap editions of Schubert's part-song for male voices, "The Hamlet," and of C. T. Kühne's set of twelve "Volkslieder."

"Ten Two-part Songs," by F. Berger (Patey and Willis), are pleasing settings of lines by Longfellow, intended for the

use of classes in schools—either for girls' or boys' voices. The pieces are all melodious and easy of execution, the style differing according to the sentiment of the words. They will be very acceptable to juvenile vocalists. Messrs. Patey and Willis are the publishers, as also of "On the River," by M. Watson, and "Sister Agnes," by L. Diehl, songs, each of which offers good opportunities for singers capable of sentimental expression. "Peine de Cœur, Mélodie pour Piano," by Tito Mattei, contains some effective florid passage writing; "Spagnoletta," by H. Sharpe, is a pianoforte piece in which the nationality implied by the title is well reflected; "Will o' the Wisp," by the same (also for the pianoforte), being light and airy, with some good arpeggio passages.

"Songs of the Flowers," by Ciro Pinsuti, are twelve melodious pieces for two treble voices (with pianoforte accompaniment), each with a characteristic floral title. They are well calculated to please duet-singers and their hearers. The work is published at Dundee by Methven, Simpson, and Co., and in London by Patey and Willis.

"The Little Drummer" is a pleasing ballad by G. B. Allen—simple and unaffected, yet expressive in style. "A Lullaby," by W. M. Gould, is a flowing melody, well set off by arpeggio accompaniments; "A little bird told me," by C. Tibbutt, being a song of a bright and naive character. All are published by Edwin Ashdown (of Hanover-square), from whom we have also the following pianoforte pieces, all of more than average merit:—"Childhood's Hours," twelve characteristic movements, by A. Loeschhorn, each illustrating a distinctive title—"By Rushing Weir," an effective impromptu, and a stately "Gavotte," both by W. S. Rockstro—"A Midnight Reverie," a graceful sketch by M. Watson—"Diavolina," a bright "morceau de salon," by G. Lange—"Paroles du Cœur," an expressive "andantino," and "Le Carillon du Village," a suggestive "esquisse," both by N. Delacour—"Marche des Ménestrels," a stirring martial piece, by S. Smith—"Bergers et Bergères," a good specimen of the "gavotte" style somewhat modernised, by P. Beaumont—and "Fleur des Champs," a spirited "morceau brillant," by F. R. Müller.

Mr. B. Williams's recent issues of vocal music comprise some songs that will be welcome in many circles. "Our Last Good-Bye," words by Mary Mark Lemon, music by Ciro Pinsuti, possesses much genuine sentiment in each respect. "Birdie's Nest" and "Spirit Voices," both by Odoardo Barri, are pleasing pieces in the expressive style; "Alack-a-day," by H. Trotter; "The King of the Camp," by C. E. Tinney; and "Our Captain," by W. M. Hutchinson, being of a more robust character.

"Furianté," by Anton Dvorák. This is a characteristic Bohemian national dance, for the pianoforte, by the composer who has lately become celebrated here by several important works, especially his orchestral symphony and his "Stabat Mater." The piece now referred to is full of vigorous impulse and marked rhythm. It is published by Bote and Bock, Berlin, and Willcocks and Co., London; as are "Tonbilder," a series of pleasing pianoforte pieces by Aloys Heunes, and a fanciful "Wedding Dance of the Elves," for pianoforte and orchestra, by E. Solomon.

Beethoven's sonatas, revised, fingered, and edited by Charles Klindworth. (Berlin, Bote and Bock; London, Willcocks and Co.). We have here the first volume of Beethoven's immortal series of thirty-two sonatas for piano solo, brought out in a beautiful and correct edition, excellently engraved, and printed on good paper, and at a comparatively moderate price. This instalment contains the first twelve of the sonatas, the completion of which will form a standard edition of works that are destined for all time.

Messrs. Weekes and Co. are bringing out a second series of "Favourite Melodies for Violin and Piano," arranged by F. Weekes, who has culled some charming extracts from eminent composers, past and present, and adapted them effectively, while avoiding executive difficulties.

Messrs. Ricordi, the eminent publishers of Regent-street, of Milan, and other Continental cities, are contributing largely to the stock of vocal music. We have already had occasion to notice the compositions of F. Paolo Tosti, a composer who writes much, and well, for vocalists. The publishers just named have brought out a beautiful edition of his "Twenty Melodies," with Italian and English words, and a similar volume with French text. "La Fille d'O-taiti" is a series of six characteristic movements (dedicated to the Princess Beatrice), in which Signor Tosti has expressively set the text of Victor Hugo. Separate songs by the same composer are—"Mémoire d'Amor," "A Sera," "Le Papillon et la Fleur," and "Ask me no more" (a setting of words by Tennyson). In all these the music is essentially vocal and reflective of the suave Italian style. From among many other vocal pieces issued by the same firm may be specified "A Dream of Peace" and "The Book of Prayer," Songs by Ciro Pinsuti, replete with serious sentiment; and "Along the Shore," by F. H. Cowen, which is interesting although simple in style.

The sixth volume of Messrs. Ricordi's "Série Spéciale" consists of a motet, "Sciant Gentes," by Cherubini, a posthumous work for orchestra, and choral and solo voices, which should interest all admirers of one of the greatest Church composers. It is to be hoped that the work may soon

receive performance here. The edition now referred to is handsomely and inexpensively brought out, the orchestral accompaniments transcribed for the pianoforte or organ. "Six Tuscan Folk-Songs," for two voices—words by Theo Marzials, music by L. Caracciolo (also from Messrs. Ricordi), are pleasing duets in which the sentiment of the verses is well reflected by the composer.

Some songs published by H. Klein deserve favourable notice. "Saved by a Child," by M. Piccolomini, affords good scope for declamatory expression. "Seeking," by Carl Zoeller, has an expressive melody, with an appropriate accompaniment; and the same may be said of "Sadly I wait," by E. Parsons; and "Can he forget," by H. Gordon; "I dinna ken your meaning, Sir," by W. Hodgson, being a ballad in the piquant Scotch style.

Messrs. A. Hammond and Co. publish some agreeable pianoforte music, among which we may specify the following characteristic pieces by Gustav Lange:—"Aus Tiefster Seele" ("Melodie"), "Tanzscene" (in polka style), and "Sänger in den Zweigen" ("Birds in the Branches"). All these are highly suggestive of the subjects indicated.

"Don Giovanni, Grande Fantasia," "Melody in E flat major" (Duncan Davison and Co.), are reprints of two charming pianoforte pieces by Thalberg, the first an elaborate composition based on themes from Mozart's immortal opera; the other an original work of smaller dimensions, full of melodious sweetness. Some vocal music issued by the same firm may be recommended. "Notte e Giorno," "Il Messaggero," and "Qui sospirando Elvira" are songs by P. D. Guglielmo, in each of which the melody has the genuine suavity of the modern Italian school. Similar in merit is the canzonetta "Non ti Lagnar," by G. Romano.

REWARDS FOR GALLANTRY.

The committee of the Royal Humane Society has unanimously bestowed its silver medal upon Mr. Thomas Allnutt Brassey, undergraduate of Balliol College, Oxford, for a gallant act performed in Loch Carron, Ross-shire, on the 30th ult. At about 11.30 a.m. of that day, as the Viking cutter was proceeding from the yacht Sunbeam to the shore, some three-quarters of a mile distant, one of her timbers parted, owing to the heavy sea which was running. The boat was shortly in a sinking condition, and during the brief interval which elapsed, Mr. Brassey, with great coolness, distributed the oars to those in the boat who could not swim (six in number). Then divesting himself of his coat, he advised the others to do the same, and gave instructions to the non-swimmers what to do: The vessel soon filled, and in the confusion which prevailed, several of the men having lost the oars, Mr. Brassey's voice could be heard encouraging them. A groom named Tinworth, in Sir T. Brassey's service, was soon perceived to be drowning, and without any hesitation Mr. T. Brassey swam out and, giving him his oar after he had pulled him from under the water, supported him in the heavy sea till the Sunbeam's other boat arrived and rescued all.

On the recommendation of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the silver medal has also been awarded to Lieutenant J. Startin, R.N., H.M.S. Minotaur, for saving the lives of five persons who were captured from a boat at Portland. Lieutenant Startin had previously received the society's bronze medal and clasp, and the Duke of Edinburgh, in writing on this case, says that "Lieutenant Startin incurred great personal risk in performing this very meritorious service."

On the recommendation of the Secretary of State for War, the silver medal has also been conferred upon Major H. E. Goodwyn, 1st Battalion East Lancashire Regiment, for a gallant attempt to save the life of a stowaway lad, named Jones, who fell from the steam-ship Nubia, in the Red Sea, in lat. 57 N., long. 37.03. In this case, though it was well known that sharks abounded about that part, Major Goodwyn plunged into the sea without divesting himself of any of his clothing, and swam about for twenty minutes in the vain search for the lad, his head exposed to the mid-day sun. The vessel was running eleven knots an hour at the time of the occurrence, with all her canvas set.

On the recommendation of the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief (the circumstances of the case having also been laid before her Majesty), the bronze medal has been awarded to Private H. Loraine, 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, now serving in the Camel Corps in the Nile Expedition, for plunging off the bridge which extends over the water in Kensington-gardens, and rescuing a man named Pope, who attempted suicide on the evening of the 23rd ult.

Mr. A. E. Dobbs has sent out a statement of accounts of his litigation with the Grand Junction Waterworks Company. His law costs amounted to £1497, of which the Grand Junction paid in the way of taxed costs £767. His expenses altogether amounted to £1561, towards which the Corporation of London, vestries, and district boards contributed £847, and other donors made up the total to £1667, so leaving an unexpended balance of £107. For this outlay Mr. Dobbs claims as a net result that he has reduced the rental on which the water companies charged in the metropolis from £35,026,577 to £28,990,289, a difference of over six millions, a considerable item in any compensation valuation.



MOTHERS! Be careful as to the food used in the nursery. Most of the Infants' Foods, so-called, contain large proportions of starch, and, as any physician will tell you, are highly injurious. Your own Doctor will recommend WILSON'S AMERICAN BABY BISCUITS if you ask his opinion, because they are so pure, so wholesome, so easily digested. They are always ready for use.

A single trial will convince. Sold in Shilling Tins by Grocers and Chemists; or sent, parcels post paid, for 16 stamps.

Sole Consignee, DAVID CHALLEN, Mildmay-road, London.

ADVANTAGES OF DEECEE LEAVENED AMERICAN FLOUR.

FOR HEALTHFUL BREAD

DELICIOUS CAKE.



FOR FLAKY PASTRY

WHOLESOME PIES.

In the use of this Flour the elements of nutrition are preserved, not partly wasted or destroyed, as is the case during fermentation of ordinary flour. In this Flour the phosphates are preserved, not destroyed, thus preventing indigestion and dyspepsia. When used for pastry, pies, or confectionery, less than the usual quantity of eggs and butter will be required to produce equal richness. DEECEE FLOUR yields more bread than flour raised with yeast or barm, the bread has a finer flavour, and is more digestible and nutritious. It will also keep well, not becoming sour. Anyone can make it.

NEITHER SALT, YEAST, NOR BAKING POWDER REQUIRED.

In 5-lb. Packets, price 1s., of Grocers, &c. Sole Consignee, DAVID CHALLEN, Mildmay-rd., London.

PEARS' SOAP

FOR TOILET AND NURSERY.

Specially Prepared for the delicate Skin of Ladies and Children and others sensitive to the weather, winter or summer. Redness, Roughness, and Chapping prevented.

Bright, Clear Complexion.

REV. H. WARD BEECHER.

"If cleanliness is next to godliness, soap must be considered as a means of grace, and a clergyman who recommends moral things should be willing to recommend soap. I am told that my commendation of Pears' Soap has opened for it a large sale in the United States. I am willing to stand by every word in favour of it that I ever uttered. A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it."

(Signed) "HENRY WARD BEECHER."

SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.,
late President of the
Royal College of Surgeons, England,
writes in the "Journal of Cutaneous Medicine":

"The use of a good soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. . . . PEAR'S is a name engraven on the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and Pears' Transparent Soap is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."

PEARS' SOAP
THE FAMOUS ENGLISH COMPLEXION SOAP

"I have used your Soap for two years with the greatest satisfaction, for I find it the very best."
"TO MESSRS. PEARS." MARY ANDERSON.

NOTHING ADDS SO MUCH TO PERSONAL APPEARANCE As a Bright, Clear Complexion and a Soft Skin. With these the plainest features become attractive. Without them the handsomest are but coldly impressive. Many a complexion is marred by impure Alkaline and Coloured Toilet Soap.

PEARS' SOAP
A Specialty for the Skin and Complexion.
Is recommended by the greatest English authority on the Skin.
Prof. SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F. R. S.
Pres. of the Royal Col. of Surgeons, England.
For sale throughout the Civilized World.
15 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS.

KEEPS THE PORES OPEN - KEEPS THE SKIN SOFT.

PEARS' SOAP

PURE, FRAGRANT, REFRESHING.

MISS MARY ANDERSON.

"I have used it two years with the greatest satisfaction, for I find it the very best."
(Signed) "MARY ANDERSON."

Fair, White Hands.

MRS. LANGTRY.

"I have much pleasure in stating that I have used your soap for some time, and prefer it to any other."
(Signed) "LILLIE LANGTRY."

MADAME MARIE ROZE-MAPLESON.

"For preserving the complexion, keeping the skin soft, free from redness and roughness, and the hands in nice condition, it is the finest soap in the world."
(Signed) "MARIE ROZE."

PEARS' SOAP is Sold Everywhere in Tablets and Balls. 1s. each. Larger sizes, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. The 2s. 6d. Tablet is perfumed with Otto of Roses. A smaller Tablet (unscented) is sold at 6d., but INSIST on having PEAR'S, as vilely-injurious imitations are often substituted for extra gain.

A. and F. Pears, established nearly 100 years, Soap Makers by Special Royal Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

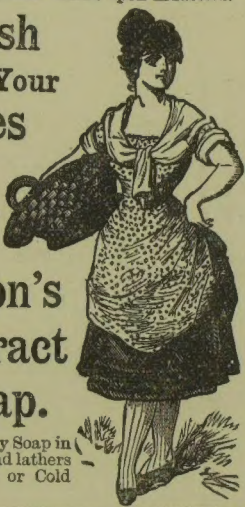
"Refuse Imitations—Insist upon Hudson's."

Wash Your Clothes

with.

Hudson's Extract of Soap.

It is a pure Dry Soap in fine powder, and lathers freely in Hot or Cold Water.



DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA.
The best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion, and safest aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, and children. Of all Chemists.

The whole of the Medical Press and leading Physicians recommend
For INFANTS, and DELICATE CHILDREN. **Benger's Food** For INVALIDS & all of WEAK DIGESTION.

This delicious and highly nutritive Food can be taken when all others disagree.

"Mr. Benger's admirable preparations. . . would be assimilated with great ease."—Lancet, March 25, 1892.
"A great advance on any previous attempt in this direction. It is invaluable."—London Medical Record, March 15, 1892.
"Deserving of the highest praise, and only requires to be made known to the profession to ensure its extensive employment"—Practitioner, February, 1893.

Sold in TINS at 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s., by all leading Chemists, or the Manufacturers,
MOTTERSHEAD and CO., 7, Exchange-street, MANCHESTER.

£10.
In return for a £10 Note, free and safe by post, one of BENNETT'S LADIES' GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship. With Keyless Action. Air-tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight.

£15.
In return for Post-office Order free and safe by post, one of BENNETT'S GENTLEMEN'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship. With Keyless Action. Air-tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight.

SIR JOHN BENNETT'S WATCHES and CLOCKS.
£10 LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS. Elegant and accurate.
£15 GENTLEMAN'S STRONG GOLD KEYLESS.
20 GUINEA GOLD HALF CHRONOMETER for all Climates.
£25 MEDICAL and SCIENTIFIC CENTRE SECONDS.

65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

ARGOSY BRACES

THE PUBLIC ARE WARNED
to see that they are supplied with the ARGOSY proper. The Argosy is the only Brace with two Independent Cord Attachments going from Back to Front. Sold everywhere. Central Depot. Wholesale only, 6 and 7, Newgate-street, London.

RICHMOND GEMS ARE ALWAYS RELIABLE

THE CLAIMANT'S RELEASE: HIS FIRST REQUEST.
Please get me a Box of RICHMOND GEMS.

MILD RICHMOND GEM

LEWIS GINTER JOHN POPE Allen & Ginter
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

H. K. TERRY and CO., Sole Importers, Holborn Viaduct, London.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S

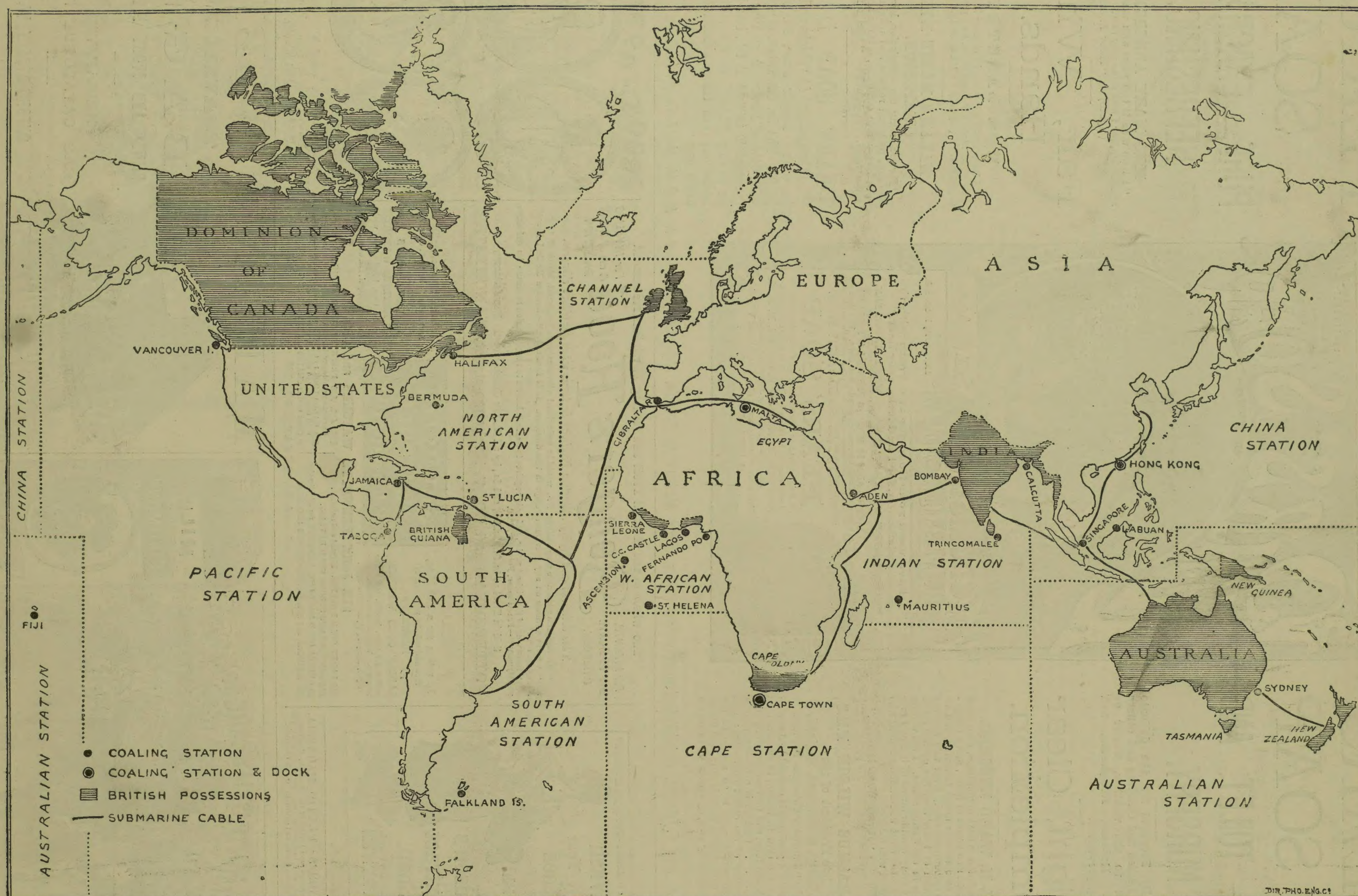
TRAVELLING BAGS,

SILVER AND IVORY FITTINGS.

ILLUSTRATED BAG CATALOGUE FREE.

OXFORD-STREET, W.;
AND
MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS, LONDON.

MANUFACTORY: NORFOLK-ST., SHEFFIELD.



STATIONS, DOCKYARDS, AND COALING PORTS OF THE BRITISH NAVY.